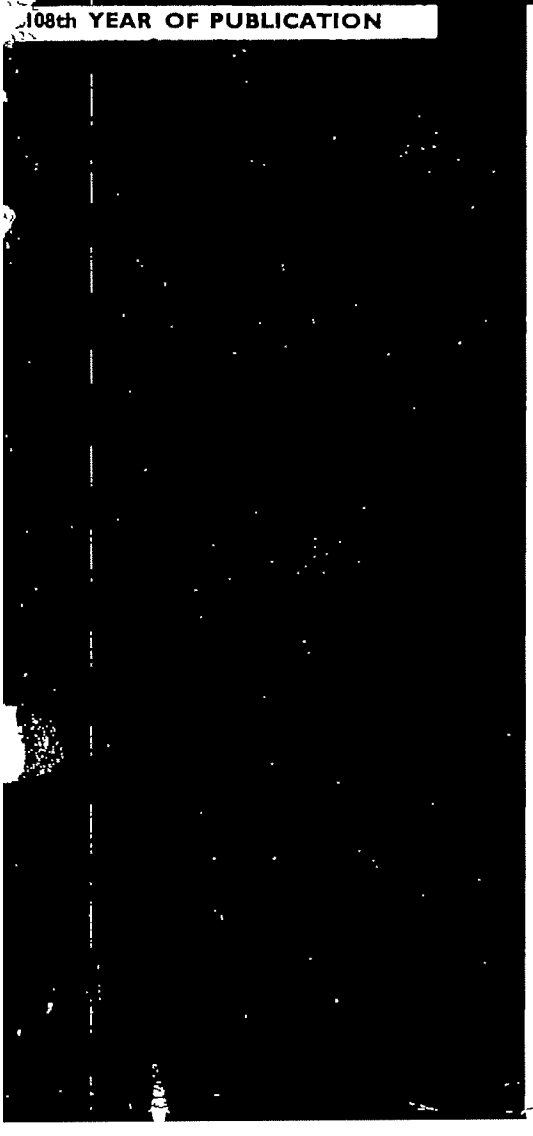
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

108th YEAR OF PUBLICATION



JANUARY 1973

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Thomas Liggett

HOUSING THE ARTS
Lady Jennie Lee

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Lord Grantchester

GIVING A CHILD A CHANCE
Bruce Kemble

and many other articles together with an eleven-page Literary Supplement.

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(January 1973
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GIVING A CHILD A CHANCE

by Bruce Kemble

EVERY author, public speaker and newspaper commentator must expect to be misunderstood at times. Educationists, however, ought to be prepared for a greater degree of misunderstanding than others in the public eye. Few fields are as filled with landmines full of prejudice and craters rimmed with the trip-wires of emotion or hysteria.

I have almost learned to live with this problem. When I address an audience of parents I usually start by predicting that they will misrepresent me or mistake my drift before the evening is out. I have never been pleasantly surprised on this point. Parents seem determined to read implications into broad generalisations about education. They are so deeply anxious about the fate of their own children that they cannot be objective about the situation in 28,000 State schools.

The chief cause of misunderstanding is the effect of outlining why one child in five succeeds at school, and why the rest do not. While describing the process from birth to seven, while listing the handicaps that hold back most children in the academic race, we usually convey the idea that, in education, a middle-class child is 'good' and a working-class child is 'bad'. It is impossible to speak or write at any length without giving this impression to the majority of your audience. It is quite clear why this is the case. A middle-class home is more likely to have books. A middle-class mother is more likely to talk and play with her youngest children. A working-class parent is unlikely to have much enthusiasm for an education system if, as is probable, he or she was encouraged to leave school as fast as possible.

But even if an educationist apologises for the crudeness of the terms 'middle-class' and 'working-class', even if he points out that these terms, used in the Census, are useful, his audience will react to their use in a counter-productive way. Sometimes they will say: 'Surely we are all middle-class nowadays?', or 'Do you mean the middle-class do not work?', or 'What sort of class are *you* with your working-class background, middle-class education and upper-class income?', or 'Don't you do more harm than good by using such crude descriptions?'.

I must admit that these reactions disturb me. It would be preferable to get the message across without causing such ill-feeling. It would be better to avoid using these terms altogether. But we must recognise that it is probable there would be more misunderstanding if we dropped these officially-validated terms in favour of some of our own. All we can do is to point out why we use them, explain what they are based on, and then we must deal with the questions their use arouses.

The first question must be: 'Are there any working-class virtues in education?'. The next is: 'Are there any middle-class vices?'. The answer to both these important queries is 'Yes'. Of course, many parents pay lip-service to the idea that children from low-income families have something to teach pupils with affluent parents—but very, very few of them *believe* this to be true. It is vital that those of us who do believe this proposition should spell out why it is true.

It really is time we stopped being patronising about the working-class. It is time we recognised the positive benefits children gain from attending school with pupils from strikingly-different social backgrounds from their own. At the same time, we must do what we can to stop people talking about education as though every aspect of working-class life and culture were harmful. Even in the 1970s it is essential to stress the relationship between social class and the classroom. We must start by pointing out how fruitless it is to pontificate about education as though it were something separate from society. We must always argue with those who say: 'Surely no one is really very poor today?'. Children still stay away from school because they have no shoes. Recently, a report disclosed that by any definition at least three million people live on, or below, what can only be described as 'a poverty line'.

To illustrate the need to stress these points let me recount a conversation I had with a sixth-former studying 'A' level Economics in an ancient Public School. I asked him to guess (it seemed a fair question in view of his subject and his age, 17) how many parents could afford to send their children to such a school. 'Oh, most of them could', he said quickly. I expressed surprise. He explained: 'They can always give up that holiday in the Bahamas!'.

In order to educate such a person we have to explain about the findings of Brian Jackson, Basil Bernstein, Dennis Marsden, Peter Townsend, Benjamin Bloom and Dr. James Douglas. But years of explaining these pioneers has led us into the habit of being unfair to both middle-class parents and working-class children. We get so angry at the way society

reinforces the privileges and advantages provided by a middle-class home that we sometimes sound as though the best policy would be to chain the bright, well-fed, nicely-spoken little brats to an attic floor for three years, while the vast majority of children catch up culturally, socially and intellectually. I have heard it argued that the most effective kind of positive discrimination is to drag the affluent areas back! We are unfair to working-class pupils because we forget what they *bring* to the classroom. Bemused by the well-tested theory that children with one deprivation usually have several, we assume (or appear to assume) that all working-class children are inarticulate, backward, boring and unsuccessful.

This tendency to patronise or despise the child from a low-income family is increasing, especially in London in those areas where wealthy 'trendies' are buying houses in traditional working-class areas. In Battersea, Islington and Camberwell the gates of the local school are the scene of social conflict (usually silently enacted) each day of term. The difference of attitudes, life-styles, incomes, habits and clothes is so clear that it is ridiculous for anyone to try to claim there is 'One Nation' now, with everyone a jolly, but uniform, middle-brow, middle-man, or middle-thinking woman, all bastions of society. The scenes that illustrate these points best are those that occur near a new housing estate, or wherever there is a concentration of Council tenants close to a handful of roads where 'trendies' have bought up Victorian or merely pre-war properties for conversion.

One group of kids with names like Jason, with mums in curlers and slippers, or dads dressed for the bus depot or in factory overalls; the other group of kids with names like Victoria or Sebastian. Mums in charge of these children are often in the family's second car. They pay their dinner money by cheque. There is little communication between the two groups. Both sides feel that all they have in common with the other is the accident of having a child at the same school. If they chat about the performance of their kids and how worried they are about some aspect or another, then the gulf is so wide the conversation lurches to a stop. If the middle-class mums send invitations to Lance or Sharon to come to tea, the invitation often goes unanswered. If the working-class families are invited to attend a school function, they stay away because they sense they may be embarrassed or ignored.

I have heard middle-class parents talking in awe about one seven-year-old tearaway with a temper and a powerful stock of four-lettered words. Their sons loved him and aped his bravado but the teachers and 'trendy' mums wished he would disappear. I have seen working-class dads cut off a conversation as one of the middle-class account executives brayed about: 'I always travel by taxi old boy! Wouldn't know how to get there by bus'.

So it is indeed time we stopped being ignorant and patronising about the working-class. At the risk of sounding both ignorant and patronising I want, at this stage, to list three major areas where working-class children have a distinct advantage over their more 'privileged' classmates.

It will surprise many middle-class parents to learn that working-class

children are often much more considerate and gentle with kids a lot younger than themselves. The older boy from a large working-class family living in cramped conditions can be far more helpful and understanding with a toddler than the only child from a comfortable home, who may be self-centred and spoilt.

I have, for example, seen nine-year-olds organise a game of football for over an hour so that one five-year-old could enjoy himself. They let him dribble past them, they allowed him to 'tackle' them, and then they 'arranged'—without him guessing—for him to 'score' spectacular goals.

Another major advantage working-class pupils have is that their world is more 'concrete'. While middle-class children handle abstract ideas and can express them, the working-class child conveys his commonsense, based-on-experience views in nouns, expressed in a direct simple way. I remember the pop singer, Mike D'Abo, an ex-Public schoolboy, explaining how at a loss he felt in the BBC canteen while queuing and ordering with the rest of his group. 'They just did the most effective and simple thing', he said. 'They leaned forward to the waitress and said: I'll have this, this, and that! But I was always irritating those behind me in the queue by saying: Could I possibly have one of those Lincoln biscuits and could I trouble you for a slice of Dundee cake?'.

Thirdly, in sport the advantage of the working-class child is evident. In boxing he always seems to mature faster and to be tougher. In football he usually starts earlier, gets more practice and learns the tricks and rules more swiftly. The child from the large family who has spent hours playing in the park or the street has a more competitive streak than the boy with no brothers, who lives in a detached house, in a street without children. I have heard it said that the Manchester United winger, Ian Moore (he used to call himself Storey-Moore!), the son of an architect, is the only middle-class footballer in the League, which has 92 clubs. As for boxing, I suppose Gene Tunney is the only world champion remotely resembling a middle-class man. If you doubt the advantage of the working-class pupil here ask yourself: 'How many children have I watched with a big ball at the age of three pick it up with their hands?'. The working-class three-year-old, usually from a larger family, knows how to keep his hands off the ball. As football is the world's most popular game, as the majority of boys think of little else at some stage in their lives, it seems a shame that hundreds of middle-class pupils are set apart from their classmates in this way. The spread of football among our ancient public schools has not yet had an impact and I suspect that it is too late to introduce a boy to the game at seven, when he starts at a Prep School, or at 13, when he begins at Public School.

I make these three points when I am answering questions at the end of a meeting with parents. They either ask questions about social class, or else they complain that they were not told about my book, *Give Your Child A Chance,* when their children were much younger. If they get difficult on the social-class issue I say something like this: 'I was born the son of a £4 a week policeman in 1938 and was often left with a baby

sister in a one-room flat in South London. Children at my primary school used to take their summer holidays during October because they went hop picking. I have worked in a factory and as a porter in a hospital where hardly anyone left alive. I carried out dead bodies at the age of 16 in order to earn enough to pay for all the extras a boy has to have when he stays on at school after the official leaving age. During my time at Dulwich College (the only Public School at the time which accepted boys on merit and not solely on the grounds of the parents' wealth) and at Cambridge, I always found the experiences of my childhood, as during my time in the factory and as a porter, were a source of strength. Boys who lacked this richness of experience openly envied my ease with girls, and my ability to act naturally in a public bar. Why not stop sympathising with us for a while or just occasionally? Your kids have nothing to lose but their accent.'

This provocative approach usually convinces some of the doubters that I am not merely paying lip-service to the idea of working-class 'advantages'. Some of them, however, can be stubborn. It is hard to discuss their stubbornness with them in front of an audience. Part of the trouble comes from their being unable to admit the real reason why they distrust the notion. In most cases they are prejudiced against schools with mixed social classes because they fear their children will copy the working-class pupils. However much a parent tells me she prefers a Prep School on educational grounds ('Smaller classes you know') it is usually obvious that she dislikes the idea of her Johnny acquiring a non-U accent and table manners. A headmaster of a South London direct grant school once told the Conference of the Council for the Preservation of Educational Standards: 'The middle-classes fear the raw sexuality of the working-class children'. It was the first interesting comment I had ever heard him make and was overwhelming in its effect.

I had never heard anyone admit this before, but it is certainly true. When the Inner London parents kept their children away from school in 1972, two out of three of the pupils were girls. It was quite obvious from talking to officials that the fear of fathers for the safety of their daughters in mixed comprehensive schools was the major factor in the 'truanting' at this time.

All this commentary on the relation between social class and the classroom is one way of saying our schools reflect the society around them. We must not have an educational policy unconnected with a policy for housing, health and welfare. I have been asked several times why I have not accepted offers of a chance to be a Labour M.P. I always answer that I imagine I could do less as a backbench M.P., or as a Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Department of Education and Science, to help the eleven million parents with children of school-age than I can as Education Reporter of the *Daily Express*. I began writing about education in 1964 when I was asked to cover the Universities. At this time I was fascinated by manpower planning, university selection methods, graduate unemployment and research projects. Then it dawned on me that all these subjects

were vitally affected by what happened to children at the age of seven when they were 'streamed', or at eleven when they were segregated into different secondary schools. I considered the question of 'specialising' in subjects and dropping others early in your secondary school career. 'This practice', said Lord Bowden, vividly '. . . put the future of Britain in the hands of fourteen-year-olds'. Then I realised that about one child in five came to school at five able or about to learn to read. These same children were mostly the 'one in five' who emerge at the other end of the secondary school to take up a coveted course at university or college.

Teachers, it seemed, succeeded with pupils they could hardly fail with. It was also apparent that linguistic skills and social experiences acquired before the age of five, were the crucial factor in determining whether a child could read properly by the age of six to eight. And I was convinced by one expert who pointed out that a child's reading ability at the age of eight 'is fundamental to his whole future'.

At this stage in my career, I asked to be able to write a book solely on the under-fives. It was to be, I decided, a major expansion and extension of the first third of my last book, *Give Your Child A Chance*. I wanted to challenge every assumption I had heard about children. I wanted to write to every child expert all over the world with whom I could get in touch and ask him to tell me about the latest research with the tiniest children. I wanted to study when girls learned their girlishness, and boys their boyishness.

Following my idea that education policy must be related to other social policies, I hope to make this book so simple and attractive that it will be sold in Mothercare shops or given away by those firms who give every mother leaving a hospital baby foods and clothes. I want the book to be as helpful and necessary for mothers as the visit to the clinic.

But of course the mothers who might benefit from my book most are the mothers who rarely read anything—let alone a book. Many middle-class mothers are too proud to take advice from a man and they do not buy such books either, saying: 'People like us know these things by *instinct*!'

And so once again the effects of social class are crucial. Once again, an educationist is going to be misunderstood.

[*Give Your Child A Chance*, by Bruce Kemble, first published by W. H. Allen and Co. Ltd. in 1970, is now available in Pan Books, price 40p.]

KINGSLEY AT EVERSLEY (3)

by A. L. Rowse

KINGSLEY had not waited for financial security before attacking the ills of his parish: he had got the low-lying parts subject to 'low fever' drained, and that included the Rectory. He offset his extreme sensibility by his out-of-doors life. Here is a sample day:

> Up at five, to see a dying man; ought to have been up at two, but Ben King, the rat-catcher, who came to call me, was taken nervous; was from 5.30 to 6.30 with the most dreadful case of agony. Came home, got a wash and a pipe, and again to him at eight—dying of pressure of the brain, going any moment. Prayed the commendatory prayers over him, and started for the river. Fished all the morning, in a roaring N.E. gale, with the dreadful agonised face between me and the river, pondering on *The* mystery.

At Whitsun we find him alternating visits to consumptive patients about the parish, sitting with them and reading to them, with fishing on the great lake at Bramshill.

> Such a ducking! Such a storm!... The storm began to work round in that mysterious way storms will, and the wind which had been dead calm S.E., blew N.E., N., W., and lastly as it always does after these explosions, S.W. And then began such a sight, and we on the island in the middle of the great lake! The lightning was close, and seemed to strike the ground near Sandhurst again and again, and the crackle and roar and spit and grumble over our heads was awful.

He and his friend were in a dangerous place on the island under high trees, but did not forget to bring back an egg from a wild duck's nest full of eggs to hatch under a hen. Next night they went birds' nesting at a neighbour's, and found 'a bullfinch's, a chaffinch's, an oxeye's, a thrush's, and a greenfinch's'; and then, to the astonishment and terror of his hostess, 'climbed to the top of the highest fir-tree there, to hang our hats on the top'. Such activities are endearing from a now celebrated author, and the more congenial as a variation from correspondence about what St. Augustine meant with Sir John Cope's successor at Bramshill, Sir William. The latter, who became Kingsley's churchwarden, seems to have had High Church sympathies: we find him lending his Rector Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*, which—much as he admired its religiosity—he could not wholly approve. Kingsley took services in the schoolroom at Bramshill; companions long recalled the summer evening walks across the moor. More congenial, he noticed a handsome butcher's boy playing cricket there, and remembered him for a week. Unlike the admirer of Felix Randal, the farrier, he did not make it the subject of a poem, but gave the experience a Victorian twist: 'one looked forward with delight to what he would be "in the resurrection".'

In fact, though not having had the advantage of reading Freud, Kingsley did not share the purity-fixation of the age: he recognised it for the humbug it was. In consequence, *Hypatia*—of all his books!—was objected to as not for pure minds; and when he was proposed for an honorary degree at Oxford, the proposal was turned down on the ground of it being 'an immoral book'. He was better appreciated by the soldiers at Aldershot,

and often dined in the officers' mess at Sandhurst, a welcome guest. [Can one imagine John Henry Newman in an officers' mess?]

> He told us the best meets of the hounds, the nearest cut to the cover, the best trout streams, and the home of the largest pike. Many an hour have I spent pleasantly on the College lakes with him. Every fly that lit on the boatside, every bit of weed that we fished up, every note of wood-bird, was suggestive of some pretty bit of information on the habits, and growth, and breeding, of the thousand unnoticed forms of life around.

Passages in his letters and in his *Prose Idylls* expressing his delight in the charm of birds, and his knowledgeable response to all the varieties of birdsong, reveal a Gilbert White in him. It is a pity he never got round to writing his intended Natural History of his district: it might have been a second *Natural History of Selborne*—for that we could have spared all the volumes of Sermons. But in holidays from Eversley, especially in the winter of 1853-54 at Torquay, he did valuable scientific work on the sea-animals and shore-life there to aid his naturalist friend, Philip Gosse. In those days there was an astonishingly beautiful world of sea-life along the unpolluted shore-line, now denuded. That winter at unspoiled, sequestered Torquay—think of it today!—he made a list of sixty varieties of crustacea, molluscs and polyps, nearly all new to him. Back at Eversley, this became the basis of one of his best, and least known books, *Glaucus, or The Wonders of the Sea Shore*. Hardly less interested in geology—a favourite study since his schooldays at Helston, with the Lizard peninsula to explore—he was a friend and companion of William Pengelly, discoverer and exponent of the Torbay caves with their remarkable prehistoric fossils and remains. Unlike most Victorian clerics, Kingsley had too wide a knowledge of science to make a fool of himself over Evolution. From the first he admired and accepted Darwin, and was a friend of his prime supporters, Huxley and Wallace.

In the 1860s he was away a good deal at Cambridge as Regius Professor of Modern History—a rather absurd episode, for he was no historian. It fell to him to set history questions to the Prince of Wales, the future Edward VII (they seem to have done him no good). When Queen Victoria, with Hanoverian generosity, gave him a small dog, people said that he had become too fond of the Royal Family. It is true that, when his pupil came to camp with his regiment in Bramshill Park, Kingsley was beside himself with loyaty. The little dog, Victor, was buried with the others in time—the great black retriever, Sweep, and the educated Scotch terrier, Dandy, who attended classes and lectures—on the upper lawn beneath the fir-trees. The Cambridge Lectures, *The Roman and the Teuton*, were published with a pedantic Preface by Mac Müller of All Souls (on whom the great Mommsen: 'Haf you no hombogs of your own that you must import them from Jairmany?').

Best of remedies for incessant overwork was fishing:

> Oh blessed drums of Aldershot!
> Oh blessed south-west train!
> Oh blessed, blessed Speaker's clock,
> All prophesying rain!
> Oh bless'd southwind that toots his horn
> Through every hole and crack!

I'm off at eight tomorrow morn,
To bring *such* fishes back!

And best of companions with the rod was Tom Hughes:

Come away with me, Tom,
Term and talk is done;
My poor lads are reaping,
Busy every one.
Curates mind the parish,
Sweepers mind the Court,
We'll away to Snowdon,
For our ten days' sport.

He was content to leave to Ruskin

Dirty Stones of Venice
And his Gas-Lamps Seven:
We've the stones of Snowdon
And the lamps of heaven.

I fear Charles was no aesthete:

Give me Bramshill Common,
St. John's harriers by . . .

He enjoyed a good run with the hounds. In 1857:

> We had a pretty good thing on Friday with Garth's. Out of the Clay Vale below Tilney Hall, pace as good as could be, fields three acres each, fences awful, then over Hazeley Heath to Bramshill, shoved him through after a false cast, and a streamer over Hartford Bridge flat, into an unlucky earth. Time fifty-five minutes, falls plentiful, started thirty and came in eight, and didn't the old mare go?

One of the last spectacles to give him pleasure was that of an autumn meet of the foxhounds in front of magnificent Bramshill House; it produced his last verses:

The afternoon's wander to windward,
To meet the dear boy coming back;
And to catch, down the turns of the valley,
The last weary chime of the pack.

The climb homeward by park and by moorland,
And through the fir-forests again,
While the south-west wind roars in the gloaming,
Like an ocean of seething champagne

By that time, his days were numbered, and Eversley itself was changing. He could not bear it when Eversley Common was enclosed, the loss of the old freedom, where the lads of the parish played cricket and the gipsies camped—he was a great favourite with them, their 'patrico-rai', priest-king (for practical purposes, 'squarson'). When a fine tree was cut down, and he saw it lying by the roadside, he burst into tears: 'I have known that tree ever since I came into the parish'. Everyone recognised his extreme sensibility, his immediate response to all moods and changes of weather. 'Come out! Come out!', he called one wild autumn night, which recalled the terrible scene of a shipwreck he had witnessed when young on the northern Cornish cliffs—he always remembered the loud cry of the rending ship, like that of an animate creature, as she drove on the rocks. His young men-guests rushed out on the lawn, into the driving rain, the thrashing trees, wind roaring. To Kingsley this was poetry.

It is fascinating to watch the transmutation of Eversley, and his life

there, into his writings—not only into his poetry, but into his prose books. There is *The Water-Babies,* for instance, that quintessential Victorian book, with its mixture of sentimentality and moralising, of real scientific knowledge with imagination and poetry, the puns and games with words, the cult of nonsense—of which there have been Freudian and pseudo-Freudian explanations offered. Lewis Carroll, of Oxford, has acquired all the credit for the originality of this vein, this gold-mine; one might think the Cambridge man the imitator and follower, there are such similarities. But *The Water-Babies* was the originator, published in 1862; *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* followed in 1865.

One spring morning at breakfast the father was reminded that, though each of the three older children had their book, the new baby — called Grenville, after Sir Richard of the *Revenge*—had not yet had his. Kingsley got up, went into his study and locked the door. In half-an-hour he returned with the first chapter of *The Water Babies,* and so it went to *Macmillan's Magazine* month by month with scarcely a correction. He was totally surprised by the sensation this children's book, a *jeu d'esprit,* made: it exactly hit the taste of Victorian children and for long afterwards, into my own childhood—I don't know how it appeals today.

For me it still has a charm: there is a good deal of Eversley in it. We recognise Mr. Garth, finding a fox in Eversley Wood; and it begins with chimney-sweeper Tom looking into a spring.

> Not such a spring as you see here, which soaks up out of a white gravel in the bog, among red fly-catchers and pink bottle-heath, and sweet white orchis; nor such a one as you may see too here, which bubbles up under the warm sandbank in the hollow lane, by the great tuft of lady ferns, and makes the sand dance reels at the bottom, day and night, all the year round.

In the pool where Tom became a water-baby, there were caddises with long tails, 'as they were at the end of the Long Pond last May'; and if there are water-rats and water-flies, why not water-babies? Tom heard the laugh of an otter (which the old Cornish called water-dog, dur-gi). But you are not likely to see them:

> Unless you get up at five in the morning and go down to Cordery's Moor, and watch by the great withy-pollard which hangs over the backwater, where the otters breed sometimes. . . . He watched the moonlight on the rippling river, and the black heads of the firs, and the silver-frosted lawns, and listened to the owl's hoot, and the snipe's bleat, and the fox's bark, and the otter's laugh; and smelt the soft perfume of the birches, and the wafts of heather honey off the grouse moor far above.

There was plenty of room in the country then, and plenty of room for all living creatures. It is the nature-lore that gives the book its charm.

And so it is with the poems. They were mostly written at Eversley, even when they are about other places—to take some of the more famous in their day, 'The Sands of Dee', 'The Three Fishers', 'Ode to the North East Wind'. The songs for *The Water Babies* were, of course, written there: 'When all the world is young, lad', and 'Clear and cool, clear and cool'. So, too, was 'Andromeda', his long poem in hexameters, which Leslie Stephen considered his best — I do not: I prefer his shorter poems, with sometimes an Elizabethan catch:

There sits a bird on every tree,
  Sing heigh-ho!
There sits a bird on every tree,
And courts his love as I do thee;
  Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
  Young maids must marry.

Quite beyond Cardinal Newman—it might be Robert Greene, or Thomas Nash.

Everywhere on the surface of the poems is Eversley, at all seasons of the year. I like the image in an early poem on the root-crop there:

Frozen fields that surpliced lie.

Naturally the church and its seasons, churchyard and bells, frequently appear; near neighbours, in his time the children began the custom of decking the graves with flowers on Sunday. A lament for a child begins:

The merry merry lark was up and singing,
  And the hare was out and feeding on the lea;
And the merry merry bells below were ringing,
  When my child's laugh rang through me.

When he first came to Eversley, the church itself seemed dead:

Wild, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing?
  Dark, dark night, wilt thou never wear away?
Cold, cold church, in thy death sleep lying,
  The Lent is past, thy Passion here, but not thine Easter day.

In the early days, after the Chartist agitation, gangs of house-breakers roamed the countryside; once and again the fighting parson had to open a bedroom-window and fire a slug at them. As conditions improved, Victorian respectability set in; the lower orders came to know their place better—paradoxically, partly through the work of ex-Chartists like Kingsley. He occasionally migrated for a change to the neighbouring parish of Swallowfield, where the improving Miss Mitford, authoress of *Our Village*, held sway. The Rector inscribed to her a gallant sonnet, expressing their 'kindred aim':

To knit in loving knowledge rich and poor.

He turned his hand easily to hunting songs, Christmas carols, hymns, children's poems — even in Scots dialect which won the approbation of Carlyle. There is a poem that seems to anticipate Tolkien's hobbit:

It was an hairy oubit, sae proud he kept alang,
A feckless hairy oubit, and merrily he sang—
'My Minnie bad me bide at hame until I won my wings;
I show her soon my soul's aboon the warks o' creeping things.'

He certainly had a sense of fun, if not an overriding sense of humour. Towards the end he was writing, while Krupps's cannon thundered at Paris and announced a new dispensation from what he had expected—our world:

And yet—the pines sing overhead,
  The robins by the alder-pool,
The bees about the garden-bed,
  The children dancing home from school.

As I tried to envisage the scene that May day as he would have seen it from his study-window through all those years of work and writing, it seemed hardly at all changed—except that the house was then whiskered like the Victorians.

> Even a stranger passing by would have stopped to look at the pleasant ivy-grown house, with its long, sloping, dark roofs, its bow-windows open to sun and air, and its quaint mixture of buildings old and new. And who among his friends will ever cease to remember the lawn, and glebe-land sweeping upward towards the half-cultivated, half-wild copse, through which the hidden path leads up and out to Hartford Bridge Flats.

Into the churchyard I went, to see the group of friends gathered together under the shade of the fir-tree from over the wall: over his and her grave the words he chose 'Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus'. Near them is Froude's wife, Fanny Kingsley's sister; and, somehow more touching, is John Martineau—as near as he would be to his old master: he died in 1910, which brings him well into my life-time.

The church again was not so much changed, though a north aisle was added in his memory, to bring together all those mementos of the family. I sat on the steps of his pulpit to note the monuments of the Cope family, who acquired Bramshill in the reign of Queen Anne. Between chancel and aisle was a Victorian effigy on a tomb-chest to Dame Marianne Cope —who died in the year of *The Water-Babies*, 1862—beautifully sculpted by James Redfern, almost as fine as if by Woolner. There was a tablet to the last Copes at Bramshill—who fulfilled *Gerontius* forebodings by becoming Catholics and having to leave their great house, the Hatfield of these parts.

By the pulpit daughter Rose had placed a brass to the father who had so often occupied it; the aisle had a grander Victorian panel-portrait in relief, the large features rendered consciously noble and winning, an ugly brass tablet above reciting his honours—as if those mattered—in Latin. By the font another brass to his niece Mary, who died ministering to fever-stricken Boer prisoners in the South African war, and was buried at sea: she was worthy of him.

My head full of all those memories, I determined on seeing Bramshill. The young farmer, who came to keep his eye on the cows calving in the next field, told me that there was no road through the woods, only a track —I suppose the one Kingsley used to take from the bottom of 'the hollow lane', that appears in his poems. So I made a sweep round half the parish, where now the woodland is being bull-dozed for gravel-pits and the squalid houses go up; past the notices guarding the entrance to the estate that belongs now to the Forestry Commission, past the lake where Kingsley was caught on the island in a storm, to the palace that the Elizabethans could build—such a great house as will never be built again: now a Police College.

On my way back from the splendour of that vanished age—which compelled my imagination many days (but that is another story)—I caught a glimpse of the red ears of Eversley church pricked up like a couchant cat against the greenery, watching over those gathered graves.

THE IDENTITY OF JACK THE RIPPER (3)

by Richard Whittington-Egan

THE emergence upon the scene of Montague John Druitt, barrister and prime Ripper suspect, is, like the widespread belief that Jack the Ripper committed suicide after the murder of his fifth victim, Mary Jane Kelly, attributable to the sole agency of Sir Melville Macnaghten. Although in the official memorandum which he wrote in 1894 there is nothing to single this man out from the three possible suspects whom he named therein, it has been severally stated that Sir Melville's daughter, Christabel the Dowager Lady Aberconway, has retained in her possession a variant, and seemingly somewhat fuller, version of those notes. In 1959 Lady Aberconway showed them to Mr. Daniel Farson, who was at that time engaged in research for a television programme on Jack the Ripper. Whereas in his official memorandum Macnaghten expressed no personal conviction as to the pre-eminent guilt of Druitt, it is alleged that in his private papers on the subject he did so most vehemently. Both Tom Cullen and Daniel Farson ascribe these strong sentiments to him:

> I enumerate the cases of three men against whom the police held very reasonable suspicion (Ostrog, Kominski and Druitt) Personally, and after much careful and deliberate consideration, I am inclined to exonerate two of them, but I have always held strong opinions regarding the third and the more I think the matter over, the stronger do these opinions become. The truth, however, will never be known, and did, indeed, at one time lie at the bottom of the Thames, if my conjectures be correct.

Whether or not Lady Aberconway showed these notes also to Mr. Cullen is not recorded, but he certainly came up with Druitt's name. It may be that he did so by approaching the problem from another angle; by seeking the identity of any man whose body was taken from the Thames on or about the last day of 1888 (as reported in Major Griffiths' *Mysteries of Police and Crime*). In any event, he succeeded in tracing reports in the *County of Middlesex Independent* of January 2 and 5, 1889. They concerned the death by drowning of a man, subsequently identified as Montague John Druitt, whose water-soaked corpse was found floating in the Thames at Chiswick. The pockets of the deceased were found to contain stones. The *Southern Guardian* of January 5 added the details that Druitt, a barrister, was identified by his brother, a Bournemouth solicitor, who said that the dead man had recently been employed as an assistant at a school in Blackheath, and that he had left a letter addressed to Mr. Valentine, principal of the school, in which he alluded to suicide. On his body was found a cheque for £50, together with the sum of £16 in gold. The jury returned a verdict of 'Suicide whilst of unsound mind'. The funeral took place at Wimborne cemetery, Dorset, on the afternoon of January 3, 1889.

Working from these clues, Cullen proceeded to establish the historical facts of Montague John Druitt's life. He was born at Wimborne, in Dorset, on August 15, 1857, the second son of Wimborne's leading surgeon,

Dr. William Druitt. At the age of thirteen he won a scholarship to Winchester College, where he made his mark as a first-rate cricketer and debater. In 1876 he was awarded a Winchester Scholarship to New College, Oxford, and graduated B.A. in 1880. He was admitted to the Inner Temple on May 17, 1882, and on April 29, 1885, was called. The following September his father died, leaving him very little money. Druitt went into chambers at No. 9 King's Bench Walk, and joined the Western Circuit and Winchester Sessions. It would appear, however, that few briefs came his way, and although he retained his chambers, in 1888 he was working as a teaching assistant at a private school run by a Mr. George Valentine at 9 Eliot Place, Blackheath. He was last seen alive on Monday, December 3, 1888. Shortly after his suicide, his mother, Anne Druitt, was admitted to a private mental hospital in Chiswick, where she died, aged fifty-nine, on December 15, 1890. The cause of death shown on her death certificate is melancholia.*

All this makes sad reading, but where is the necessary connection with Whitechapel and the Ripper murders? Mr. Cullen is reduced to theorising. Did Druitt, perhaps, answer a call of conscience to do social work in the East End, as so many of his cohort modishly did? Was he, by chance, to be found at Toynbee Hall? There is no evidence on this score. And the murder motive? A kind of mercy killing! Groping, Cullen suggests that the young man, his mind 'pushed to the edge of insanity by the sights around him in London's East End', overwhelmed by a sense of hopelessness and futility, might, out of 'a passion for righteousness', or a 'sense of sin', have conceived it as his mission to call attention to these evils—and, his mind warped by 'the mercy which can be angry as well as pitiful', have seen it as his plain duty to strike down his pathetic victims. Then, the good deed zealously done, hurry back, bloody of body and cleansed of heart, to the privacy of his chambers in King's Bench Walk, all of two miles away.

It won't do. It simply won't do. Mr. Cullen himself admits that his hypothesis leaves a trail of questions—explicit and implicit. What were the contents of the letter he left behind? Did it contain a confession of murder? Can Druitt be *shown* to have had connections with Whitechapel? Why did the police suspect him so strongly? Questions which were to hang in the air for another seven years before, as we shall see, Mr. Farson came confidently forward to answer some of them.

Seizing the opportunities presented by the publication of second editions of their respective books, Mr. Odell, in 1966, and Mr. McCormick, in 1970, brought their critical acumen to bear on Mr. Cullen's conclusions.

Robin Odell's immediate objection was that the Druitt solution is based on the unquestioning acceptance of the theory that Jack the Ripper committed suicide. It is not, he maintains, confirmed by the behaviour of the police as a whole. Indeed, evidence to this effect is provided by Chief Inspector Abberline's remark, fourteen years after Druitt's suicide, to his colleague, Godley, who had just arrested Chapman, 'You've got Jack the Ripper at last'. The only testimony for thinking suspiciously about a man

called Druitt lies in Sir Melville Macnaghten's notes, and we have no data regarding the nature of the private information that convinced him.

Donald McCormick's rejection of the drowned barrister theory follows along much the same lines as Mr. Odell's. He points out that Cullen turns up no new evidence—other than that at the time of the Ripper crimes a man named Druitt was still occupying his chambers in the Temple, within walking distance of the East End. Further, McCormick states categorically that on the occasions of the murders of both Mary Ann Nicholls and Annie Chapman, Druitt was living in Bournemouth. His authority for this is 'a London doctor' (unnamed). This doctor, McCormick tells us, knew Walter Sickert, the artist. His father, also a doctor, was at Oxford with Druitt. The London doctor's father believed that the story about Druitt's being the Ripper arose because the young barrister was blackmailed by someone (unnamed) who threatened to denounce him to the principal of the school at which he worked as Jack the Ripper—whether as a heartless hoax or as a cruel method of extorting money from him was not specified. There was nothing seriously wrong with Druitt, but he suffered from insomnia and blackouts, and these threats preyed on his mind. He may, under severe stress, have given a garbled account of the threats to his relatives. The gold on his body could have been intended to pay off the blackmailer. Sickert is said to have told the nameless London doctor that the name of the young veterinary student who lodged in Mornington Crescent and was suspected by his landlord of being the Ripper, was something like Drewett or Hewitt. Sickert also said that he had told the story to Macnaghten one day at the Garrick Club, and that Sir Melville was convinced it must be Druitt, because he had relatives living in Bournemouth, just as the veterinary student was said to have had.

In November 1970 the Ripper guessing game took a new and completely unexpected turn when a retired brain surgeon in his eighties, Thomas E. A. Stowell, published an article, *Jack the Ripper—A Solution?* in *The Criminologist*. He took the precaution of denoting his suspect only by the letter 'S'—presumably for 'Suspect'—but from the amplificatory descriptive material the identity of the man has been accepted as Edward, Duke of Clarence, who, but for his early death in 1892, would have succeeded to the throne of England. The basis for this extraordinary nomination was said to be the private papers of Sir William Gull (1816-1890), Physician in Ordinary to Queen Victoria, which were entrusted to Mr. Stowell by Sir William's widow. Stowell claimed that Gull had recorded in them that S, that is to say the Duke, had not in fact died of influenza, and that he had been kept in a private asylum near Sandringham, suffering from 'softening of the brain due to syphilis'. Prior to his incarceration, he had for some years been in Gull's professional care. Stowell states that on more than one occasion Gull was seen in Whitechapel on the night of one of the murders, and hazards that he was there for the purpose of certifying the murderer insane in the event of his being caught, so that he might be put under restraint and an international scandal be averted. He adds that Gull's ubiquitous presence did not go unmarked,

and that he was the illustrious surgeon who the rumour mongers whispered was the Ripper. And the old story of the medium, Robert James Lees, conducting the police to the 'impressive mansion in the West End' which was the house of a 'fashionable and highly reputable physician', is revived.* Was it, Stowell asks, 74 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square—the home of Sir William Gull? Had the secret of his sinister patient leaked out? Or had the rôles of doctor and patient become confused, so that the one was mistakenly held responsible for the irresponsible deeds of the other?

The stir of publicity following Stowell's 'revelation' prompted his swift refusal to confirm that the Royal Duke was the suspect he had in mind, and before the matter could be pursued further, on November 8, 1970, Mr. Stowell died. His son, distressed by the whole business, let it be known that he had destroyed all his late father's papers on the subject, and there the matter has perforce to rest, although few criminologists will see in Mr. Stowell's theory the true solution which he believed that he had provided.

Now, two years later, Michael Harrison has produced a biography of the Duke of Clarence—*Clarence* (W. H. Allen)—in which he makes it perfectly clear that the Duke could not have been the Ripper. But Mr. Harrison thinks he knows who was. It was, he says, the Duke's homosexual friend — lover, perhaps? — and tutor, James Kenneth Stephen. Stephen was the son of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the High Court judge who tried Mrs. Maybrick and who himself suffered from severe mental disorder, and the cousin of Vanessa Bell and Virginia Woolf. Mr. Harrison's arguments for James the Ripper make up in ingenuity what they lack in substance. He claims that there were ten Ripper murders, and links them with a bawdy ballad, *Kaphoozelum*, known to Stephen, and containing the, for Mr. Harrison, significant lines:

> Struck down each year and tolled the bell
> For ten harlots of Jerusalem.

So, with much more recondite comparative analysis of the jingles whose authorship have been attributed—on somewhat shaky ground—to the Ripper, and the published poems of J. K. Stephen, he develops his theory of internal rhymes and correlated external reasons. He suggests that the 'jilting' of the infatuated Stephen by the inconstant Eddy finally broke a mind that was already fragile, and that the East End murders were symbolic blood-sacrifices of women (for was it not women who had finally seduced his beloved Eddy away from him?) at the altar of his ruined passion. Mr. Harrison's book is essential reading, but it does not seem possible to accept its *recherché* conclusions with anything approaching the confidence which its author reposes in them.

At the end of August 1972, in a series of articles in the *Sun* newspaper, ex-Detective Chief Superintendent Arthur Butler, aided and abetted by crime reporter Owen Summers, lifted the veil to reveal . . . Jill the Ripper. Not, this time, a lone she-wolf, but with a male partner. His proposition is that a local woman abortionist, living in or near Brick Lane, Whitechapel, accidentally killed four women in the course of procuring an abortion, and that she disposed of their bodies by wheeling them in a perambulator

to the spots where they were found. The bodies were mutilated, post-mortem, in the particular way in which they were, in order to disguise the fact that a bungled abortion had taken place. The fifth woman, Elizabeth Stride, unmutilated, does not fit the pattern, an inconvenience surmounted by Mr. Butler's submission that she was not in fact a Ripper victim. By way of compensation, he adds two more women—Emma Smith and Martha Turner or Tabram—to the list of Ripper killings. They were murdered, not by Jill, but by Jack, her noxious accomplice, in order to silence them because they knew too much.

Finally, in October 1972, Daniel Farson's *Jack the Ripper* (Michael Joseph) appeared, and in it Montague John Druitt is summoned back to the stage as the central suspect. In fact, Druitt had been known to Mr. Farson as long ago as 1959, six years before Tom Cullen produced him in public print. Undeterred by Mr. Cullen's legerdemain, Mr. Farson laboured quietly on for another seven years, and the results of his admirable researches are presented in this, the most convincingly argued and horrendously illustrated of all the Ripper books.

First of all, Mr. Farson is able to reveal—from a report traced to the *Acton, Chiswick & Turnham Green Gazette* for January 1889 — the contents of a letter left behind by Druitt. In it he wrote: 'Since Friday I felt I was going to be like Mother and the best thing was for me to die'. (Farson has established that Anne Druitt had become insane in July 1888, *before* the murders, and not, as stated by Cullen, after the death of her son.) From the same source it emerges that Druitt had been dismissed from the Blackheath school. The reason for the dismissal is not stated, but it must have been something serious, and Farson suggests that it might have been in connection with homosexual practices, although there is nothing to substantiate this. Mr. Farson is able, too, to supply the hitherto missing link with the Whitechapel district, for he has discovered from an examination of *The Medical Register*, that Druitt's cousin, Dr. Lionel Druitt, was living at 140 Minories in 1879. There is also some rather more tenuous 'evidence', from an ex-head librarian of Poplar, unnamed and now dead, claiming that he had once seen an M. J. Druitt listed, in either an old local directory or voters' list, as living in Minories.

But what Mr. Farson regards as his supremely important piece of new evidence is the information which he received from a correspondent that a Dr. Lionel Druitt, resident in Australia, had written a personal reminiscence entitled, 'The East End Murderer—I Knew Him', which was privately printed by a Mr. W. G. Fell of Dandenong in 1890. (*The Medical Register* for the period confirms that Druitt's cousin, Dr. Lionel Druitt, was in Australia in 1887. In 1886 he was practising at 122 Clapham Road—his last English address.) Unfortunately, Mr. Farson's Ripper dossier, containing the letter, was stolen from Television House thirteen years ago, and with it the name of his correspondent was lost. However, in 1961, Farson went to the Dandenong Ranges, and at Drouin met an elderly lady, a Miss Stevens, who remembered Dr. Lionel Druitt, who, she said, was practising there in 1903. He died at Mentone, Victoria, in January

1908. But of the vital document there was, and up to the time of writing there has been, no trace. If one day a copy of Dr. Lionel Druitt's Will-o'-the-wisp publication should turn up, it may well provide those details which the family gave privately to Sir Melville Macnaghten, and which so convinced him of the identity of Jack the Ripper. Let us remember, though, that even if they were to be brought to light, the suppositions of Dr. Druitt, like 'what the soldier said', are not evidence. They would not necessarily, as Mr. Farson's piously fears, 'close the file for ever'. They did not close it eighty-four years ago, for long after Montague John Druitt had been laid to rest in his grave at Wimborne the police were still actively seeking Jack the Ripper.

To sum up.

Of all the named suspects put forward over the years, the two most likely candidates would seem to be Konovalov/Pedachenko and Montague John Druitt. In neither case, however, is the evidence so far submitted sufficiently substantial to warrant conviction. Too many critical factors lack veridical confirmation; too many persuasive arguments melt away at the point of proof, and in default of new substantiating evidence the verdict must remain an open one. It may well be that, with modifications, the view expressed by Sir Robert Anderson back in 1910, that the criminal was one of the immigrant population—very likely Polish, possibly Russian —comes closest to the truth. The killer was undoubtedly a sexual psychopath, if not, indeed, actually psychotic: a man, perhaps, of the type of Peter Kürten, the Düsseldorf multicide. His psychopathic deviation would have been that he achieved orgasm-equivalent, or actual orgasm, from the act of mutilation and the plunging of his hands into the viscera of a freshly-slaughtered woman. These are unpleasant waters to fish. His name, even if we knew it, would in all likelihood mean nothing to us, for he would surely have been as anonymous in life as he has become in post-mortem legend.

**Vide:* Ghost Detectives by Fred Archer (W. H. Allen, 1970).

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KURT WALDHEIM: A PORTRAIT

by Thomas Liggett

U. N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim was quick to send President Nixon re-election congratulations, adding that he, Mr. Waldheim, looked forward to continued co-operation in the years ahead in the search for peace.

How he could look forward to continued co-operation with a Head of State whose practice has been to by-pass the U.N. must be explained in terms of diplomatic indirection. Mr. Waldheim's view that there has been co-operation with Mr. Nixon must constitute a transparent wish that co-operation should begin. Such a wish, expressed with Mr. Waldheim's considerable charm and friendliness, may count as the most subtle hint to President Nixon that, while he may have had what seemed like good reasons for by-passing the U.N. and while he may be riding high now, he may come to find that his future, and the future of all of civilisation, depends to a frightening measure on Mr. Nixon's willingness to stop secret power-politicking with the Big Powers and start world statesmanship, openly, through the U.N.

The trouble with indirection and subtlety is that often the message does not get through. One big reason for this is that, in the case of the U.N., the sovereign nations are much more interested in what they have to tell Mr. Waldheim than in what he has to tell them. When certain Big Powers told Mr. Waldheim that they were not satisfied with U.N. efforts to counter international terrorism, they made an already sizeable dilemma for Mr. Waldheim bigger and more intractable. For instance, if Mr. Waldheim backs measures any one Big Power wants backed the way the Big Power wants them backed, then Mr. Waldheim will surely antagonise nations that oppose the Big Power's measures. This would tend to short-circuit whatever little progress may be current toward the development of an international crime-busting and terrorism-suppressing system operating under enforceable world law. Obviously such a system is a minimum, not a maximum, requirement for controlling a complex phenomenon that makes one man's villains another man's heroes.

Terrorism springs from a multitude of interconnecting cancers that must be treated as parts of the whole body politic if any lasting cures are to be effected. This is the first of Mr. Waldheim's terrible realities. The second is that if he proceeds on the implications of the first and tries to take what Lady Jackson calls the Copernican leap into a viable political future, he may find himself on skids well greased by the sovereign nations of the world. The policy of all Nuclear Powers is to oppose taking any Copernican leap that means giving up sovereignty. And yet the only way to combat world terrorism, poverty, pollution, the irrational depletion of natural resources, overpopulation and all the other causes of incipient Armageddon is to create an effective system of world order.

'Sometime, somewhere, somebody must state the plain facts and this is

the responsibility of Secretary-General Waldheim since nobody else will', as the vice-president of *The New York Times* has said.

Obviously no one will if Waldheim won't. But the big questions are: Can he? And how much will he risk in trying?

It is hard to see how Mr. Waldheim can remain both popular and attain effectiveness because an horrendous gulf of opinion exists between him and the leaders of the sovereign nations. He says that the U.N. cannot remain a mute spectator of the horrors of war and terrorism and that, to alleviate those horrors and create a more liveable world, the U.N. must develop into 'an effective system of world order'. The sovereign nations most often act on the apparent assumption that Mr. Waldheim is entirely mistaken.

As the General Assembly droned on to a finale in which Small Powers without much money outvoted the Big Powers, especially the United States as for example on the issue of where to put the headquarters of the new U.N. Environment Agency, Mr. Waldheim called for basic reform, truly radical departures and new methods that involve the total interplay of social and economic forces and institutions. Of course, he was not very specific. With the continuation of worldwide detente being worked out by the Big Powers themselves, there may appear to be no reason for agitation or specificity. The danger for Mr. Waldheim and the rest of humanity, however, is that when he might really need a strong U.N. to resolve a major crisis among Big Powers, it won't exist.

What if a frustrated Henry Kissinger, or his counterpart in any of a rapidly increasing number of nuclear nations, advises the use of tactical nuclear weapons as 'a *last* resort'? Wouldn't that constitute a *first* resort to a policy that could end everything for everybody?

This may seem a remote and unimportant possibility with detente among the Big Powers proceeding so well that the recent General Assembly has gone down in some books as the 'dullest' so far, so 'dull' that some U.N. news correspondents express fear that they will be taken off the beat. But detente or no detente, the danger of a spark in any one of a great number of trouble spots setting off the explosion of the world must seem real and immediate to the man in charge of eliminating that danger.

'I have had a hard life and I have no illusions about the world', Mr. Waldheim said when he was appointed to his present position. 'I know what life is and I know how complicated things are. But I also know that we must make an enormous effort to stop the Viet Nam War.'

Now that it has been made perfectly clear to Mr. Waldheim that the United Nations has very little, if any, business trying to stop wars in which Big Powers are engaged, he no longer calls attention to his freedom from illusions. Good soldier that he is, he carefully avoids appearing cynical or despairing—or critical of those who, at least for the time being, have shattered even his few illusions.

Kurt Waldheim is the son of a schoolteacher who was fired from his job in 1938 by the Nazis in Austria. For the duration of the Second World War the father was either in prison or unemployed. The Nazis came often to search the Waldheim home. The Secretary-General reports that he

joined an anti-Nazi organisation and was almost caught distributing pamphlets urging Austrian independence. Drafted and sent to the front, Lt. Waldheim suffered a grenade wound in the leg in the autumn of 1941. Speaking about the sorrow and the pity of those days, he recently pointed out that 'whoever dared to refuse to be drafted was put in front of a war tribunal and executed'. Mr. Waldheim calls his war wound 'lucky', freeing him to study law at the University of Vienna and making it possible for him to become Ambassador to Canada, Foreign Minister, Austrian Representative to the United Nations, and, immediately before avoiding a Big Power veto to his becoming the Secretary-General, the losing candidate in his country's presidential election.

No one in authority at the U.N. seems willing to say whether or not Mr. Waldheim became Secretary-General because a failure of communications between the Soviet Union and China resulted in the Soviet Union neglecting to veto Mr. Waldheim on the mistaken assumption that China intended doing so; and perhaps the truth of the whole ambiguous and convoluted matter isn't very important. Are the qualities that enabled Kurt Waldheim to rise to lieutenant in the Germany army and to the post of Secretary-General the same qualities needed to lead the world's nations into a federation capable of defusing rockets tipped with nuclear warheads? That is what humanity is waiting, with increasing pessimism, to discover.

A main cause of the pessimism is to be found in the U.N. Charter. It says that the U.N. has no authority 'to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state'. That is what the leaders of the sovereign states keep throwing up to Mr. Waldheim every time they seem to think he is pushing too hard and too soon. As well befits an officer without power, Mr. Waldheim responds in many voices.

He has said, for instance, 'You should not bring the patient almost dead to the Security Council and then criticise the Council that it hasn't done its job. What is important in my opinion is that we start to do something early enough so that the patient is not badly sick, then we can do something for him'.

Everyone agrees that conflicts involving major nations are not brought to the Security Council in time. The trouble is that it is no use bringing such conflicts to the Security Council because the Security Council simply is not structured to handle them. Mr. Waldheim can't be blamed for the impotence of an organisation designed from the beginning to be headed by a 'moderator', as President Roosevelt once suggested the U.N. chief executive be called. But Mr. Waldheim *can* be blamed, or at least gently ridiculed, for trying to convince us that he or anyone else can substitute quiet, preventive diplomacy, direct contacts and good offices for governmental peacekeeping power.

An illustration of Mr. Waldheim's reluctance to enter the thicket becomes clear in a questionnaire to U.N. Member States requesting opinions on review of the Charter. Regarding this questionnaire, the representative of the World Association of World Federalists to the U.N., writes: 'It may be considered a disservice to the chances for a consideration of specific

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suggestions that the U.N. questionnaire apparently was couched in terms of whether or not States wanted an all-or-nothing review. This may reflect a Secretariat desire to prejudice the outcome, since it (the Secretariat) has proved to be negative on the whole question'.

Mr. Waldheim often calls the U.N.'s financial problem not a financial but a political problem. Of course, it *is* a political problem and its solution entails the establishment of a tax system that can raise a budget commensurate to U.N. presumptions and commitments, something Mr. Waldheim has not brought himself to advocate with vigour—or at all. No doubt he fails in such advocacy for the same reason that he fails to advocate binding and enforceable jurisdiction for the World Court; some form of weighted voting in the General Assembly (or Assemblies?), the elimination of the veto and, phased in, strictly enforced disarmament.

So strong is the fear of world government that the emerging wonder is not that Mr. Waldheim shows himself flexible enough to make the accommodations requisite for the perpetuation of the U.N. No one ever much doubted that he would do that. The wonder is that, however dissemblingly, he has appealed for the creation of a world order effective enough to require the strict observance of international rules. On July 4, 1972, before the International Law Commission in Geneva, he stressed the importance of international law and its role in modern life, adding that, without clear and strictly observed rules, it would be 'impossible in our nuclear age to ensure the strengthening of international security'.

Mr. Waldheim did not and does not say exactly what will ensure the strict observation of these rules. He tried to develop a role in Northern Ireland—but the United Kingdom told him that the trouble there 'does not lend itself to a U.N. involvement, referring to Article II, paragraph 7 of the Charter . . .'.

When the United States refused to nominate an expert to a U.N. committee preparing a report on napalm use, Mr. Waldheim named Frederick W. Ackroyd, M.D., Associate Professor of Surgery, Harvard Medical School, to act in his private capacity. The recently released napalm report notes that the use of such weapons has 'very grave implications for the world community'. So does the bombing of dykes in North Viet Nam, as the Secretary-General suggested bluntly—and then contrived to placate The White House!

The Secretary-General's excellent offices in initiating and directing U.N. relief efforts in Bangladesh and Uganda serve as a token of what the U.N. could do if really encouraged by the sovereign nations. Unfortunately, the tools Mr. Waldheim has are grossly inadequate and he often uses them as though their use was enough in itself rather than a gesture in the right direction. For instance, he hailed as 'a real breakthrough' the Security Council resolution calling on him to establish contacts with South Africa towards the elimination of apartheid. If such a resolution can be called a breakthrough, what might real progress in the development of an effective human-rights system be called? No doubt the peripatetic Secretary-General has helped along mediation in the Koreas and Germanys but this

must count as serving and going along with, as distinct from exerting leadership over, the Big Powers.

When asked, in a recent interview, if he would like to see the sovereign nations of the world cede to the U.N. the elements of sovereignty that the U.N. needs to keep peace in the world, Kurt Waldheim assented vigorously.

'It is evident', he said, 'that this would help us to perform a more productive role. But let there be no misunderstanding. I think it would be helpful, *if* the governments were ready to do it. But I doubt that they are; and I must make plain that it would mean a revision of the U.N. Charter. The Charter says that no sovereignty of any Member State is to be given up to the U.N. Each Member is fully sovereign. Of course, more power (for the U.N.) would be desirable and in the interests of Member States.'

Isn't the Charter ambiguous? On the one hand it says that Member States are fully sovereign. On the other hand, it calls for machinery to keep peace. How can the U.N. keep peace unless it has the degree of sovereignty implied in a U.N. Peace Force?

'I am a realist', Mr. Waldheim replied. 'As long as a world government, giving up only *certain foreign rights*, remains acceptable, the U.N. has only moral power. Yet that way governments co-operate better; they use the U.N. in a better way. The first and more important thing is that the Member States co-operate. That would automatically upgrade the U.N. The problem is this: during the last year the Big Powers have acted increasingly outside the U.N. This is a basic new development.'

But are not nations encouraged to act outside the U.N. by the U.N.'s powerlessness? And isn't the question not so much how to get the nations to co-operate but how to get them to co-operate toward giving power to the U.N.? The former Secretary-General, U-Thant, says that the World Republic will be created only when man learns enough to want it. He calls for a 'governed planet'.

'Quite so. But it can only be done if the nations accept that solution to the problem. To make a proposal is not to solve the problem, not when the Big Powers are not ready to accept the solution. It is no use to make an unrealistic proposal.'

How unrealistic is it? Is the world getting any safer as the U.N. becomes weaker? Have not certain countries, including France, Italy, West Germany, written into their Constitutions provisions for ceding sovereignty to a world government—if other countries do so, too? Did not Richard Nixon himself once advocate repeal of the Connally Amendment, a step which would provide one condition for U.S. participation in world government? Of course, President Nixon does not act the way he once talked as Vice-President under President Eisenhower. But still, isn't the question *who* will lead towards a goal one to which a great many important people give lip service?

'Let us never forget,' Mr. Waldheim replied intently, 'that the head of a nation has real power whereas, in the U.N., leadership means only *moral* leadership. That is all we have to produce results.'

But towards what end? Co-operation or the formation of a world government?

The heavy load of Mr. Waldheim's immense responsibility and his total lack of real power to produce results seemed to fall on his shoulders, clouding his usually cheerful face as he settled his lanky form in a plain chair, drawn up to a plain, round, low table in his spartan office on the 38th floor of the U.N. Secretariat building. The pall lifted briefly as he said with enthusiasm and deep passion, 'I hope U-Thant's ideas will get some positive response'.

Then the pall fell again. 'I find that the governments give priority to their own national interests. That is the real problem.'

But isn't the only way to induce governments to act in the world interest to encourage them to give up their efforts to keep the peace by balancing power, and to start efforts toward creating world federation?

'Why, yes,' exclaimed the Secretary-General of the world's last, best hope for real peace, 'I do not accept the superiority of balance-of-power politics. Bilateral diplomacy alone cannot solve international problems. What we need is co-operation among nations to end balance-of-power politics!'

It well may be, as the American humorist, E. B. White, has written, that 'most politicos would not care for a world government, as it would leave them stranded without the diplomatic poker game they so love'. On the other hand, Mr. Waldheim just may be able to convince the world's politicos that they play their poker game at the risk of their own as well as everyone else's lives.

[Thomas Liggett is Editor of *World Peace News*. He obtained Mr. Kurt Waldheim's views on the prospects of a World Federation of Governments after the first part of this article had been written.]

THE IDENTITY OF JACK THE RIPPER (3)

Continued from page 18

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HOUSING THE ARTS

by The Rt. Hon. Lady Jennie Lee

WE have a long way to go before we can claim that we are making anything like adequate provision for our artists. In the 1964-70 Labour Government, as Minister for the Arts, I was able to treble the official aid received from the Government, but as we started from almost nothing this was only a beginning.

The present Government has provided further increased aid but, while glad of this, there are some aspects of contemporary policy which worry me considerably.

When the Trustees of the British Museum suggested to me that one of their members, Lord Eccles, should become their Chairman, I at once agreed. Lord Eccles was a dedicated museum man. When the Conservatives came to power in 1970 I was as pleased as any Socialist could be that my Tory successor was Lord Eccles. Since then I have been dismayed to find that the philosophy which we established has not been accepted by our successors. It seemed to me just plain common-sense that the political Minister of the day should not impose his or her tastes and prejudices on the artists, and that we should do all in our power to make the best in the Arts more widely available. Alas, we are now fighting against admission charges to our great national galleries, and we owe a great deal to Mr. Hugh Leggatt for his gallant and effective leadership in this campaign. We have not yet won, but we have exposed the nonsense of the whole thing, and must keep up our opposition.

Of course we have to have a National Theatre, a great opera company in Scotland and Wales, an opera house in Edinburgh, another in the Midlands, and some other highly expensive projects. For these, special Government grants are necessary. But I was particularly grateful to my colleagues in the Labour Government for enabling me to establish in addition a fund for 'Housing the Arts'. The purpose of this was to help all sorts of smaller communities to establish a theatre, a concert hall or an arts centre, usually by renovating some old building. This fund was established in 1965 and in the first year we were able to contribute £¼ million. The following year the sum was raised to £½ million. Before I left office I was most encouraged to find that when we had committed £2¼ million to this fund, the total commitment was £10½ million, and that 124 projects were being assisted. The meaning of this is that £8¼ million had been contributed by Local Authorities or private individuals and Trustees.

It is not easy for Local Authorities to make any contribution to the Arts. Rates are terrifyingly high and are going up all the time. Local Councillors are under enormous pressure to economise, and there are many who say: 'Spend your money on schools, homes, hospitals, but do not waste it on luxuries such as the Arts'.

Aneurin Bevan, who was the Minister responsible both for health and housing in the 1945 Labour Government, could of course have taken that point of view. No-one dare say that he was not passionately concerned with both housing and health problems. But it was this same Minister who was responsible for legislation enabling Local Authorities to spend up to 6d. in the £ on the Arts. This sum is now out of date. Local Authorities ought to be free to decide how much they are going to spend, but above all everything must be done to give support to those Councillors, whatever their party politics, who are willing to take the same stand as Aneurin Bevan took; that is, to insist that a good home or a good community is not made by bricks and mortar alone. A civilised society must see that its priorities are so arranged that at least some of its resources are set aside to encourage the Arts.

Until now, the 'Housing the Arts' fund has remained at £½ million a year;—allowing for inflation. This means that the amount it receives has been reduced,—not even maintained. Next year the £½ million will be increased to £1 million, and let us be thankful for small mercies. But this is obviously wholly inadequate if we are going to insist that the best of the Arts be made more widely available.

Radio and television have brought some knowledge of painting, poetry, music and sculpture to a vast public, which formerly knew little or nothing of such matters. This means that we have the possibility of doing for the artist what is most needed to be done. That is, widening the audience ready to appreciate, and even buy.

I had hoped that the philosophy for the Arts I established would be acceptable to every future Government, whatever its political character. Alas, many artists are now complaining that they are being subjected to censorship. Of course, this happens automatically in Communist or Fascist countries, or those that are near-Communist or Fascist. Artists who are prepared to paint and write as they are told have many privileges. The artist can be a great nuisance to the conventionally-minded. When was it otherwise? Even those artists who are now appreciated for their commercial value were often outcasts in their generation. Not all artists, but many of them, are essentially rebels. They are sensitively aware of the injustices of their time, and while politicians are being careful, they speak out in plain, undiplomatic terms. There is also a great deal of rebellious protest in the name of art, which has no intrinsic merit, but unless we are prepared to encourage an environment in which free expression flourishes, how can we be sure that our censorship does not destroy the best as well as the derivative and the ephemeral?

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

by Tom Stuttaford, M.P.

PEACE and goodwill were not the dominant themes of Christmas 1968 in the general practice where I worked. It was a day of savage battles with the authorities over an aged patient who divided his time between local mental hospitals and local prisons. He had returned to his hospital ward after unofficially celebrating the season in the local town and as he passed the staff who were singing 'Peace on earth and Mercy mild' by the Christmas tree, his advanced state of intoxication was only too apparent. Despite the glad tidings they rendered up with such gusto, splendid on the ear but difficult to translate into everyday practicalities, the hospital staff decided that they could keep him no longer. So out he had to go; despite the fact that he had no family, no home and, thoroughly institutionalised, he was totally incapable of looking after himself.

It is on such occasions that one realises the real and insuperable difficulties which face those who have rejected, and been rejected by, society as we know it in trying to re-establish themselves. Eventually we found him somewhere slightly more comfortable than the traditional stable where he could spend Christmas. His accommodation problem was solved when, hard on the heels of Boxing Day, came a charge of being drunk and disorderly, and off he went to jail.

An interesting sidelight on this sad story is that the press, who naturally made extensive enquiries, never published it. Altogether too miserable, they said, for Christmas. Their readers wanted happy stories, preferably with a cosy family setting, at this time of year. Perhaps they might have thought twice had there been a pretty young girl in the case, or a grainy photograph of better days. Above all something visual and exciting. But this drunken, broken-down old waif would put everybody off their Christmas dinner. And so a tacit conspiracy and a 'tasteful' censorship ensured that this particular minor tragedy went unremarked and unlamented.

When I started in medicine, not all that many years ago, no psychiatric case was a popular case. There were certainly a few gifted, able men and women who became psychiatrists out of a genuine interest in the quirks of human behaviour. They, with a dedicated nursing staff but starved of resources, did what they could. But there was a greater number of psychiatrists who had drifted into this branch of medicine through failing to make the grade in other, more competitive and popular branches. Often these people, the failed physicians and failed surgeons, felt a burning sense of resentment which certainly communicated itself to their G.P. colleagues, and more often than not to their patients as well.

G.P.s lucky enough to practise in a community which was still an entity, certainly practised rudimentary psychotherapy and ladled out the Potassium Bromide or barbiturates. But nobody got noticeably better as a result of this treatment, and no doctor really expected him to. The highly-strung patient with 'nerves' was regarded both as a nuisance and as an embarrass-

ment, a standing reproach to the physician's art. If the reproach became too painful for either the patient's family or the doctor, the duly authorised officer would be summoned and, with luck, both doctor and relatives would be spared the sight of him again as he left for a possible lifetime's incarceration.

Now, all this has largely changed. Society, even outside the small, closely-knit community whether urban or rural, is now much more prepared to accept variation from the norm. The general practitioner is both willing and able, thanks to the immense armoury of drugs provided by the pharmaceutical industry, to treat the acute psychotic patient. To help the acute, endogenously depressed character is one of the rewards of general practice, while to win the confidence of a schizophrenic so that he can actually take his treatment and live a comparatively normal life, makes it all so worth while.

Yet there are groups who do not fit into these categories, who fail to respond (how dare they?) to the latest and most sophisticated medical techniques. And where the G.P. and the high-powered and fully-trained psychiatrist fail to get any real response, so there will be those who face the prospect of being re-admitted to hospital for longer and longer spells with shorter and shorter intervals outside. These are the long-stay patients of the future.

It is the irreducible problem of these long-stay patients that must be faced; otherwise these people, despite the Department of Health and Social Security's very best intentions, will continue to rot intellectually and physically in our mental hospitals.

But even in an ideal society where compassionate, forward-thinking medicine is the rule, there are bound to be some younger patients, particularly refractory schizophrenics, who will need constant institutional care. They will be miserable if they have no settled background, and they certainly need the security of complete freedom from responsibility which can be provided by a good unit. Cotton-woolled from the problems of life, they may exist happily, if not responsibly.

But the largest group of long-stay patients are in the over-65 age group, some 52,000 people in all. It has been estimated that three-fifths of this number, over 33,000 people, will never go home again. Twenty-seven thousand long-stay patients are over 75 years of age and although the overall number of patients who will spend most of their lives in institutions is dropping, this is the group where numbers are increasing. There are now, thanks to modern anti-biotics, more over-75 year-olds permanently incarcerated than there were 15 years ago. Indeed, there has been an increase of 34 per cent over this period and certainly, in my district, for every old person in hospital because he or she can no longer cope with life outside, there are no less than three people waiting to take their place when they die.

Fortunately for most people, few see the conditions under which some of these old people live out the last years or days of their lives at home. Sometimes they are so severely senile that they are only capable of

swallowing if the food is put in their mouths. Frequently they are doubly incontinent. I have known a family try and nurse an aged relative at home where she was so inane that when she was sick she did not have the intelligence to turn her head, and hence nearly drowned in her own vomit; a hazard she would not have competed with since early infancy.

The number of people in this category is increasing. Within the next ten years we can expect another million people over 65, as well as an increase of half a million over-75s. If present trends continue, another 10,000 beds will be needed: more beds, not fewer beds; more money, not less money.

It is old people whose brains have deteriorated excessively who present the greatest challenge to modern society. When a doctor treats old persons suffering from pneumonia or some other treatable disease, he must realise that by the time they have recovered physically, the illness may have destroyed just enough of their mental capacity to prohibit their taking their place back at home without constant kindly concern. Many is the patient who has survived bronchio-pneumonia and yet failed to recover any semblance of orientation. And all too often it is forgotten that mental disease in the aged is not just senile dementia, for although failure of the blood supply to reach the brain in sufficient quantities can produce a mental condition in the aged, they, just like the young, can suffer from schizophrenia and, above all, depression. Life in modern times, youth-orientated as it is, can become increasingly depressing for the elderly; and mental changes associated with physical ill health are all too common. Social changes have often wrought havoc with their social and living standards and their environmental milieu. Many suffer from a recurrent depression and need very careful encouragement to entice them to take the necessary drugs and treatment. None of the anti-depressants is completely free of side effects and the physical symptoms resulting from these side effects can in themselves induce a particular dread in the minds of the aged, many of whom fear the onset of some new and worse disease when they start to display the signs and symptoms associated with their treatment.

What are we going to do about these people? Are we prepared to admit and to face the problem they represent, or are we going to turn away and forget the patients who constitute it? Sir Keith Joseph, Secretary of State for Social Services, has made it very plain that he intends to do neither—these people are to be treated as a top priority. He has demonstrated clearly the falsity of the old jibe that politicians are only interested in the voting sections of society. The casualties of modern society and the orphans of modern medicine are going to figure high in the new order of priorities. Increasingly, admission to hospital will have to be on clinical grounds because some particular treatment is needed, while the domiciliary social services must seek to ensure that admission on social grounds becomes progressively rarer. We will have to more than double the numbers of home-helps, the army of surrogate relatives who can compensate for the deficiencies in family life, manifest and inevitable in a mobile and largely urbanised population such as our own. G.P.s will have to return to

their traditional role of family doctor rather than minor specialists, and steps will have to be taken to ensure that the system of selection practised at our medical schools, increasingly being run by technocrats for technocrats, changes in emphasis. Those patients who are capable of living their lives as part of the community could be housed in group homes where they could help each other to overcome the problems of isolation and loneliness, those well-known incubators and accelerators of the processes of mental degeneration.

If these elderly people are beyond care in a group home, it is important that the hospitals where they have to live are reasonable places. To me one of the saddest pictures of recent years was the photograph of the burnt-out shell of a ward in a long-stay hospital. This was a good hospital, one which had recently been renovated, but here were groups of people living in bunks with as much privacy and individuality as if they were spending the rest of their days in a railway carriage. The tragedy lay in the fact that the hospital authorities were so proud that the care they gave their patients was better than in many similar institutions. But in conditions like these, and in those hospitals which are much worse, we expect the aged to live with little occupation, few friends or visitors, stripped of their identity and individuality, a requirement which is surely one of the major features which distinguishes us from other animals.

Not only the wards but also the nursing facilities must be improved. But realism is necessary. Nursing the aged, long-stay patients, can be a very rewarding job, but it is neither rewarding nor interesting if there is no time to spend with the patients. There can be little spare time in circumstances where nurses have to cope with wards with a staff-patient ratio as high as one to fifty. Who, then, can blame the nursing staff for washing, cleaning and then just sitting their patients in rows around a day room? For there is hardly time for much else. Invaluable though foreign help is to our medical services, the geriatric ward is not always the right place for it to be employed. The old need to share their jokes with people who understand their language, not merely the words but the nuances. Because so many old people get their pleasure from recalling their memories, it is important to have a similar cultural background between patient and staff. What does the young Filipino nurse, sweet though she may be, know of England at the turn of the century? Can she be expected to listen compassionately and comprehendingly to stories of hunger and depression, of large families and small incomes? Can she take an interest in the old man's reminiscences of the Boer War? How can she? And so that old man, for want of an appreciative audience, will lapse into silence and another mental process will have been lost forever.

Much therefore depends on the calibre of the nursing staff, and it is unrealistic to expect all but the most vocationally inspired to come forward when the pay is as bad as it is. Finally, we must come to realise and acknowledge that medical care cannot be separated from social care and that neither can be separated from the problem of providing adequate housing.

MALTA — AFTER EIGHTEEN MONTHS OF LABOUR GOVERNMENT

by Christopher Jones

MORE than a year has now passed since Malta was elected to Labour Government rule. Changes are always to the good because inertia tends to breath stagnation. That's what happened to the previous administration, when nine years of successive Nationalist party rule—although admittedly ensuring and securing economic stability and progress in the difficult transitional period following independence — stilted the country's initiative. During that period the Government failed to effect some much-needed changes in its cabinet and ministerial appointments and, as a result, omitted to inject new life when it was most needed.

After elections were held in 1971 we had a change of Government with many a difference. Immediately, we could say that the present Labour Government differs from its predecessor in that it is more Socialist, and aims to bring about opportunity of equality for everyone; the raising of the standard of the common worker and the granting of those rights and privileges which perhaps in the past had not been given in sufficient quantity. Then there is a complete change in approach in foreign policy. Dr. Borg Olivier's foreign policy was one based on a solid backing with the Western powers within the NATO concept, cultivating at the same time cordial relations with the Eastern bloc.

Of course, the Nationalists during their term of office were in a totally different position from that of the Labourites, in that the Labourites had had the foreign policy of the Nationalists before them and so could improve or alter it as they thought fit. In the case of the Nationalists, theirs was a different proposition in that Malta, on becoming independent, had to frame its foreign policy from scratch. In doing so, through the defence and financial agreement, it was bound to Britain over a ten-year period — a position that had been negotiated at a time when the Mediterranean situation was totally different from what it is today.

In fact, the Americans and Russians are poised to exert their influence over the entire Mediterranean. Then we have had the intrinsically volatile situation in relations between the Egyptians and the Israelites. In North Africa there has been the appearance of the up-and-coming Algerian, Tunisian and Libyan States stealing, as it were, the thunder of Nasser's hitherto dominating figure in the Arab world.

Thus, it is obvious that there has been a complete reshuffle in world affairs as they affect the Mediterranean. The Nationalist Party cannot therefore be made to bear the brunt of criticism that has been levied against it for the small amount of aid which had been negotiated with Britain for the simple reason that, in 1964, there was an entirely different 'international' climate. This is not in any way an apologia for any of the failings of the Nationalist Government, but is put forward as a correct appraisal of the

situation as the Nationalists found it when they negotiated independence.

As soon as the Labour Government was voted into office the Malta Prime Minister, Mr. Dom Mintoff, was quick to take the initiative in calling for immediate revision of the terms of financial and military agreements. As everyone is now aware, the personalities of the past Prime Minister and the new one are diametrically opposite. The forceful character of Mr. Mintoff became very evident throughout the protracted series of negotiations with Britain which, indeed, came only to a successful conclusion through pressure brought about by the Italians through NATO and, to some extent, to the prompt intervention of the Malta Archbishop at the height of the crisis when stalemate had been reached.

What better description of Mintoff can we have than that by Lord Carrington himself? The latter is quoted in the *Illustrated London News* in an article by John Chatley as saying: 'He (Lord Carrington) believes the Maltese Premier to be a patriot although setting too high a price upon the island's facilities'. He found Mintoff 'exasperating', but not without a wayward charm.

Circumstances show that Mintoff played his cards well. He sensed that by the skilful manipulation of NATO interest in its Malta base—and the dilemma in which Italy would find herself if Malta became another Cuba—and the masterly use of Libya as the *bête noire* behind the scenes, he could negotiate with some strength and hope of success. Hence his walk-out in one of the sessions of the Rome negotiations. The outcome of the talks with Britain and the consequent increase in aid from Britain and the NATO powers are now past history. The NATO powers, who were at first somewhat aloof, soon found themselves immersed in the crisis; the Secretary-General of the NATO Powers himself having to preside during many sessions in the long drawn negotiations between Britain and Malta. An agreement was finally reached; Britain keeping only a small force within the framework of the NATO defensive system and Malta receiving more aid.

As regards the trend of events in the financial issue, it is as well to note two facts that had a direct bearing on the outcome of the *impasse*. One was the decision by Britain to see through Operation Withdrawal once the ultimatum was given, the other was the decision to bring over to Malta North African personnel—later found to be Egyptians—for possible manning of the Luqa Airport facilities. Once the Socialist Government had negotiated successfully with Britain (for a period of seven years) it was evident that the Malta Prime Minister would then turn to other pressing matters such as aid from foreign sources elsewhere. This point was adequately proved when, promptly after the signing of the new Agreement with the British Government, Mr. Mintoff left Malta for a visit to China.

This visit came soon after Malta had failed to support Taiwan and backed China's admission to the United Nations. The China visit was indeed a historical one, coming as it did so soon after President Nixon's visit and being one of the very few which had been arranged with European countries. It became apparent from the huge welcome which

was accorded to Mintoff and his delegation that the Chinese Government was all out to make the visit a success. Whilst Malta had by one swift move unshackled itself from the influence of West-East dominance, it had, at the same time, forged a new path of great significance in world events as they affected the Mediterranean.

The immediate result of the visit was the grant of a Chinese loan to the Malta Government. This loan was interest free for an amount of £17m. for six years. Of this amount, £15m. was in the form of development projects by China to Malta whilst the remaining £2m. was in cash. Local costs of development projects are to be paid for, as far as is practicable, by China in local currency obtained through Maltese imports from China. The total loan is repayable in ten years starting in 1984 in exports from Malta to China at the rate of one-tenth of the whole total amount of the loan per year. The Malta Government, for its part, set up diplomatic relations with China, its representative in Australia being Ambassador to Peking. China has meanwhile opened an embassy in Malta.

In short, whilst Malta was to get a loan without strings, China would receive a permanent footing in Malta, something which Russia had failed to achieve! However, recently an *Isvetzia* newspaper representative has been allowed to open offices in Malta at Ta' Xbiex, an area surrounded by foreign embassies.

In the field of foreign policy and foreign affairs, a new pattern of contacts was established with countries behind the Iron Curtain. The Prime Minister undertook a series of trips to foreign capitals and these included visits to Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia. Recently he led a delegation to Austria during the Socialist International in Vienna.

One of the most tangible forms of help which has been obtained since the new Government took office is a 1.5 billion lire credit granted by Italy to help Malta's balance of payment, in addition to technical and scientific aid. The latter is in the form of educational equipment and staff to enable Malta to have a school for technical and professional training set up as from September, 1972. The Italian Government is also providing technical know-how in the form of expert advice to assist the Malta Government to expand its civil airport in order to cater for larger aircraft in the future, such as Jumbo jet planes. It is furthermore providing scholarships and bursaries to encourage more Maltese to learn Italian.

Similar grants and scholarships are being granted by the French Government. The United States Government has expressed its desire to extend to Malta its Industrial Guarantee Programme, which was first signed in Washington in 1966 with the Nationalist Party then in power. Under this agreement the U.S. seeks to encourage investments in projects for Malta's economic development through investment guarantees issued by the U.S. Government.

The present government has all along expressed its disapproval of the handling of financial matters by the previous government and is against local loans from the Maltese public. In order to put the Maltese economy on a sounder footing, an austerity budget has been introduced. This has

necessitated a policy of retrenchment. Certain costly projects initiated by the previous government being either curtailed or substantially revised, such as the erection of a huge hospital in Gozo and the construction of a bridge in Siggiewi. Instead the Government has given priority to civil aviation, drydocks modernisation, the development of Malta's hydrological potential, the reorganisation of the educational system, the setting up of administrative centres outside Floriana and slum clearance in crowded areas. This policy of retrenchment has hit the Civil Service hard, where promotions as well as expenses on overtime and transport have been either stopped altogether or drastically reduced. There has been a salary and wage freeze, as well as a payment of arrears blockage.

As a result of the change in Government and the period of anxiety which followed the prolonged negotiations with Britain, there have been some repercussions. The building boom has come to an abrupt stop, with many villas and semi-detached houses either unfinished or left empty; tourism has suffered quite a blow. Commerce, too, reacted adversely to the political climate; businessmen first hedging, then awaiting the outcome of the tense situation before embarking on further enterprises.

Despite this uncertainty, the Government has implemented its electoral programme which, though unpopular with the majority, is part and parcel of the new socialisation. Parliament has been meeting very regularly and, as the present government has a majority of only one seat, attendance has been at the maximum capacity.

The Dockyard has always been considered Malta's Number One source of employment and in fact in the past, under the British, the yard absorbed about 17,000 workers. Of course, in later years, there has been a considerable reduction in manpower, as many of the employees were actually kept on merely to meet the exigencies of the British Navy. That is a thing of the past. The Dockyard—now the Drydocks—has been revitalised and overhauled to make it a profit-making concern and the manpower is kept to the most economical figure. The Yard has now become a completely Maltese undertaking, the only foreigner being the managing director, who is a German. The Government has made good the deficit which it inherited and has, furthermore, earmarked approximately one million Maltese pounds for development, which includes the enlarging of the basins to cater for the very large tankers which are now an integral part of the oil industry.

Over the years there has been a rise in large scale smuggling and this has proved costly to the Maltese exchequer as many articles were not being submitted to customs duty, thus creating artificial competition. The Government has taken a very stern view of this evasion. With a view to putting an end to it, the Maltese Government, with the help of the West German Government, obtained the loan and services of motor launches and helicopters for patrolling by the authorities.

In order to tackle the steadily rising unemployment situation, steps have been taken to introduce an Emergency Volunteer Corps, a quasi-para military body whose function is to deploy labour according to day-to-day

requirements of the Government throughout Malta. This new body—called the EVC for short—now consists of over 700 men, and these volunteers are at present being deployed on preliminary works in connection with the expansion of the Luqa Airport. The decision to introduce this volunteer corps has proved very controversial.

The largest employer in Malta is the Government itself, who employs no less than some 20,000 persons to run the various services. The Malta Labour Government is highly critical of this large machine which it feels is not productive enough, is fraught with inertia and is not competent in several sectors. Indeed, the Prime Minister himself has expressed the view that the Civil Service is not contributing sufficiently towards Malta's progress. It is suggested that there is a need for some streamlining and the diversion of complements to more productive sections within the Civil Service. Here the Prime Minister has met with stiff opposition from the Unions, who have refused to co-operate with the Government in a redundant exercise, as a result of which the Unions have been given the cold shoulder and have voiced their grievances to the world body of Unions at Geneva.

New measures which the Government intends introducing are a better system of tax collection through the method of PAYE, a new system of comprehensive education and steps to revise the policy with regard to Television, Rediffusion, aviation and insurance. Meanwhile, the Government has introduced the Metric System and resorted to rationing to cut down the cost of living.

The key to future government policy lies in its budget, which has been described as a working or caretaker type of budget which is projected to keep expenditure down and to ensure that revenue will bring with it a credit balance. So far, in its effort to override unpopularity, the Government has been able to state what is being done is to clean 'the Augean Stables' left by the previous Government and to put the Maltese economy on a firm footing. However, whatever the methods that have been applied, there has been a slowing down of the economic output and former prosperity of the country on which, as it were, a brake has been applied. Perhaps it was this uncertain economic situation which prompted the Maltese Government to call once more on the services of Dr. Balogh, who was Harold Wilson's adviser on economic planning in the Labour Government. Dr. Balogh is no stranger to Malta because, during the 1958 Labour Government under Mintoff, he was here in Malta as an adviser. Whatever may be the outcome of Dr. Balogh's advice it is certain that Malta is passing through a very critical situation and it will take many an adviser's effort to cure the 'malaise' which is now affecting the country. Indeed, it is within this climatic condition that Malta is now insisting on better economic help from the Common Market, from whom Mintoff is asking for a revision in the association agreement, having voiced his opinion that the ECM should have a proper policy of development and help in the Mediterranean, more especially with developing, poor countries such as Malta.

MAGIC GARDENS ON MAGGIORE

by Maurice Schofield

TO appreciate the way in which a most favourable climate and a superb setting contribute so much to notable gardens, two examples in Northern Italy serve as proof. Even the seasoned tourist, though nonchalantly claiming to have seen most of Europe's highlights, will find renewed pleasure in revisiting such favourite scenes as Isola Bella and Villa Taranto on Lake Maggiore. Especially so, when in casual reading he comes across several points of interest he missed on previous journeyings. This point came to mind with the 300th anniversary of Isola Bella's completion by the younger Count Vitaliano Borromeo, of that ornate creation he had visualised as he planned to convert an arid rocky isle into an elysium. Then another reminder of yet another dream come true—this in the vast gardens of Villa Taranto rising high above Maggiore near Pallanza. Nowhere in Italy can be found such a contrast, with Count Borromeo's garden being followed three centuries later by Captain Neil McEacharn, wealthy Scottish botanist, who scoured the world for his extensive display of flowers and plants to transform the slopes above Maggiore with 30,000 varieties!

Since guide-books give so little regarding the remarkable story of these two creations, holiday-makers will appreciate the two contrasting places even more after noting authentic points from Italian sources. While the superb palace on Isola Bella is fully described in standard works or guide-books, the ten terraces of the island garden should be viewed in the light of Borromeo's plan. To take a stance on the top terrace, especially when the winds whip up the waters of the lake, enables the tourist to visualise a nautical flavour to Isola Bella intended by the Borromeos, father and son. A floral ship floating on the lake, a pleasure galley on the enchanting waters: such was the illusion sought by those fervent Italians, an illusion sensed as one half-closes the eyes in looking down on this huge 'craft'.

Fanciful it may sound, this colourful spot is born of the dream of the younger Borromeo which he brought to completion in 1671. From the first inception by Borromeo the elder, it took forty years to convert the barren rock, a transformation fully justifying the labours of planners, artists, and the army of labourers who piled terrace on terrace, adding vast quantities of rich earth transported to ensure a rich growth of flowering species. The resulting vivid display of jasmine, camellias and other floral delights was the reward for Borromeo's hard endeavour, a result praised by eminent visitors during the long history of Isola Bella. 'The loveliest piece of ground in the world . . . nothing can be imagined like the terraces here', sang our Bishop Burnet, among other enthusiasts. He gave lyrical tributes to 'the great Parterre, a surprise with fountains and statues . . . with orange and citron trees . . . the whole world has noth-

ing like it.' In contrast, an occasional disgruntled critic groaned over 'this triumph of bad taste, with a vulgarity redeemed only by luxuriant vegetation'.

After the more compact bridal cake theme of Isola Bella, the vast gardens of Villa Taranto provide a contrast as notable as the originators. Guide-books adding stars for the exceptional holiday sports, and even the multi-lingual conductors shepherding tourists along part of the five miles of garden walks, all fail to depict the strange twist in fortune which brought Captain Neil McEacharn 40 years ago to his *magnum opus* as botanist. It all began on a train journey from Venice when the wealthy Scot was returning from his travels. He happened to catch sight of a sale advertised in the newspaper he was reading, the sale of a villa on the shores of Maggiore. A quick decision to break his journey to look at the place, a bundling-out of luggage at Pallanza, and McEacharn's destiny, his great venture as botanist come to a zenith, was the result.

In 1931 the fervent cultivator acquired the older villa and grounds, pulled down the house to build the fine villa of today, and set to work with over a hundred men engaged for over two years in excavating and laying his extensive garden. The site for a semi-tropical garden was ideal, with acres of land rising high above the lake, yet with mountains as background to shelter from northerly winds. McEacharn collected plants from the world over, from Kew to far-off places, with hundreds sent by fellow botanists and with his botanical laboratories in the background to ensure expert cultivation. The Scottish captain planned for summer months of drought or dry periods with long pipelines from reservoirs made to supply his fountains and cascades. There is water music at many points in this creation of McEacharn. There are vivid displays of water lilies changing hue throughout the season, with lotus from the Far East, and with flowering shrubs and high magnolias adding to the spectrum. The war years brought occupying troops to ravage the scene, yet when peace returned McEacharn came back to renew and extend his work to a *fortissimo.*

At the summit one reaches the crown, the final flash of colour which the Italian nation added as tribute to an inspired British botanist. Neil McEacharn bequeathed his dream garden to Italy, with the proviso that it should be fully maintained and kept open to visitors; then made known his wish that he should be buried at this delightful place above his beloved Maggiore. And what a mausoleum they gave him, with richly coloured windows and a shrine below the domed roof, with the tints of Italian matchless marble adding further to the floral splendour seen from the doorway. There are burial-places of note in Europe, varying from the grandiose tribute to Napoleon in the *Invalides* in Paris to the plain stone slab marking Baron Trent's resting-place overlooking his favourite bay in Jersey. But none catches the eye more than this remarkable memorial set high above the shores of Lake Maggiore, this memento of a Scottish botanist who became inspired that day after a casual glance at his copy of *The Times.*

HAS THE TIME COME TO DE-NATIONALISE THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?

by Lord Grantchester

WHEN in January 1971 I suggested that Parliament should consider its responsibility for the Anglican Church and end its Establishment, there was very little public interest. Parliament had all but forgotten the Church and if the Church had not forgotten Parliament it was chiefly because their revised prayer book with alternative forms of service had awaited Parliament's approval for 40 years. Then the chief argument used by the authorities of the Church was that so many variants of the rules and provisions of the book of Common Prayer were in use that Parliament should make legal most of the 'lawlessness' which prevailed.

This was a reminder that the Church, subject by the Act of Supremacy to the Monarch as Supreme Governor had become subject to Parliament, which has assumed this role in the course of our Constitutional development.

Henry VIII, for political and personal, rather than for religious reasons in effect nationalised the branch of the Catholic Church living within the country he ruled. It is true that subsequently when drawing up the rules and regulations of the newly nationalised Church and in the preparation of the Prayer Book of 1662, there is evidence of the influence of the ideas of the Reformation then prevalent in the Northern areas of Continental Europe. This was sufficient to warrant the designation of the nationalised Church of England, as 'reformed Catholic' but hardly as 'Protestant', a word which does not appear in the Prayer Book adopted as late as 1662. Any decision to de-nationalise the Church and free it from control must be taken by Parliament, but Parliament is always busy, and on a matter like the affairs of the Church needs prodding by what is called public opinion.

Understandably, the Archbishops have been most concerned about the relations between State and Church, and they have appointed, from time to time, Commissions to study the subject. Commissions have a way of ending up in disagreement, so nothing much results. The last Commission was set up in 1965 by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. After five years deliberation we had three reports, though to be fair there was a small area of agreement among all members.

The Commission consisted of 16 members of whom eight, the largest group, rather illogically it seems to me, want freedom for the Church to arrange its own affairs, but not to choose its leaders. Bishops, they insist, should be appointed by the Crown, which means it should remain the responsibility of Ministers under present constitutional practice, thus keeping Parliament very much in the picture and retaining the legal establishment. Five members suggest a constitutional innovation that Bishops should be appointed by the Crown without the advice

of the Monarch's Ministers—a proposal which neither Parliament nor the Monarch would be likely to consider. The remaining three members made a minority report to the effect that if the Church wanted freedom from such Parliamentary control as the other 13 members had proposed, there could be no half-way measure. The Church should ask for complete freedom to manage its own affairs, not only formulating its rules and services, but also for the appointment of its traditional orders, bishops, priests, deacons and deaconesses.

The most significant failure of the Commission was perhaps the fact that the second part of its terms of reference, namely 'to promote greater unity among the Churches' had to be ignored. It is Parliamentary control and the claim to a special and privileged relationship with the State which restricts and hampers any meaningful dialogue with other Churches. Since the passing of the Synodical measure in 1969, Church affairs can be discussed in diocesan synods and nationally in the General Synod. The General Synod consists of three Houses, the House of bishops, the House of the clergy and the House of the laity—each house votes first separately and finally together on any measure brought before it. Proposals to unite the Church of England and the Methodist Church recently failed twice to get the two-thirds majority necessary in the final vote in the General Synod to carry the proposals. Had they been approved, they would still have needed the approval of Parliament.

Many Churchmen feel that in the dialogue for unity the priorities are wrong or that such a dialogue can only be carried on with more than one Church organisation at the same time if arrangement with one is not to make agreement with the other more difficult. Further, no real dialogue can be carried on with the Roman Church while the Church of England seeks to maintain its privileged status.

As I mentioned when the debate took place in the House of Lords in January 1971, there was little or no noticeable public opinion, but there has been a slow build-up of interest. The impact of the work of Vatican II and the initiatives of Pope John and Pope Paul have not been confined to the Roman Church. The Anglican Church could no more be isolated from the significant re-statement of the faith (reflected in the publication of the new Dutch catechism) and the reorientation of the organisation of the Roman Church, than in the economic field Britain could ignore the growth of the Community of Six (the Common Market) 'on its doorstep'. The Anglican Church was bound to be roused and influenced by the main stream of Catholic thought.

The publication in December 1970 of the Archbishops' Commission's report 'Church and State' provides a focus for discussion. It is interesting to note that when the various recommendations of this report were discussed in the London Diocesan Synod in June 1972 the majority recommendations were rejected. Their decision followed the line of the minority recommendations in favour of disestablishment, the voting being clergy 65 for disestablishment and 21 against, laity 70 for disestablishment and 41 against. This matter has still to be debated in other diocesan

synods and finally in the General Synod.

It must be made clear that although no doubt Parliament will have regard to what is said in these discussions, the decision whether to de-nationalise the Church of England rests with Parliament. Only Parliament can clear away the legal confusion which obscures the true nature of the Church. It is the whole community of Christians (whether attending formal services or not) who constitute the 'Church in England' for, in the words of a maxim of the Roman Church, 'the grace of God extends beyond the confines of the Catholic Church'. Here starts the path to understanding and greater unity.

[Lord Grantchester is a Vice-President of the United Nations Association and President Emeritus of the London Liberal Party.]

The February issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Widening Gap* by Marcus Lipton, M.P., *Face to Face with the Planner of the Third Reich* by Janet Barkus, *Iquitos: Sounds and Cadences of the Amazon* by Darrall Beriro and *John Cowper Powys as a Humorist* by G. Wilson Knight.

NO FIXED ABODE

by Shirley Otto

A SOCIAL historian looking back over the early 1970s might well describe it as the era of 're-development'. Much of the character of central London is changing as well as Hammersmith and Southwark. It is another debate as to whether one likes the new office-blocks and luxury flats or feels they are necessary. What is becoming evident as large areas come under the demolition hammer is the consequent social cost not accounted for by the planners and developers. Groups of people are dislodged that cannot under the present plans be catered for—groups that have little voice but are very vulnerable, such as the homeless single people labelled in many cases by officialdom as of 'No Fixed Abode'. Many live in lodging houses, others in relics of Dickens' England, the huge Salvation Army Hostels. They are often people with incapacitating problems of alcoholism, mental illness or with long histories of prison; not really the kind who find their way on to Local Authority housing lists or who are helped by mortgage companies.

To illustrate the present situation and its components I will focus on Southwark, one of London's poorer Boroughs lying south of the Thames and stretching from Bermondsey to Dulwich. Since 1968 Southwark has lost at least 1,143 beds for the homeless single person. Such a loss can be attributed to a number of changes. Rowton House Ltd. had a hostel with 880 beds for the 'poor working man' but this was closed and 'upgraded'; that is, the material conditions were improved, walls knocked down and phones put in all the bedrooms. It has now re-opened at £2.65p per night, whereas previously it was 47½p. In other cases, common lodgings have closed due to being unable to meet fire regulations but mainly because of impending redevelopment.

Southwark has plans for a complete change of face. The Thames-side area of north Southwark is largely silent docklands. The firms have long since gone to other provincial ports or over to container traffic. A ripe area for building high rateable luxury flats and riverside gardens. However, to make the area worth reconstituting, for one cannot have luxury flats next to shabby pubs and cafes, quite a sizeable area must be tackled, an area containing a number of common lodging houses, especially one with 300 beds. However, you might say: surely these are small numbers and the council will provide at least for the most inadequate of the homeless people? It is a critical situation, as the national picture suggests that the problem and solution lie beyond Southwark.

A survey carried out by Christian Action estimated that the total number of registered (with the Local Authority) common lodging beds has declined from 25,000 in 1965 to 20,000 in 1972. The table below enumerates the decline in numbers of beds in specific areas between 1960 and 1972:

Common Lodging House Beds	*1960*	*1972*
London	6,405	4,708
Manchester	1,535	1,325
Birmingham	807	485

The survey also stated that 'signs of steep decline and imminent closures are evident in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Southampton and many other large cities'. It is also maintained that 'City centre redevelopment is the major reason for their decline. Lodging houses are threatened in Glasgow, Colnbrook, Edinburgh and Liverpool, both in the short and the long term. Where they disappear it is usual for no alternative accommodation to be provided.'

The London situation is also illuminating. The National Assistance Board Report on the Homeless Single Person found in 1965 that 31% of the lodging house accommodation for men was in the London area. The corresponding figure for women was 34%. This reflects the historic pull of London for those who seek anonymity, work and shelter.

The table below, again produced by Christian Action, indicates the decline in provision of common lodging house beds in various areas of London over the last ten years:

Common Lodging House Beds in London

	1961	*1971*
Southwark ...	1,171 (1) 235f	776 (5) 120f
Lewisham	814 (1)	735 (1) no f
City	400 (1)	380 (1) no f
Islington	275 (1)	None
Hackney	133 (1)	None
Camden	392 (2) 47f	278 (2) 47f
Westminster ...	1,757 (4) 85f	1,332 (2) no f
Tower Hamlets ...	909 (4) 190f	884 (3) 156f
	5,851(22)557f	4,385(14)323f

Figures in brackets indicate number of common lodging houses.
f indicates female accommodation.

To add to this gloomy picture is the fact that the number of beds provided by Rowton Houses Ltd. has declined from 4,536 in 1960 to 2,180 in 1972 (June). As Rowton Houses are not registered as common lodging houses this decline supplements those figures previously mentioned.

To appreciate the problem even better, especially that of providing alternative single person accommodation, it is important to realise the variety of persons making up the homeless single person population. There is a good deal of evidence to suggest that a significant number of homeless persons have personality, mental health and drinking problems. Of 567 establishments surveyed by the National Assistance Board in 1965, 191 (33%) provided accommodation for one or more special groups such as alcoholics, ex-offenders and mental patients. Concerned with the alcoholic, the Home Office Report on the Habitual Drunken Offender received evidence from the Salvation Army that an estimated 300 men with serious drinking problems were accommodated in its establishments

in London each night. With respect to the ex-offender, an enquiry was carried out by Roy Walmsley into the need for accommodation for homeless prisoners discharged into East Anglia and South East England (January 1969-March 1971). In 1969, 730 men discharged were received in the after-care hostels in the South East. Walmsley found a total of 2,800 who were 'quite possibly homeless' and who would have been willing to accept a place in an after-care hostel. In the event, they had to use common lodging houses. The report further noted that this stated demand very much underestimated the actual need. As to the psychiatrically ill, a survey was carried out on a sample of residents in an Edinburgh Lodging House in 1970. There was found to be a high prevalence of schizophrenia (20 out of 77) amongst those interviewed. This rate significantly exceeded that found in similar populations of the same age and social class. However, a proportion of the single homeless persons have no specific problems. It is generally believed that a sizeable proportion of the lodging house users are migrant workers and men who choose to lead this way of life. They compete for the dwindling supply of beds with men and women whose problems are such that specialist provision would in any case be more appropriate. The lack of these alternative facilities exacerbates the difficulties of both the 'normal' and 'problem' lodging house users. Certainly, attempts by social workers to provide specialist care are frustrated by the swelling tide of too many men chasing too few beds.

It would be a mistake to give the impression that the decline in beds for the homeless single person was confined to the down-and-out or vagrant. With redevelopment there has been a loss of furnished accommodation most suitable for the single person and it seems unlikely that rented single person accommodation will be built commercially for, as Neil Wates, of Wates Ltd., the property developers, has stated: 'Building for rent is not an economic proposition in Britain. The threat of rent restriction affects this decision, even if it were economical at the present moment. The number of houses for rent has dropped from 10 million in 1945 to 8½ million today.' He then adds; 'the only practical proposition for the economical provision for single people is through housing associations or possibly building where the land is available free of cost' (February 1972). There are also a number of 'hotels' for professional men and women although, as one of the directors of such a ladies' hostel has said: 'There is such a need to have good accommodation for professional women now that more than 12 hostels for women have closed down'. (In the London area.) Yet alas, there is a trend away from single person accommodation at a commercial level.

There is a problem then of the decline in beds for the homeless single person and because of the diversity of persons involved the responsibility for helping such a group is complex. However, it can be tackled at two levels—Local Authority and Central Government. To assess the Local Authority provisions and powers let us again look to Southwark as an example. Southwark provides no accommodation for single homeless people. Of the surrounding boroughs two have one lodging house each.

Apart from this sparse provision by a couple of local authorities the only involvement by the boroughs in this field of accommodation is the licensing of common lodging houses. But even here the interest is limited to the power to control charges and floor space. The local authorities have in fact the power to do much more than this. There are powers in the 1948 National Assistance Act, the 1948 Local Government Act and the 1967 Housing Act. The 1948 Assistance Act imposes a duty on the local authorities to provide residential accommodation in case of need by reason of age, infirmity or other circumstances (which have never been legally defined but might well include the needs of the majority of those affected by the decline in beds). The Local Government Act (1948) empowers local authorities to give financial assistance to lodging houses. The 1967 Act actually empowers them to build lodging houses and to grant aid to those run by other agencies. The powers are there but the law imposes no clear duty to provide; hence little is provided. When considering the obligation of Central Government and what is provided, one thing is clear; they are not in practice accepting responsibility for the homeless single person. In 1948 the National Assistance Board took on responsibility for the Reception Centres (for destitute persons), including the one established in Southwark. The Board pursued the enlightened policy of encouraging Reception Centre users to stay in one place. At the same time attempts were begun to offer proper welfare provisions at the Centres. However, what looked like the beginning of an acceptance of responsibility by Central Government, begun in 1948 and continued by the Department of Health and Social Security, has fallen far short of any comprehensive provisions.

In one major respect this must be true, as adequate provisions could only be made on the basis of wide-scale and on-going research. Even now, there are no satisfactory statistics of the number of people sleeping rough in London (that is, sleeping in derelict houses and under arches, etc.), let alone in the country as a whole. Far too little is known of the background and needs of people who do sleep rough or indeed of those habitually using the Reception Centres, hostels and lodging houses. Practically all that is known is contained in the national survey of single persons carried out by the National Assistance Board in 1966, referred to above. This survey was six years ago and made no specific recommendations. The D.H.S.S. still accepts responsibility only for those homeless single persons who are destitute.

Unfortunately then, the single people with no family or home are shunted from Central Government to Local Authority and back again. This was made only too clear when, after the closure of a large lodging house by the Council in Hammersmith, the voluntary bodies desperately trying to find alternative accommodation were driven to consider legal proceedings under the National Assistance Act against the Borough. Eventually, the Borough did agree on some provision.

Obviously, the time has come for the responsibility to be placed—for all homeless single people. Often, the boroughs with the highest pro-

portion of such people do not have the financial resources. It is also their habit to escape responsibility by saying that such people are not 'our' people. Yet the boroughs do have control of buildings, lots, as well as some influence over local people. It is, however, only fair that the resources should come from national resources, as the homeless single person situation is a national problem. Central Government through the D.H.S.S. must take prime responsibility, but the boroughs also must take part. As there is plenty of potential help in the voluntary sector it is possible as well as necessary to have a national comprehensive co-operative programme for the single homeless. Therefore, two things are essential. The D.H.S.S. must have overall responsibility backed with finance: and the boroughs must have a legal duty to respond to the need.

However, redevelopment goes on not through callousness but because so little is known as to who will be affected until way beyond the planning stage. There is a great need for some kind of social welfare early warning system sounding to both Central Government and Local Authority Social Services Department. The response to such an early warning would need to be both well researched and flexibly founded.

It will never be economical to house the single homeless person; neither the inadequate person nor the mobile casual worker; hence it cannot be left to chance that the developers' conscience is moved to provide for such vulnerable persons.

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Copies of the Report on Homeless Single Persons in Southwark, published 1972, can be obtained from Elspeth Kyle, 43 Manor Mount, London, S.E.23. Price 10p.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

The Life to Come and Other Stories. E. M. Forster. Edward Arnold. £2.50; *The Story of a non-Marrying Man and Other Stories*. Doris Lessing. Jonathan Cape. £1.95; *Night*. Edna O'Brien. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £2.00; *The Waters and the Wild*. Gwenol Heneker. Macdonald. £1.95; *Paradiso*. Allan Prior. Cassell. £2.25; *Come Like Shadows*. Simon Raven. Blond-Briggs. £2.25; *The Storm*. Brian Rothery. Constable. £1.80; *Rule Britannia*. Daphne du Maurier. Victor Gollancz. £1.90.

One of the most important literary events of the late autumn season was the publication of a collection of fourteen short stories by the late E. M Forster. Of these only two had appeared previously and in periodicals with small circulations not normally available to the general public. The collection does not relate to any particular period of E. M. Forster's creative span but covers a period of nearly sixty years. Thus it is representative of many moods and stages of development. Adherents to *Howard's End* and *A Passage to India* will understandably wish to read and re-read these stories, searching for the reasons for their non-acceptance during E. M. Forster's life-time. For this there could be at least two explanations, as the general editor of the stories, Oliver Stalleybrass, suggests in a searching and illuminating Introduction:— first, it is well known that E. M. Forster would not consider 'hawking' his short stories around the literary periodicals and a rejection in one quarter usually resulted in the MS in question being withdrawn from offer; and second, the objection which kept the full length novel, *Maurice*, out of sight until 1971—the theme of unequivocal homo-sexuality which up to the time of E. M. Forster's death and beyond, was not generally considered permissible as fiction material. What must strike the contemporary reader is the almost total absence of explicity physical detail. In *Arthur Snatchfold*, one of the most illustrative stories of this particular group, a middle-aged widower, Henry Wilcox, is enduring a tedious week-end at the country home of a business acquaintance. Almost from sheer *ennui* he succumbs to the temptation of an 'affair' with the local milk roundsman in a conveniently situated bluebell wood. Wilcox emerges from the encounter as a grubby, and self-centred individual, in sharp contrast to Arthur who displays an unexpected integrity. For when the village police catch up with him he refuses even under pressure to reveal the identity of his latest conquest. The *denouement* when, over a Club lunch, the week-end host casually mentions the milkman's arrest, is ironic and incisive enough to merit a less unsavoury situation—a small masterpiece of timing and compression. But, setting aside the debatable question of the subject matter, the interest and value of the stories lies inevitably in an assessment of their literary value. It must be acknowledged that many of them qualify merely as the briefest fragments of fiction and for esteem are unlikely to compete with *Where Angels Fear to Tread* and *Howard's End*.

Very different in execution and content is another volume of short stories, *The Story of a Non-Marrying Man* by Doris Lessing. Here is no randomly assembled gleaning from the years but a carefully considered offering from a writer who accords the short story equal constructural importance to the novel, although the techniques employed by Doris Lessing vary considerably. *The Other Garden* is almost a prose poem. In contrast, the style of writing in *Not a Nice Story* is sometimes abrupt, uneven and often frankly sketchy. The author's omnipotent soliloquisings and explanations about her characters are reminiscent of George Eliot, and the story might well be a ground plan for a contemporary *Middlemarch*. A life-time is covered in this account of two married couples, their infidelities, ambitions, and ultimate decline into middle-age, necessitating such a degree of stream-lining as to reduce the narrative to synopsis proportions. Yet taken as a whole, and in particular the off-beat anecdote of *The Temptation of Jack Orkney*, the overall effect of these stories is satisfying and compulsive—not necessarily for any grace or subtlety in the prose style but for a sense of strength and determination in the general approach to a variety of themes and human predicaments.

These particular qualities are not discoverable in *Night*, by Edna O'Brien. Within the span of one hundred and sixty-five pages, supposedly covering the length of a single, wakeful night, a merciless bombardment of fanciful ingenuity and uninhibited lewdness pours forth through the thoughts and recollections of one Mary Hooligan, a product of the most feckless pattern of Irish upbringing, now serving as caretaker at a house in London.

Mary has contrived to enjoy some periods of her undistinguished career, despite the backlash of early poverty and exploitation. Coose, the village of her birth, is often in her thoughts—and assumes almost the significance of a living person, one as inconsistent and slatternly as Mary Hooligan herself . . . 'a woeful place' with its 'sweet mauve hills' . . . 'where will I go now? Where will I not go now?' That the reply is an expletive indicates the confusion of poetry and bawdiness which characterise the nocturnal musings, reminiscent of the ramblings of Fanny Hurst's famous creation of the 'twenties, *Lummox*. Men were Mary Hooligan's outstanding problem, 'God blast them'. Dr. Flaggler, Mr. Moriarty and the rest . . . each in their way a bitter disappointment to the ingenuous girl, over-eager to 'oblige'. Reminiscences of funerals and birth pangs are wildly funny; Christmas and wedding celebrations somehow sad. The outstanding ingredient of a memorable feast of impressions is Edna O'Brien's mercilessly acute observation . . . 'Poor bread has now gone mouldy, it is furred and swollen. I bought it three days ago . . . It had cellophane around it that I ripped clean off on the way home and bit into it, warm and fresh as it was, straight from the bakery. Now it's black, with inlays of green. The fur has the glisten of sea-salt, looks as if it might bristle but it can't, it is only bread, forgotten bread.'

A totally different view of childhood and youth is given by Gwenol Heneker in *The Waters of the Wild*. In this novel also the family is unconventional and poverty-stricken, yet has little in common with the Hooligans of Coose. The widowed mother, Daisy, an acknowledged 'beauty' of the early nineteen twenties, indulges in indiscreet *liaisons* and pours steamy confidences over her four young daughters and faithful factotum.

The ancestral home is Plas Gwyn, a money-consuming mansion in North Wales; but a congenial enough setting for a parent who believes that 'childhood should be a time of ecstasy, carefree and unconfined'. With this end in view the four young hoydens are encouraged to bathe naked in brackish streams,

sleep out on the hills with boy-friends and to despise conventional dress and formal education. Inevitably, spasmodic friction and jealousies break out among the sisters, yet they are irrevocably bound together by one common, all-consuming emotion—a love amounting to adoration for their unstable mother. At a time when family ties and loyalties are rarely considered adequate themes for contemporary fiction, the passion of grief experienced by these young people when they learn that their mother intends spending Christmas abroad with her lover is refreshingly anachronistic. The finale, a retreat from the Welsh mansion to a modest Surrey home, is predictable and rather rushed. But, if some parts of the narrative are repetitive and centred on trivial happenings, this is after all typical of childhood and adolescence, when minor rebuffs or disappointments precipitate floods of facile tears.

How totally different from these girls, with their blurred idealism and arrogant disregard for the discipline of professional skills, is Angel, the central character in Allan Prior's new novel, *Paradiso*. Allan Prior, one of the most successful TV dramatists, has already won acclaim for an earlier novel with an Italian setting, *The Contract*. The setting of *Paradiso* is Bermuda, popularly classed as a holiday Paradise. However, his portrait of the sub-tropical island differs substantially from the colourful brochures of the travel agents, although his description of the scenic wonders is impressive—all the more effective because of the dark undercurrent he has uncovered, like a streak of chocolate in a slice of pink iced cake. Angel and her lover, Abbott, have flown to Bermuda for mainly business purposes—to persuade the coloured impresario, Snow, to star Angel in a musical comedy. However, Abbott soon becomes uncomfortably aware that the *status quo* of Britain's most far-flung colony is about to be rudely shaken. 'Black power' is on the up-grade, flourishing in rural hide-outs to the accompaniment of tribal rites and celebrations. The island police and plain clothes investigators believe that a bomb outrage during the famous 'Flower Festival', though inept in its execution, could be the forerunner of more dangerous demonstrations and Snow's semi-passive involvement with the trouble-makers obliges Angel to abandon her aspirations to enslave this particular *entrepreneur*. If the account of Angel's and Abbott's relationship is sometimes rather brassy and superficial, the portrayal of Snow's mother, a coloured peasant woman, shrewd and sophisticated, though barely literate, is entirely convincing. As are the vignettes of Island life; the yacht club, local society, and above all an account of a storm during a sail across the bay, which nearly costs Abbott and Angel their lives.

Writing about a world inhabited only by the people who back musicals or direct films is never easy. All too speedily, the tinsel tarnishes and the reader becomes convinced that he has been enticed into a purely make-believe way of life. Only very occasionally can the drudgery of rehearsing and 'shooting' be adequately conveyed on the printed page. Simon Raven, in his new novel, *Come Like Shadows*, a story of the making of a film on Corfu, seems to be confronted with the perennial problem. This novel is the eighth in a series of eleven, titled *Alms for Oblivion*. Each may be read independently and a list of biographical notes about the characters provides a useful *aide-memoire*. The ambitious, overall theme, the power of survival of 'establishment' figures in contemporary society, is perhaps not displayed to the best advantage in the 'show-biz' context. The central character is Fielding Gray, an insufferable person who treats his devoted mistress, Harriet, with unconcealed contempt; vulgar of speech and outlook, he is nonetheless obliged to convince the reader that he is capable of re-writing the script of a film based on part of *The*

Odyssey. When Gray falls out with an even more preposterous individual, the producer, named Foxy-Baby, the pay clerks continue automatically to credit the failed script-writer with huge payments amounting to £10,000. A hard-hitting gritty manner of recording the dialogue makes it difficult to get to grips with these characters or to feel any sense of identification with them. Only at the end, when Fielding returns vanquished and humiliated to the Norfolk retreat in which Harriet has offered him sanctuary, does the man emerge in any real depth.

And it is an island scene which has been selected by Brian Rothery for the second of his short 'action' novels, *The Storm*. Dave Brown, a frustrated University lecturer and amateur explorer, invites a German *au pair* girl out for an afternoon cruise in Scottish coastal waters. A gale-force wind blows up and the battered yacht lands its terrified passengers onto an uninhabited beach. The scope of *The Storm* is the hour by hour account of the hazards that beset them, and of Dave Brown's almost incredible courage and ingenuity which leads to the eventual rescue. If that were all, *The Storm* would be just one more suspense story. In fact, it has a more subtle purpose than to describe human endurance in the face of acute physical danger. In his waking and sleeping sub-conscious, the barren quality of Dave's marriage to a 'tolerant' though bitter wife and his relationship with the *au pair* girl runs like a continuous thread. It is neither an original nor particularly arresting human situation and the brevity of the 'novella' form makes it difficult to anticipate the future of this maladjusted trio. But, despite these and other misgivings, the Nature descriptions in *The Storm* can rarely have been bettered.

Storms of another kind dominate *Rule Britannia* by Daphne du Maurier. It is strange that a novelist famed for compulsive, atmosphere stories, often with a historical setting, should have selected as the theme of her new novel an excursion into the not so distant future. Into a quiet Cornish inlet sails an American destroyer manned by personnel detailed to take over the South Western area of the United Kingdom, following Britain's retreat from the European Community. There is no good reason why this should not seem reasonable as a possibility, and yet the resulting situations fail to carry the necessary conviction. All the action is seen through the eyes of twenty-year-old Emma, a sensitive, humorous girl who ministers patiently to her octogenarian grand-mother—once a famous actress and determined to play out her role of obstructing the American invasion with all the subtlety and subterfuge at her command. These two characters together with the assortment of adopted boys who complicate the routine of the household, would seem to be a group worthy of less sensational treatment.

Also received

Private Life by Janice Elliott (Hodder & Stoughton £2.25) is a sequel to an earlier novel, *A State of Peace*. Set in the half forgotten period of the 'fifties, it recaptures the atmosphere of these difficult years with considerable skill even if, like so many sequels, it is less satisfying than its predecessor.

Arthur Koestler has created a new version of the 'closed society' background for his new novel, *The Call Girls* (Hutchinson £2.25) — an International Academic Conference in Switzerland. Surprisingly, the novel opens with a horrific account of Christ's journey to execution but the main body of the story is concerned with the approach of a number of self-absorbed lecturers and debaters to the subject of 'Approaches to Survival'.

Although described as a book about two families, 'a blacksmith and an upholsterer', Alan Sillitoe's new novel, *Raw Material* (W. H. Allen £2.00)

could best be described as a blend of autobiography and fiction. To this extent it suffers from becoming the worst of both worlds. Some scenes are excellent, as for example the First World War sequence, but the general awareness of life and movement, so evident in *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, seems to evade the author in the present volume.

There is much to enjoy in *A Well Told Lie* by Christina Hobhouse (Macmillan £2.50). The quietly amusing account of an impoverished family during their first year in the country contains many pointed criticisms of bureaucrats as well as country dwellers.

Described as a novel, *In A Free State* (Andre Deutsch £1.75) is equally a documentary and the fact and fiction are flanked by extracts from the author's journals. The author, V. S. Naipaul, evokes his African background with a considerable skill and much background knowledge.

The newly emerging 'free' African State does not conform to the popular conception of a liberated country and the novel is all the more worthwhile for its off-beat development.

NON-FICTION

WELLINGTON: THE POLITICIAN

Wellington: Pillar of State. Elizabeth Longford. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £3.95.

Wellington's entry into politics after Waterloo coincided with a lengthy period of political agitation and economic distress, and this explains in some measure the Duke's tortuous path that led the Tory party 'into strange and alien ports of call' exemplified by its approval of Catholic Emancipation and repeal of the Corn Laws. It is scarcely possible to account for the apparent vagaries of Tory policy without reference to the character of Wellington himself. He entered politics at the age of 49 after a most distinguished career as a soldier and there is little doubt that the authoritarian nature of military command left its permanent impression, exhibited in the soldier's devotion to duty, courage, resolution, and readiness to accept responsibility, especially when he considered his country to be in danger. He was essentially a practical man who believed in compromise, commonsense, and 'accommodation'. He was above party, indeed he hated factiousness in politics; he was prepared to change course in politics just as he changed tactics in battle, and in consequence has often been accused of inconsistency. He was certainly not rigid in his views but he was consistent in his endeavour to maintain the welfare of his country. His entire career as a soldier and politician provides an adequate commentary on this.

Two most important changes of Wellington's premiership (1828-30) were the right of Catholics to sit in parliament and the establishment of the police force. It has so often been presupposed that Wellington agreed to these innovations against his better judgment, but in point of fact he had given serious thought to a new police force and Catholic rights for years; indeed, as early as 1820 he had recommended a police force after one battalion of the Guards had mutinied, and in 1824 he had devised an 'Erastian' solution of the Catholic problem which he submitted to Lord Liverpool. True he had voted against Catholic Emancipation till 1828 when the voters of County Clare compelled him to change course; for this *volte face* he has been charged with betrayal. The author has this to say: 'Yet to argue that Conservatives must act only conservatively and Radicals radically is to destroy the balance between opposition and co-operation on which

the British party system rests.' Perhaps Wellington's friend, Lady Salisbury, has the right answer: 'So much is he in the habit of directing his mind to the exigencies of the moment rather than of regretting the past.' The Ultra Protestants were of course up in arms against Wellington over Emancipation and he challenged one of the leading Ultras, Lord Winchelsea, to a duel which took place in Battersea Fields. The Duke stated in a letter that 'the duel was as much a part of the Roman Catholic question and it was as necessary to undertake it as it was to do everything that I could do to attain the object which I had in view'. The duel was an attack on extreme Protestantism and it won him much support in the country.

On the question of parliamentary reform Wellington refused to budge because he thought it would lead to revolution; he feared the transference of political power from the landed class and especially objected to the enfranchisement of the big towns. He maintained that if there were elections in Manchester the mob would bring pressure to bear on the candidates whereas under the unreformed system a Manchester merchant could (and did as early as mid-18th century) sit in parliament for a pocket borough unmolested by his constituents and free to represent the true interest of Manchester from a safe distance. Wellington was not a boroughmonger and detested those proprietors who bought up boroughs for the sake of money. In opposing parliamentary reform he acted only for the public good as he saw it. This gave him incomparable strength and Lady Longford considers that 'it was this incorruptibility with his shining honesty of purpose which made him a towering political leader and caused so many of his countrymen to feel that he could never be replaced'. He certainly rescued the House of Lords from a ruinous clash with the Commons which could in those difficult times have led to civil war inasmuch as it is doubtful whether the great landed and financial interests would have surrendered the House of Lords without a counter-revolution.

Lady Longford has covered the complex political career of the Duke of Wellington with lucidity and scholarly accuracy. Moreover, there is a felicitous narrative quality about her work; the reader is simply and effortlessly carried along by her impeccable style. This is a book with charm, sagacity, know-how, altogether one to delight albeit also to instruct. Packed with anecdotes, both genuine and apocryphal, about the Duke, even the one about the sparrows in Crystal Palace, the book abounds with many admirable illustrations and cartoons.

S. F. WOOLLEY

BEN-GURION'S ISRAEL

Israel: A Personal History. David Ben-Gurion. New English Library. £7.

Here is the story of Israel and to some extent the autobiography of a man whose name is inseparable from the growth of a new State, now 25 years old. Ben-Gurion has in fact written the history of the Jewish people and as he rightly says it is impossible to understand the history of the Jewish nation 'without grasping their unique spiritual and moral character and historic mission'! This Ben-Gurion achieves in over 800 pages, with scores of personal stories, including his personal attempts to make peace with Musa Alami and other Arab leaders to devise a Jewish-Arab agreement when General Wauchope was British High Commissioner.

All these efforts were rejected not only by the Arabs, but by successive British governments, who seemed incapable of decision — this goes for

Conservative and Labour Cabinets. Even more difficult to understand is French repudiation of the Jewish State, especially after De Gaulle's words in 1960: 'Israel is France's friend and ally'. Ben-Gurion adds: 'French friendship was expressed not only in words but in deeds'.

But what a story Ben-Gurion has to tell, the story of a Prime Minister and Minister of Defence, off and on and mostly on, from 1948 till 1963. Each chapter heading is a book in itself. The Rebirth of a Nation; Between Campaigns; Years of Peace, Problems and Progress, etc., all complete with maps, illustrations and photographs. His modern disciples, Moshe Dayan, Teddy Kollek (Mayor of Jerusalem) and Shimon Peres are still playing leading roles in Israel.

The old warrior has settled at Sde Boker in the Negev and it was there that I last saw him, surrounded by his fruit trees and his books, with a mind wonderfully alive and never failing to quote the exact words from the Book of Books. Here he has founded a College, but not 'just another College'; there are pioneering and residential features unlike the other Israeli Universities. 'Here a man can become conscious of his hidden powers', Ben-Gurion said to me.

There we must leave him in his Desert College, prophet, statesman and educator in his 87th year, born in Plonsk, Russian Poland. His voice is still raised from time to time, a guide and a warning to his people. When silence falls on such a voice, there will be an everlasting and haunting echo.

KENNETH LINDSAY

EDUCATION AND SOCIETY

The Relevance of Education. Jerome S. Bruner. Allen and Unwin. £2.50.

The name of Jerome S. Bruner is one to conjure with wherever, on either side of the Atlantic, discourse on theories of education occurs. He has here collected and edited nine major essays and lectures which reflect his continuous concern, between 1964 and 1970, with the unrest of society in general and of America's youth in particular. As Professor of Psychology at Harvard University, Bruner has made advances and discoveries in the field of cognitive studies that rank with those of Piaget in Switzerland, Gesell in America and, in an earlier age, Dewey in Chicago.

Like Dewey before him, he sees the provision of rightly structured education as a powerful instrument of social change. Behavioural objectives (as American scientists term what we in England habitually refer to as educational aims) have been among his prime preoccupations. In the new collection, as in the already influential book published in 1966, *Toward a Theory of Instruction*, there is a strongly instrumentalist view of the teaching commitment. If education is a means to an end, it should be 'leading, not lagging behind' the changing needs of twentieth century man; and even foreshadowing if not determining the cultural patterns of the twenty-first century. So the question of what is imparted to the young learner is at least as pressing, in his mind, as that of how effectively it is learned: how, that is, in Bruner's formulation, the strategies employed in 'instruction' succeed in 'structuring' and placing in 'logical sequence' the knowledge to be mastered in a way that works with, reinforces and even accelerates the natural course of a child's mental growth.

Bruner's essay on 'The Psychobiology of Pedagogy' sounds clear echoes of Dewey's 'Psychologising the Curriculum', albeit in a new guise; for seventy years of newer scientific knowledge and more sophisticated technological resources are available to Bruner than were dreamed of in the first few years

of this century, when Dewey's most fruitful research was done. It is hard to see why, with the name of Dewey in ill-deserved eclipse amongst American teachers, that of Bruner should so widely have taken its place: but further questions about so strange a historical anomaly would have to be asked in other places than the Centre for Cognitive Studies of Harvard University. It cannot be Bruner's fault that he has brilliantly confirmed, on empirical grounds, many of Dewey's insights into children's ways of learning: or that popular acclaim should greet his briefest utterance. The dramatic quality of his prose certainly compels the imagination, obscuring the fact that his inferences from 'what is' to 'what ought to be' are not, and could not be, the result of inductive reasoning. They are more like the visions of a prophet. At least two of the papers contained in *The Relevance of Education*, 'The Perfectibility of Intellect' and 'Towards a Disciplined Intuition', deny his supposedly behaviourist stance. But since to write on education without some value-laden assumptions would be a negation of the kind of enterprise it is, Bruner's mixture of inspiration and precise scientific reference is the secret, in an avowed technologically conscious age, of its particular appeal.

Professor Bruner's lively awareness of people and their diverse motives, expressed in vivid illustrations, reveal in him more of the artist than his research findings would indicate. He brings sharply into focus the tension felt by a young learner in trying to accept the existence of codified knowledge, whilst squaring it with the living apprehension of the observable external world. The one does not seem readily to help him understand the other. Abstractly formulated explanations and deductions, based as they must be on the felt and tested experiences of former generations, appear in a form not immediately related to the present perception of a single individual. And what Bruner proposes is not a mere restructuring of curriculum but a determined attempt to find means of placing the learner in a position to understand how to further his own independent thought. One way is for the child to use 'intuitive skills'; but he is also to bring publicly received knowledge to bear on his discoveries, not to remain at a low perceptual level. By such means he can satisfy 'the deep-lying tendency to explicate and condense, to seek steady meaning in capricious experience'. In this persuasive language Bruner poses the difficulty central to successful learning. This is not the language of 'instruction',—a means, one would think, of achieving limited ends,—but of teaching in its most comprehensive sense. It has only a tenuous link with 'logical sequences' in acquiring knowledge, wherever sequences do or possibly could exist. That Bruner begs questions, sets out provocative stipulations like 'the interconnexions of knowledge' and speaks with the voice of a dedicated teacher does not minimise his function as a catalyst, a powerful pedagogue and a concerned seeker after answers to the puzzles of a turbulent society in which misdirection and misunderstanding may well have contributed to many of its ills.

BETTY ABEL

MRS. VAN DER ELST AND THE DEATH PENALTY

The Incredible Mrs. Van Der Elst. Charles Neilson Gattey. Leslie Frewin. £3.30.

The late Earl Attlee said of Mrs. Van Der Elst that her suffragette-like militancy and sensational methods, though frowned upon by some, did have the merit of focusing public opinion on an unpopular subject, and that she had strong claims to be regarded as the woman who did more than anyone else to secure the abolition of capital punishment in Britain. And there can be no

doubt that, her multifarious activities, spread over a wide spectrum of controversial issues, notwithstanding, it will be for her anti-hanging campaign that Violet Anne Van Der Elst will be remembered by posterity. She was one of those now rapidly disappearing, larger-than-life eccentrics—irresistible, reminiscent of Lady Houston—who did everything in the grand, or grandiose, manner. Inevitably, there were those contemporaries who regarded her as a silly, pretentious and rather vulgar woman, who had, as the popular phrase has it, more money than sense. That she was pretentious and vulgar is true. She was also difficult, selfish, inconsiderate and thoroughly quixotic in her charity. But silly she certainly was not.

Her beginning was humble. Her father was a coal porter and her mother a washerwoman. Her education was so sketchy as to be virtually non-existent. What she did have, was a native shrewdness and enormous vitality and tenacity of purpose. Entirely by her own efforts, she built up a flourishing business, manufacturing a popular range of cosmetic preparations, and amassed a fortune which, in terms of today's money value, amounted to something in the region of £5 million.

Mr. Gattey's biography of this far from shrinking Violet is extremely entertaining, exposing the follies and foibles, as well as extolling the quirky virtues, of a highly unusual personality, who may quite legitimately be regarded as the doughty forerunner of today's 'Women's Lib'. Her almost fanatical devotion to the abolitionist cause involved her in ridicule, legal trouble and vast expense. But neither attempted bullying by the police, nor the more powerful disapproval of sundry members of the judiciary, were capable of producing even a fractional deviation from the course which she had set for herself, and in which she persisted for more than a quarter of a century, living to see her 'fanaticism' vindicated—the gallows dismantled.

Strangely enough, her death in 1966, at the age of eighty-four, went unremarked by the watchdogs of the press. The woman who had lived for so many years in a blaze of publicity, died, practically friendless, in impoverished obscurity.

It may be that *sub specie aeternitatis* Violet Anne Van der Elst hardly qualifies as a figure of any real importance, but she did make an undeniably forceful impact on the world of her time, and lived a life so colourful and bizarre that there is every justification for recording its vagaries. She is of that elect company of English eccentrics whose very existence reflects credit on the liberal society which both shaped and amiably tolerated them.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

LOUISE DE KEROUALLE

Charles the Second's French Mistress. Bryan Bevan. Hale. £3.

I suppose we will never tire of reading about Charles II's mistresses; his repertoire was so varied. Louise de Keroualle attracts us because she was no orange girl like pretty Nelly; when Charles first wanted to bed her the answer was a lemon, for she saw herself as future queen, not mistress. A well-born maid-of-honour to Charles' sister, the Duchess of Orléans, Louise accompanied her to England on a brief visit intended to subserve an Anglo-French alliance. At Dover he was at once smitten by her young charms, and when, at the end of the visit, his sister offered him a choice of her jewels as a parting gift he begged her to leave Louise in England instead, saying 'She is the only jewel I covet.'

The Duchess's death after she returned to France brought the jewel within his grasp. He sent the Duke of Buckingham to Paris to persuade Louise to come to England as Queen Catherine's maid-of-honour; and this, surprisingly, was duly arranged. Lodged in Whitehall Palace, she became the focus of intriguing factions either courting her as future mistress or snubbing her as interloper. Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, and Nell Gwyn naturally hated her; the Queen and La Belle Stuart shared their dislike.

Was she beautiful? Charles evidently thought so. The Kneller, Lely and Gascar portraits in the book credit her with voluptuous appeal. Mr. Bevan grants her at 21 a pretty babyish face, dark hair and eyes—one with a slight cast—cream-and-rose complexion, pleasing, modest, noble air.

A mock-wedding apparently breached her defences when she and Charles were guests at Lord Arlington's Euston house-party for the Newmarket races. While the Arlingtons, the French ambassador and Lady Sunderland stood around making sly jokes, Louise—confused, thinking herself a real bride—was put to bed. Charles hopped in beside her, the others tactfully withdrew, and that was that. Jeanine Delpech, her 1952 biographer, says the party enacted a country wedding as a game, with both dressed as village bride and groom.

After that all was set fair for Louise, though the people hated her as a French spy and once she found a paper stuck to her door: 'Within this place a bed's appointed, For a French bitch and God's annointed.' She was made Duchess of Portsmouth with a £10,000 pension from Irish land revenues. From 1676 to '79 she received over £55,000. She coveted estates in France, favours for her relatives from Louis XIV.

Bevan thinks she really loved Charles, who appreciated both her mental and physical charms and was more constant to her than to his other mistresses, though an affair with the visiting Duchesse de Mazarin did put her in temporary eclipse. Piqued by his infidelity, she in turn fell for the handsome, dissolute Philippe de Vendôme—probably her only lapse, for 'she was no wanton by nature'. Grief-stricken at his death, she retired to her Aubigny estate, to be dunned in later years by creditors.

Mr. Bevan tells his documented story in ample detail, with background anecdote. Of the court amours and intrigues one can only say 'What a gang!' and wonder if the social licence and laxity are not now rivalled by our own permissive phase.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

I Saw Siberia (Harrap. £4.85). This vivid account of conditions in Siberia by Hugo Portisch was first published in Germany in 1967 and is now usefully republished in an English translation by Henry Fox and Ewald Osers. Hugo Portisch, well known in Austria and Germany as a journalist and travel writer, obtained permission from the Soviet government to tour parts of Siberia accompanied by the official Soviet News Agency, Novosti. To the foreigner, Siberia has been for long both forbidden and forbidding territory. Hugo Portisch was clearly able to see a great deal and talk with people over a very wide area, from the new scientific centre of Akademgorodok in the west to the pacific coast. His main impressions on the reader are the tremendous efforts since the death of Stalin to open up and develop economically this vast area by colonisation from European Russia with the most advanced technical methods. The use of 'slave' labour as a major factor has ceased. To the expert colonist living conditions are

infinitely better than, for example, in Moscow. There is greater physical freedom within the general area by the privileged workers, but political control is just as stringent, if not stronger. There is much underground unrest among students, but it is quickly smothered upon the surface. Nonetheless, the author concludes that in the conflict with China at least, 'the Russians are increasingly beginning to lay stress on those ideas and ideals which Ancient Greece gave to the world'. This is perhaps the least convincing part of the book. There are over 120 photographs, of which more than thirty are in colour.

The Great Military Sieges (New English Library, £8.50). This lavishly produced volume by the military historian, Vezio Melegari, contains 'a selection of episodes whose historical importance is supremely important'. It is not intended to be exhaustive within this category. The book, of coffee table proportions, covers over seventy sieges within less than 230 pages and is full of illustrations, mostly in colour. Indeed the latter are a major feature of the volume, representing in many instances contemporary paintings and engravings. The author starts with the siege of Troy and concludes with the battle for Stalingrad. The texts are all extremely brief. For example, the capture of Rhodes in 1522 covers a page and a half. Incidentally, the author makes no reference to the reputed treachery which led to the final breach of the fortress. This is a popular book in which he tries 'to establish an equilibrium between the warm interest of an anecdote and exact historic and technical information'. There is no annotation and no bibliography.

Why Don't We Learn From History? (Allen & Unwin, £1.75). Sir Basil Liddell Hart's essay on the philosophy of history was originally published in 1944. He was revising it at the time of his death in 1970; and this enlarged study has been edited by his son, Adrian Liddell Hart. It starts with the rather obvious statement that the object of history is 'quite simply—"truth"'. Much of the essay shows how difficult in practice are accuracy and objective analysis. Apart from technical problems, so often even the desire for truth is wanting. This somewhat cynical view was reinforced by his experience as military expert and historian. 'Deep is the gulf between works of history as written and the truth of history, and perhaps never more so than in books dealing with military history'. He also had a healthy suspicion of documents. 'Nothing can deceive like a document.' He cites the records and archives of the 1914-18 war: 'pure documentary history seems to me akin to mythology'. He concludes his study by asking: 'What can the individual learn from history—as a guide to living? Not what to do but what to strive for. And what to avoid in striving. The importance and intrinsic value of behaving decently. The importance of seeing clearly—not least of seeing himself clearly.'

Twenty-five Years On (Harrap. £2.25). 'The Two Germanies 1970' is the sub-title of this useful study by Dr. Stanley Radcliffe of Bristol University. It is a factual survey discussing separately in respect of West Germany and East Germany their systems of government, management and labour, economic conditions, welfare, and relations between the two states.

In the latter context the book is already out of date; on the other hand, the electoral victory of the social democrats in the West and the prospect of a lasting treaty between the two Germanies will bring the GDR more and more into international affairs. Accordingly, more knowledge in this country of East Germany will be greatly needed, and that is the main use of this book.

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EARLY DAYS OF P.E.P. — A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY

by Kenneth Lindsay

FORTY-TWO years ago there was born in London an organisation called P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning)—a rather odd title. Britain was passing through a financial crisis, part of a world crisis. Since the end of World War I, Britain has been governed by the Lloyd George Coalition, a brief Conservative Government, nine months of Labour, five years of Conservative Administration under Baldwin, with Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer and then two more years of Labour. George Lansbury and Sir Oswald Mosley—strange bedfellows in retrospect—had failed to halt the rising tide of unemployment. The Labour Government was replaced by a National Government under Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. Not only was financial bankruptcy staring us in the face, but there was a general bankruptcy of political ideas. P.E.P. was created out of the prevailing chaos and disorder of our national life. I was its first Secretary.

Changes in government are customary but the economic disease in the body politic was much more fundamental, as Robert Skidelsky made clear in his penetrating study, *Politics and the Slump, the Labour Government 1929-1931*. Before 1931 many proposals for alternative coalitions were promoted, some were put forward by Oswald Mosley and Lloyd George and associated with the names of eminent economists and administrators such as Lionel Robbins and Sir John Anderson, and more particularly Maynard Keynes; others associated with Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere. They all came to nothing.

Endless quotations from the period are available to support not only these proposals but to describe the social and cultural atmosphere in which P.E.P. was born. To quote but a few:

1. J. L. Garvin, *Editor of The Observer, in a letter to Keynes, March 24th:* I am sick and tired of party politics.... One must 'pig it' out, until the House of Commons more nearly resembles the mind of the country. If only Lloyd George had pressured himself as a National Man of Emergency.
2. Arnold Toynbee: 1931 is the *Annus Terrabilis*. For the first time men and women all over the world are severely contemplating and frankly discussing the possibility that the Western system of society might break down and cease to work.
3. Andre Sigfried (author of *England's Crisis 1931*): England is like a venerable

mansion, which though solidly and well built has for years lacked repairs both in and out.

4. D. W. Brogan writes of the U.S.A.: The depression seemed endless. Each month the number of unemployed rose till it reached 14 million.... In England the unemployed became unemployable.
5. Beverley Nichols in *Cry Havoc*: I believe with every fibre of my being that the hour has struck in the world's history when every man who wishes to save his country must realise that Patriotism is the worst service he can offer it.

Nearly all the modern poets of the time were frankly Communist, but this is so well documented that quotations are superfluous. The list includes among others, Louis McNeice, Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden and our late lamented Cecil Day Lewis. Middleton Murry was quite specific in 1932: 'Intellectually, spiritually, ethically the choice before the conscious Englishman is to be a Communist or nothing'.

Some of us who had been in World War I had a somewhat different approach. After fighting three elections in difficult pioneering seats at Harrow and Oxford in 1924 and Worcester (1929); after three years' experience in Local Government and on the Board of Guardians in Stepney, I had learned at close quarters something about politics and administration. Two separate visits to the United States and Canada proved to me that the slump was world-wide: in 1931, I was Director of Migration at the Oversea Settlement Department under Sir Geoffrey Whiskard and had seen a movement of population *back* from the Dominions. Whilst at Toynbee Hall (1923-1926) I had written a pioneer study of British education, *Social Progress and Educational Waste,* sponsored by R. H. Tawney and Sir William Beveridge, and financed by Anglo-American funds via Mrs. Elmhirst. This combined experience had convinced me that a brand new initiative was needed in Britain.

Others had seen from their own angle the writing on the wall, most particularly Max Nicholson, a brilliant young journalist writing in the *Week-End Review,* edited by Gerald Barry. He was the author of an ambitious policy manifesto called *A National Plan for Britain,* which was launched by the *Week-End Review.* It claimed to incorporate some elements from all the political party programmes and other elements which were then novel. It called for a re-organisation of industry and an overhaul of parliamentary procedure; it advocated a Minister of Defence and a Minister for Economic Development; co-ordination of transport, fuel and power; a new Town Planning Act; a National Parks Commission; a guaranteed minimum price for agricultural products; Trade Missions in all important markets; a Bureau of Statistics, an Office of Information and much else that now sounds familiar, but which in 1931 belonged to the realm of political pioneering. The Plan attracted widespread interest, not only among M.Ps. of all parties but also among industrialists, civil servants, architects, university professors and many men and women engaged in the social services.

It is one thing to create interest in an idea, but quite another to create a group of people capable of working together on a score of hitherto unrelated subjects. But this actually happened and especially in the years

1931-33 and on to 1939. Some of us can never forget the early days, the scores of meetings in a flat at Gray's Inn (later destroyed by enemy bombs); the hurried meals in local restaurants; the innumerable drafts of principles and subjects: evenings at University College; week-ends in Devonshire (Dartington Hall) and in Berkshire and elsewhere, invited by Mr. Israel Sieff; and above all the enthusiasm and sure conviction that something new and necessary was being born.

It is worth adding that P.E.P. might have developed in other ways; it might have broken down and nearly did, more than once. It might have been side-tracked into propaganda and politics or into the fatal mistake of issuing 'manifestos'. In fact, it stuck to research of a particular kind and, only after two years of hard thinking and when it was itself organised and ready, published its first Broadsheet. Two years' preparation preceded publicity. Moreover, firm friendships were made, which are an indispensable cement of any successful voluntary society. What was the secret of the success that P.E.P. achieved in its early years?

In the first place, the choice of members was vital. We were looking for people who had first-hand experience of administration, but who also were capable of seeing their own specialisation in a wider context. Secondly, members had to show themselves capable of contributing to group discussions. Without such groups no headway could have been made. I quote from Broad Sheet 16 to illustrate this point. Referring to a meeting of working members held on Saturday, December 9, 1933, Max Nicholson wrote:

> Most of the 17 working groups at present in being gave an account of themselves—what they had done, what difficulties they had met, etc. Much of the discussion was of mainly domestic interest; but it is not very common to get in a single room a frank exchange between picked people, whose everyday jobs lie in land management, agriculture, iron and steel, engineering, chemicals, building, architecture, town and country planning, gas, finance, banking, wholesaling, retailing, advertising, trade organisations, journalism, teaching, scientific research, broadcasting, social work, law, medicine, local government, the civil service and parliament.

I was present at this meeting not as Secretary but as M.P. for Kilmarnock. The same Broadsheet contained the review of a new book by Captain Harold Macmillan, M.P.; the opening words of the review were 'Among the minority of Members of Parliament who sometimes do some thinking on their own account, Captain Harold Macmillan has distinguished himself during the last two years by his capacity for picking out and emphasising aspects of reconstruction which there has been least disposition to tackle'. I could now see at first-hand in parliamentary and government circles the supreme need for an outside research group engaged in forward thinking, particularly as the United States of America had plunged into large-scale planning without preparation in advance.

In 1933, with the help of Israel Sieff (later Lord Sieff) and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Elmhirst of Dartington Hall, we decided to branch out, rent a house at 16 Queen Anne's Gate in which was added a club and a library and start the publication of Broadsheets. Since then 538 Broadsheets

have been published and over 100 longer Reports; the flow has never ceased, even during the War. Starting with an income of £1,000 (my salary was £500), the Annual Budget today exceeds £100,000. Finance has always come in differing proportions from subscriptions, individual and corporate, sale of Reports and latterly from Foundations and Trusts. This fact has enabled the organisation to remain an independent research body, free from political and other pressures. In the early days P.E.P. strove to preserve its anonymity, partly because it represented team work and voluntary effort, partly because we were opposed to the usual practice of listing a super-structure of prominent names.

The use of new premises and within them a P.E.P. club helped to create between 1933 and 1939 an *esprit de corps* which gave P.E.P. promise of an enduring future. Quality production attracted quality publicity, namely leading articles in the daily and weekly press and eventually respect from governments of all complexions.

Our Broadsheets and Reports were at first concerned with the domestic front—Industry, Public Utilities, Agriculture, Land Planning Employment and the Social Services. On April 25, 1933 the first Broadsheet was issued on Iron and Steel followed in July by a long report on the same subject. In June came the Cotton Report; in October, Self-government for Industry. In April and May 1935, Entrance to Industry and Exit from Industry, etc. In 1937 International Trade—a new development—and later The British Health Services (which became a sort of Bible at the Ministry of Health); in 1938 The British Press and Agricultural Research and in 1939 Location of Industry. These longer Reports were laced and nourished by no less than 156 Broadsheets before 1939 and World War II. The link indicates not only the diversity of subject matter covered but also the wide selection of expert personnel. The permanent staff was small, but over 150 people gave time and service in a voluntary capacity.

When Lord Sieff replaced Sir Basil Blackett as Chairman, dynamic leadership appeared on the scene, which resulted in a series of significant decisions, both on the nature of our own organisation and on the priority of subjects for research. It was not an accident that P.E.P. pioneered in such matters as Industrial Organisation, the Health Services and the British Press. We were able to enlist some of the outstanding minds in the country and to anticipate events.

Here it is necessary to mention names as well as subjects. I have given titles as they appear today, many of which were acquired during subsequent years. Under the leadership of Lord Sieff, men of the calibre of Sir Thomas Barlow, Sir Harold Howitt, Mr. Lawrence Neal, Sir Henry Banbury, Lord Salter, Sir Noel Hall and later Sir Alec Cairncross, as well as many Civil Servants, including my old chief at the Dominions office, Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, gave much time. Oliver Roskill prepared much of the background material and Max Nicholson with rare and brilliant skill converted unreadable reports into flowing prose. So much for Industry, Finance and International Affairs.

In the wider field, buttressed by the research of Sir David Owen, Sir

Ronald Davison and John Dower, Leonard Elmhirst, Sir Julian Huxley, Lord Holford and a host of others contributed expertise and common sense. At one or two public dinners, notably in 1933 and 1937 at the Savoy Hotel, we invited leading figures from all political parties and from the Trade Unions to join us. I note a few of many—Oliver Stanley, R. S. Hudson, Lord Eustace Percy, Lord Citrine, Sir Herbert Samuel, Mr. Graham White, Dame Irene Ward, Sir John Rodgers, Tom Williams and Ronald Cartland (the first M.P. to be killed in World War II). Walter Elliot and Harold Macmillan were always sympathetic.

P.E.P. had cantact with over 300 leading persons in 'The Thirties'; the P.E.P. club had 150 members, with regular fortnightly speaker-luncheons; the Broadsheet circulation averaged over 2,000. It is remarkable that, while the climate outside P.E.P. was one of extremes (Communist and Fascist on every side) there was a growing agreement with our constructive proposals. There is ample evidence that Reports were read in the corridors of power and in some cases that they influenced policy. Such bodies as the Social Science Research Council, the Nature Conservancy and in some measure the Arts Council, owe much (and in some cases their existence) to P.E.P. enquiries.

Malcolm Muggeridge in his book, *The Thirties,* recently republished, wrote, from the angle of a political journalist and a sort of fellow-traveller, a most entertaining but entirely derisive book about this same period. Of course he did not mention P.E.P. C. L. Mowat, however, in his scholarly classic, *Britain Between the Wars,* pays due attention to much that I have written above.

Since World War II many new research bodies have come into existence, but at the moment of time, April 1931, when P.E.P. was born, there was a desperate void in the body politic. The subsequent war and post-war history of this unique, but very English-type, organisation has yet to be recorded, but it is still very much alive as indeed are a few of its founder members. Perhaps the experience has some relevance to 1973?

THE WIDENING GAP

by Marcus Lipton, M.P.

THE character of any period can often be gauged by the current vogue words. For 1973, these vogue words are participation, community involvement, quality of life, environment and pollution, leading by uneasy stages to problems of law and order.

After almost a life time of public activity, I find myself coming to the reluctant conclusion that the chasm is growing wider between, on the one hand, ordinary people, that is to say the governed, and on the other hand, those who govern in Whitehall, Parliament and the town halls. This in my view represents a serious challenge to what we regard as the British democratic way of life.

We are inclined to forget that democracy is the end product of a long historical process, marked by revolution and wars, bloodshed and human sacrifice. No need to delve into the distant past: study human history from the American civil wars a little over one hundred years ago to the civil wars in Vietnam and Northern Ireland.

If the widening gap I have mentioned replaces community understanding, exasperated protest tends to fill the gap. This exasperated protest takes several forms of frustration. In Parliament, backbenchers complain that behind-the-scenes procedures in which government and opposition front benchers perform their stately quadrilles stifle opportunities of full-throated expression.

In seats of higher learning, callow students tell professors what they ought to teach and how to teach. Semi-literate and unemployed teenagers roam the streets in a spirit of revolt against the establishment. The end product is the addition of a new word to the English language, 'mugging'. We have even reached the stage where public servants in employment exchanges, social security offices and housing advice centres are sometimes threatened with violence by clamant citizens of the welfare state.

What people are thinking and what our public orators, leader writers and broadcasting pundits are saying very often do not coincide, despite the efforts of all concerned to bridge the gap between the articulate and the inarticulate. While the mass media devote time and effort to letting people know what their rights are, there is less attention paid to the obligations without which a civilised community cannot exist. With a jaded public appetite to titillate, television programmes never leave out scenes of violence, either in picket lines, slogan shouting protest marches and scuffles with the police in Whitehall or Grosvenor Square.

On the other hand, every now and again by way of compensation we get the kind of programme in which bright and breezy interviewers stop people at random in the streets. They score a bull's eye if they pin down someone who does not know what is happening in Parliament, where the local town hall is, in which constituency they live and who is their M.P.

The more half-witted the replies, the more the programme is supposed to be instructive and entertaining.

I readily concede that central and local government make determined, even desperate, efforts, to communicate with the people they represent. Vast sums of money are spent on advertising Government Services, e.g.: the alleged benefits of the Housing Finance Act, renamed the Fair Rents Act by public relation officers in the exercise of their craft. Local authorities too are doing their best to let the citizenry know what is going on in their local council. More and more council committees and sub-committees are meeting every night with tired Councillors at the end of their working day struggling manfully through agendas of immense length and detailed complexity prepared by high powered local Government officials. Their job it is to explain in a few minutes to bewildered councillors what it has taken days and weeks of technical know-how to prepare.

Masses of printed material are available in the information offices of town halls, public libraries, post offices and other places of public resort. While all this is actively going on, it is of interest to observe that newspaper circulation is falling. Much of this expensively produced material is unread, incidentally adding to the increasing volume of refuse collection and disposal. I readily admit and pay tribute to the sincere efforts of well-meaning people to establish a good and well-informed relationship between man and society, between the community and communications of every kind.

Let us quote one example of how a public spirited local authority is trying to put over a carefully worked out community plan for the years 1972 to 1977. It is not only Iron curtain countries who have five year plans. The local authority I have in mind has an annual expenditure of more than £40 millions. The plan is embedded in seven bulky volumes too expensive to print but available at public libraries for interested members of the public to read. A brochure containing a potted version of the plan is obtainable free of charge. To understand even the potted version, it is necessary to learn a new kind of jargon based upon a conception called Planned Programme Budgetting. It is optimistically claimed by the authors of the brochure (no one human being could have compiled the brochure single handed) that the principles of PPB are 'relatively' easy to understand. They are briefly summarised as follows:

> All services must be planned and costed for a forward period (e.g. five years) which is adequate to enable the likely longer term effects of all current policy decisions to be comprehensively assessed.
>
> Services with broadly similar objectives must be grouped into single programme areas so that development of those services can be considered as a whole and not in isolation.
>
> Broad objectives must be defined for each group of services and more specific objectives must be set for each service within the group.
>
> All the resources which are currently being used and which are planned to be used over the five-year period must be apportioned to the defined objectives.
>
> Methods of measuring the achievements towards meeting objectives must be defined as far as practicable and the achievements so measured must be recorded for regular comparison with the input of resources devoted to them.
>
> Regular reviews of the output of achievements and the input of resources,

coupled with research into the needs of the community, will give rise to ideas for achieving the defined objectives by alternative means or for modifying the objectives; these ideas must be analysed and, if found valid, implemented by alterations to the forward programmes.

Priorities in the allocation of resources between the programme areas, and between specific services within each programme area, must be determined as a conscious act of policy by examining the objectives, the levels of achievements and the resources deployed to them and exercising informed value judgments.

The forward programmes for all services must be up-dated and rolled forward every year and the system must be flexible enough to accommodate new ideas and allow modification of programmes to take account of changing circumstances.

Is all this profusion of jargon essential to community involvement? It it read? If it is read, is it understood? If another party takes over at the next council election, will a revised version of the brochure be up-dated and rolled forward? What sort of effective control can be exercised by part-time councillors over the hundreds of millions spent by local authorities?

Perhaps almost as little control is exercised by Members of Parliament over the thousands of millions of government expenditure, a little bit of which is sporadically debated on the floor of the House.

While all this mighty machinery of central and local government grinds remorselessly on, scores of thousands of people on housing lists are living for years in miserable conditions. Elected persons must remember one essential fact, which is that every person they represent wants to live his life in his own way in decent conditions. The citizen is entitled to the fullest information in comprehensible form to enable him to make up his mind on current problems. Parliament, local authorities, press and broadcasting services all have an active part to play in nurturing a healthy working democracy, based upon a real partnership between government and governed. That is the problem to which we must all apply our minds in the next decades.

IQUITOS: SOUNDS AND CADENCES OF THE AMAZON

by Darrall Beriro

IQUITOS is in the Peruvian jungle not far down the moonscape of the Andes and some 2,500 miles up from the mouth of the Amazon River. From the air, the town of white colonial squares fritters itself away in thatched huts and on into the jungle. On three perimeters, high trees form a stockade. To the West, the Amazon has carved a line of jigsaws from the fallen pavements leading to the port. Out of idleness, the port has lapsed into a second town of long spidery boardwalks linking clutters of floating thatched huts. At ten in the morning when our plane lands, the heat is already brash, adding confusion to the short line of passengers as it trails through the sifting dust and into the tin roofed airport.

Inside we are all inundated by Indians thrusting out tooth-and-feather necklaces; by small boys wiping the dust from our passing shoes and hand luggage; by hotel owners slipping brochures under our arms; by guides selling tours into the jungle; by taxi drivers fighting for control of our luggage. I am buoyed up from the sea of apricot faces by a taxi driver who sweeps me down a few steps to an ageing automobile. He apologises for the glassless windows and the trunk that no longer opens, and places the luggage over a part of the seat where a spring has coiled through the plastic. He shouts away the vendors who have followed and we obliterate them in a wave of dust and noise as we jolt off towards Iquitos.

The air is at least in motion now and even with the insects sucked through into the back seat, the mid-morning has become less oppressive. On both sides of the street, the squat buildings are identical, all covered with facades of floral and foliar tiles. The green painted doors and windows are all open exposing men in shirt sleeves behind office desks, shops with bolts of textiles, Indian mahogany and balsa carvings, customers standing under overhead fans at a counter selling fruits and soft drinks. A collection of ribbed dogs with chalk tongues are collapsed in puddles of shade. I wonder at the number of stores all with the same residue of merchandise. The driver shouts to me above the clattering of the car that until a few years ago Iquitos was a duty free port but that it has been stopped because of so much smuggling. Too bad, he says, no one comes this far up river any more.

We turn off into a street which ends at the sunken river and stop in the middle of what could have been the elegant part of town, in front of an awning with 'Gran Amazonas Hotel' printed on it. To the left of the entrance, men lounge in a sidewalk café fanning themselves with folded newspapers. The lobby of the hotel seems a mausoleum of Tennessee Williams *memorabilia.* Plastic covered armchairs squat beside potted rubber plants. Stuffed snakes, tarantulas pressed between plates of glass, Indian palm fibre skirts and funeral urns painted with the primitive faces of the dead are displayed in glass cases. Hisses like radiators letting off steam come from a crate behind an empty magazine rack where anacondas

collected from the jungle wait in damp leaves to be shipped out to zoos. Two ceiling fans stir the air of the room so slowly they can be noticed only by the clicking of the machinery. A barefoot Amazonian Indian in khaki pants and short sleeved shirt sits on a sofa in the depths of the room. In his ears are discs of balsa wood the size of shuffleboards. It is hard to see at first that the rubbery bands around the discs are his stretched ear lobes. He sits motionless, a sombrous discarded toy.

My suitcase is carried up the ornately balustraded mahogany staircase on the back of a boy who has been trying to sell Iquitos' two-sheet newspaper in the café outside. Light from the louvred doors of number nine stripes the bedspread whose real pattern has gone to blur. The only wall decor is a 1959 BOAC calendar with a picture of a sandy beach in Jamaica. The long doors open onto a wrought iron balcony that overlooks the street; the bathroom has a showerhead from which comes a mild yellow downfall controlled by a single tap. There is no call for hot water. The sun warms the pipes deep through the walls.

Downstairs, the Indian has remained transfixed. The heat closes on me like a second skin. Among the emptied buildings I feel cast up amid the yesterdays, nows, tomorrows and nevers. Down the block, just before a small park of dusty trees and papery flowers, there is a prefabricated dented town house of green cast iron plaques designed by Eiffel for the three decades when the rubber from the rain forests made millionaires. Extinguished embassies, hotels, restaurants and ballrooms bear dates which begin at 1880 and stop abruptly at 1916 when the boom evaporated. During that time of rubber, Iquitos was an artificial garden with apparitions of women under French parasols and of carriages passing along the mall on the rim of the town by the river. Outside the greenhouse of imported life, the jungle savaged the exploiters. The boom deflated overnight when seeds from the rubber plants were smuggled by an Englishman to ripen in Kew Gardens and re-transported to mature on Malaysian plantations. The outsiders faded away. Weeds grew in the tiled roofs, pavements shattered, balustrades fell from along the mall into the river, and the floral glazed Portuguese tiles sluffed away. I am conscious of the sights and sounds of disintegration around me.

Next door to the Gran Amazonas Hotel is Explorama, one of the five agencies for local touring. Through a display window, the poster reads, 'The Jungle Inn was created as a replica of the way the local Yagua Indians live to give to the world of Explorers a truly Unique Adventure in Jungle Living combined with Luxury Facilities. There are Afternoon Programmes of Private Canoe Expeditions to the Interior of the Mysterious Amazon.' Inside, the office is a preview of coming attractions with foot-long shellacked piranhas, two stiffened crocodile hides beside capybara tooth necklaces and the strange man-sized wood dolls of Indians now dead. Peter Jenning, rising from behind his desk to shake my hand, is an American anthropologist in his late thirties and owner of the Inn. He tells me it will be fifty dollars a day for everything-included and the launch will leave tomorrow morning for the three hour trip up-river to the Lodge.

The launch is a mote in the streaming Amazon which has eleven times the flow of the Mississippi, one-fifth of all the fresh water of the world, filling a basin two-thirds the size of the fifty United States. A slim corridor of tropic morning passes through the trees above the launch. Shadows scale the boat and return to the stream. The sky-pieces between the trees are reflected green, the river reflects green and the gliding weave of jungle, primordial green. So perfect is the copy in the river that the world might be turned upside down. As we curve off up a tributary, the enfolding jungle is flecked with fluttering inching insects and orchestrated by Stravinsky animal echoes. There is a bird with the noise of an empty bottle being blown upon. An oriole's call sounds like a hundred-times-magnified drop of water. Monkeys in hiding far away prattle like the scraping of crickets, tapirs sound like wood being worked with a metal file. Moisture groups and drops from giant leaves to petal fronds through the striations of the tree world, dripping like the unclosed taps of a thousand faucets.

We pass cleared banks with short grass and a small grouping of thatched huts on stilts. A white Brahman cow pulled from a Rousseau painting looks up abruptly. There are narrow fields of sugar cane and rows of banana trees. The banks sing with the chant of insects. We turn again into a narrower stream where four Yagua Indian men are squatting beneath a massive curare tree. Two have skins as young as ripe mangoes and two as old as dried apricots. They are all fifteen-year-old height with half-naked, sixty-year-old distended bodies. They look like lapsed Raggedy-Ann dolls with their pumpkin colour grass headdresses swishing to mid-back, their orange grass skirts stopping at the scraggy grass bands around their calves, and the red circles on their cheeks from the juice of the achiote berry. The sixteenth century Spanish explorers thought the Yaguas were female and began the myth of the warrior Amazonian women.

After the bleached, over-exposed streets of Iquitos, the green of the clearing around the Jungle Inn has violence of colour. Peter Jenning waits on the small floating dock to meet the launch. The water here is such thick yellow it seems to be a surface which I could walk on to shore. We climb up the logs set into the bank to the clearing where there is a main house and two thatched huts connected by four-foot-high wooden board-walks.

It is cocktail time before lunch on the verandah. There is fresh masato from a clay pot. Masato is made from boiled mashed cassave roots chewed by the Indians until the amino acids of their saliva have turned the starch to sugar. It is then spat into a communal pot and left to ferment for four days, a grey foaming drink with the taste of stale alcoholic buttermilk.

Beyond the verandah railings catasetum air plants hang in nests of grass matting. Green leaves turn into butterflies and scatter around the men carrying supplies up from the launch. The background of the jungle is so deep it becomes green-black with cadmium, cobalt, titian, emerald, bottle green foliages painted on it. Peter chats while my eyes explore the thatched ceiling tied to the cross beams with grass ropes, the mahogany and wicker chairs, the mosaic of the anaconda skin nailed to the railing,

the grey clay water purifier from Liverpool and the large Indian calendar on pounded bark with thirteen strange animals remotely like the signs of the zodiac.

In Iquitos, several days back, news came through that a new tribe had been discovered in the unmapped country. The missionaries and the anthropologists are now assembling their rival expeditions. Each wants to find the tribe before the other and reach agreement with the witch doctor or head man to keep the competing group from the village. If the missionaries are first—more likely now, since their intelligence network is more advanced with amphibious planes—they will dress the Indians in trousers and dimity house dresses in barter for their amulets and carvings. It will become a costume party made more dramatic by the mirrors of the missionaries. The Indians have no way to see their own images, the Amazon being too opaque to reflect faces. A prefabricated house for the missionary and a prefabricated school will be raised instantaneously re-invoking the Baptist, Evangelist or Seventh Day Adventist bungalows back home as if by sleight of hand. All portable non-civilisation will be carted away in cardboard containers to be sold abroad. Village life will be reconstituted so that women work in the house of the missionary wife, learning cooking and cleaning in the up-to-date way. Foreign pigs, chickens and Brahman cows will be introduced and, if they mingle as pets with the Indians in the huts, the possibility of disease is only a part of the fact that civilisation is not after all instantaneous. Classes will be instituted to teach belief in Jesus Christ and in the church. It is an interesting concept, since the local language does not have the words, 'thought' or 'to think'. It is the only known language without a word covering that concept because they do not 'think'. Peter says they live by instinct and by customs of milleniums ago.

The scientists bribe with machetes, beads and aspirin to enter the lives of the Indians as observers trying to maintain the quintessence without adulteration, or, at least, to record it. The anthropologists suffered a set-back when airplanes en route to Iquitos and Manaus began to fly across the jungle and the missionaries identified the shapes to their flocks as avenging crucifixes. Peter says he has watched Indians wither away when they are pruned from their tribal identity. He has taught his own four parrots to recite, *Corre Cura corre* (Run priest run).

We eat monkey—small mahogany chunks that have been smoked in their skin over a fire for twenty-four hours. It has the taste and consistency of beef jerky. Capybara, the largest river rat in the world, has been roasted like mutton and has the greasy porcine flavour of wild boar. Hearts of palm gathered in the morning are sweet and crisp in lime juice. The piranhas are spiney wrapping-paper skins encasing a fragrance of brook trout. Peter becomes incensed as he talks about the naturalists from a geographical magazine who photographed an article on piranhas devouring the carcase of one of the Brahman cows in the river. Here, where the Amazon is astir with piranhas, the natives go bathing in the evenings. He does himself. But the photographers came every day at the same hour to

feed the fish on the bleeding corpse of a cow. When the fish became indoctrinated, they took films of a wading cow, its hidden side ripped with knives, and the piranhas storming in droves. Faked also have been the Yaguas posed with their blowguns in trees along the riverbank. Indians shoot only from the ground and hold their heavy blowgun with two hands.

There is a path connecting the Jungle Inn with the Yaguan settlement. A corridor between the cane fields on the slope to the river passes the archaic wooden contraption where cane is pressed into juice. In a second clearing, there is a pancake of arid earth edged with curare trees with exposed roots rising like flying buttresses, by dapple-barked chicle trees with sap tasting like the gum, by sword-leafed yuccas to be sliced and roasted like potatoes.

Visiting the Yaguas is like intruding on an infinite siesta. In the spindle-legged huts all the men are afloat in their hammocks, dawdling with the strands of their palm fibre skirts, gazing with dozing eyes at the passing of the river. Hanging alongside under the thatch there are two or three cooking pots, a machete, and dried splay-baked fish. A seven-foot blowgun leans against a railing next to a clay jar where curare poison is being prepared. Across the plank floors the women sprawl, toying with their children. Out of the patches of shadow their faces gleam the colour of flame from the paint of the achiote berry. A child scuttles down a ladder fashioned from a notched tree trunk and patters across the dust and down the slope to the river bank to pull handfulls of fuzz from a wild cotton tree. A man in the near hammock sharpens bamboo slivers the size of toothpicks, honing them against the saw toothed jaw taken from a piranha. He offers his blowgun, showing how to place one hand by the mouthpiece and support it two feet down with the other. Slipping a cotton tipped splinter into the mouthpiece, he hands it across. By merely whispering, 'pa', I make the sliver fly in a straight line to imbed itself in a frond. The tittering Indians shift into new positions. An old woman's smile is extinguished as she turns over and fades into sleep. There is nothing that needs to be started or completed in their fragile zoo civilisation and they have no interest in a spectator from the future. I hand candy up into idle reaching palms that collect the bright reds and yellows wrapped in cellophane. Their cage is their universe: the fruits of the trees; the fish of the river; the generations kept in balance by the unknown plants the women stew and take for birth control, the absence of 'to think'; the width and breadth of the river.

Returning past the six Yagua huts, a small coffee dog yaps once at me, interrupting the hushed soporific glow of the afternoon. A lone Indian woman among the dozers pinches crimson berries between her fingers and rubs red circles into her cheeks. Her banged straight black hair shrouds her face as I emerge from this long ago and far away, re-entering the green tunnel leading to the Inn.

Coming back, Explorama looks more authentic than the Yagua settlement —more documentary. Peter waves from the verandah and points down the grass slope that dips into the line of the river and we watch as an

Indian scoops water from the bottom of a dugout with the curve of a stemmed heart-shaped paddle. Peter says he is the witch doctor called Antonio. He comes from the Jivaro tribe to the northwest. His is the tribe that shrinks heads to the size of a fist by filling the boned head with hot sand; the tribe of great warriors of the Amazon basin who eat the dead. Peter tells me that Antonio left his tribe with a salt trader, a forbidden act, because he was the son of the witch doctor. He was conscripted into the Peruvian army during a stay in one of the river towns and acted as assistant to the army doctor, breaking a second taboo by telling of medicinal herbs which were secrets of the Jivaros.

Under the dome of trees, Antonia and the dugout seem wood miniatures set on the glimmering water. Peter strolls down with me to my 'private canoe expedition' and introduces us in Spanish. I am handed into the dugout which moves forward with no sound from the paddle cutting water and enters a curve of the inner river. The curare, chicle, balsa, wild cotton, rubber, mahogany trees; the ferns, creepers, lianas, vines; the mushrooms, lichens and grasses with their reflections, all shut behind us like the closing of a lens. The silhouette of Antonio's body is muted by the shadows. He is young, thirty or so. It is hard to tell. He is of middle height, slight but with straight bones and arched muscles. His face will be difficult to re-invoke later for his eyes and mouth move while the life behind them has been emptied. Because he speaks without gesture or emphasis, it is more like receiving thoughts than being spoken to.

I ask him if the two Indians passing over a bridge up ahead are on their way to shoot monkey.

'Most of the monkeys are gone now. Here, many things are going away. Animals are going further back into the jungle the way the people are. It is becoming smaller and smaller. One day it will all disappear. You can hear the monkeys in the distance; that chirping like huge crickets. They are very far away now.'

The current moves with us; the tendrils, insects and butterflies against us. Bleary orchids ride piggyback on the trees along the banks. My body is awash with sweat. I call forward to Antonio to show him the joke that I, the idler, am drenched in this eternal August while he, the rower, is not.

'It is the salt you eat that makes you do so. Salt also gives the body a smell. Without salt, the body has no smell. A man can be scented by a tracker in the jungle if he eats salt. For me that is not safe.'

I ask if Antonio ever sees his family.

'I watch them often at night time. I can never go back to them because I have given the secrets away. I can see them like exposures on film. But my power is going and the images are not clear any more. *Mi poder esta perdido.* They want me dead now. When I taught the uses of the plants it was wrong. They were the secrets of my tribe. Now I have lost my people, my power is lost, I am alone. Completely alone; *un hombre completemente solo.* I am getting smaller and will be gone also. I feel death. It will not be sudden. I will just lose power until there is nothing

left. I know my family is well but their image is so dim now. I know they want me dead.'

Beneath the nave of trees we are diminished. The moths are the size of my twin palms. We float past a Victoria Regia water lily. It is six feet in diameter and can hold the weight of a child. Mushrooms are like ruffled stepping stones.

'With these mushrooms I can see more clearly. But I vomit when I eat them now. But I do see for a while. I can see them searching for me. It is of no importance. I am dying anyway. When you are so alone . . .'

Section by section the jungle tunes up for nightfall. It is a de Sade asylum of screechings, shriekings, groanings, led by shrilling parrots thrown from tree to tree. Dew makes the leaves shimmer; the green drips, the sound mirrored as water falls on water. We glide back into the wider river where the low hung clouds reflect green. Along the speeding rims of the banks, crocodiles have pink cigar eyes. The snakes are visible only as draped vines. Fireflies in this part of the Amazon are a fireworks display of red and yellow and green. I can no longer hear Antonio over the sounds and cadences. The Jungle Inn is aglow ahead with kerosene lamps and candles. The thatched roofs are long and prickly, splintering in the ripples of the dugout. The boat jogs the floating dock. I get up and out of its shell onto the bank. Here there is still a greater abundance of fireflies. Why only here are they red, yellow and green?

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FACE TO FACE WITH THE PLANNER OF THE THIRD REICH

by Janet Barkas

'HOW did you ever get an interview with Albert Speer?' an incredulous friend recently asked me.

'I just wrote to him and told him that I was writing a book about Adolf Hitler's vegetarian diet', I said. 'He wrote back and asked me to visit him on my next trip to Germany.'

During the nine months before the trip, I absorbed myself in Speer's book, *Inside the Third Reich*. It eloquently traces his rise from a young architect to his final position as wartime Minister of Armaments and Munitions.

Speer and I communicated each month. His pleasant, informative letters were in German, even though he taught himself English while imprisoned at Spandau. Once he forwarded official menu cards for lunches and dinners that were served at Hitler's retreat. He criticised his question-and-answer interview in *Playboy* because his expressions were too Americanised and he appeared too sympathetic. In another letter, he advised me to set aside the first day of my trip for an adjustment to the time difference. Signed, 'With friendly greetings and good wishes'.

The last letter, the first one to be written in English and by his own hand, said that he was looking forward to seeing me but that I should not 'expect too much'.

At nine-thirty on a February morning, I took a taxi up the winding road to Speer's old house past the famous Castle on *Schlosstrasse*. It is a steep hill that offers a superb view of Heidelberg and the majestic Neckar River. I got out at the metal mailbox marked with a small wooden sign: 'A. Speer' and walked about fifty feet up a dirt-covered slope, past a small grey car, to the modest, turn-of-the-century house. An attractive, tanned woman without make-up, answered the door. She was wearing a beige knit top and brown pants. It was Frau Speer. Her poor English and my Berlitz German allowed only a brief exchange of greetings. As she hung up my coat in the dark hallway, she managed to explain that Herr Speer would be with me shortly.

Within five minutes, a man of massive size walked towards me. His movements were stiff and wooden as he extended his large hand. 'How do you do, Miss Barkas', he said in halting, thickly-accented English.

'I'm a little early, Herr Speer.'

'That's all right. I have to leave by twelve. I'm sure that will be enough time.'

I kept looking for traces of the thin, handsome man in the picture from the 1930s. Instead, I saw a man with a worn and expressionless face. He led me to a sitting room. I sat in a dark, upholstered, high-backed armchair opposite this pensive man. A small, round, cloth-covered table

was between us. On the right was a large picture window that displayed his impressive garden of high sculptured hedges that extended far into the distance. The window provided the only light in the medium-sized room. At the far end was a grand piano. Speer's dog, a full-grown Saint Bernard, was as over-sized as everything about his master's life and physical appearance. Tentatively, I petted the dog.

'Be careful! He might bite you', Speer said.

He approved of my tape-recording. While I set up the equipment, he said, 'I expected an old spinster with big, round eyeglasses. If I had known you were so young, I would have invited the rest of my family to meet you. I have six children and ten grandchildren. You could have met my son, who is an architect in Frankfurt.'

Speer asked me to avoid quoting anything literally because of his inadequate English. 'If you quote it, you must improve it', he added.

After a few painfully silent moments, I asked, 'When did you first become aware that Hitler was a vegetarian?'.

The question amused him and he laughed. 'Those times are very far away', he said. Speer was uncertain whether he had read about Hitler's vegetarianism or if he had observed it.

Was being a vegetarian important to him?

'Hitler's diet meant everything to him', he replied. 'He thought he couldn't have any strength or any willpower without being a vegetarian. Another reason was his stomach trouble. I think I wrote you already that he was, now and then, longing for the Bavarian sausages.' As Speer chuckled, his bushy, black eyebrows danced. They contrasted with his white complexion and hair. 'The bit of philosophy that was behind his vegetarianism was a minor part', he continued. 'The major part was his health.'

I explained to Speer my inability to reconcile Hitler's ethics against killing animals with his Jewish annihilation programmes. 'Do you think the moral issue was a motivating factor in his meatless diet?' I asked.

Speer explained that Hitler, like anyone who is compelled to do something, developed a rationale that included idealistic principles.

At times, it appeared as if Speer had solidified his memories in his writings and wanted to conform to them. He would often refer me to his book for an answer, rather than re-explore the issue. He was also a stickler for details. For instance, in order to re-tell Hitler's favourite Bavarian tale about the grandmother whose corpse was thrown into the brook and whose relatives then ate fish from her body, he had to get his dictionary to be certain of the exact type of fish.

'*Ja, ja. Ja, ja*', he said, smiling. 'It's a crayfish.'

No one interrupted when Hitler spoke his repetitious monologues, Speer explained. Often the topic was food and diet. 'I doubt if the average vegetarian would talk about it so much.'

I had heard that Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress, was a vegetarian.

'No', he said. 'That is wrong in the books. Hitler never pressed anyone to become a vegetarian. I don't remember these things so clearly, but he

made mocking remarks about people who ate vegetarian foods just for show. Only Hess was a vegetarian.'

Part of my study focuses on the people who cooked for Hitler. I asked Speer about his impressions of those persons.

'Kannenberg, the steward in charge of the Chancellory at Berlin, hired all the cooks. He was a jolly, fat man. I've already written that the quality of the food was poor. When Hitler switched his residence to Berchtesgaden, Angela Raubel, his older half-sister, did the cooking and it was excellent. Her dishes were prepared with flour, the type of Austrian food that Hitler enjoyed, though it wasn't good for his waistline.

'Angela was quite concerned about her cooking and her household duties. She was quiet and one almost did not remark of her. Then Fraulein Manzialy, who was trained by Dr. Werner Zabel, became the cook. Dr. Zabel had a vegetarian health clinic, and I believe Zabel was a vegetarian. I was a patient there for a while and he put me on a meatless diet. But I didn't like it. Fraulein Manzialy was quiet, attractive, about thirty years old, and Hitler enjoyed her cooking.'

I was becoming tenser as the congenial atmosphere and relationship Speer and I were developing contrasted sharply with the topics we were discussing and my awareness of Speer's role in the history of Germany.

At this point, I asked Speer if he saw an inconsistency in Dr. Zabel, a vegetarian, providing food for Hitler. Speer became confused by my question. I rephrased it three times, but he was still unclear about the point I was trying to make. Finally I asked, 'Did Dr. Zabel know about Hitler's political aims?'

Speer's answer that 'everyone knew Hitler's political aims' was revealing since he has been persistent in denying his own awareness of his leader's master schemes. Then, to avoid discussing such a delicate and important issue again, he suggested that I re-read his statements in his book. I thought that had ended the strained discourse, but he was perplexed and asked me, 'Do *you* think that to provide Hitler with his vegetarian food was a contradiction for Zabel?'.

My reply that it was indeed a violation of personal ethics caused him to furrow his brow again.

I found it difficult to associate the contemplative, sincere man facing me with his earlier ruthless exploitation of the labour and natural resources of conquered European nations. Speer acknowledged his awareness of Hitler's objectives, yet he lacked the need to justify his complicity. His sole commitment is to his place in history, which he tried to seal in his writing.

His wife walked through the room carrying a dried-flower arrangement, which I learned she had made. 'I noticed that you omitted mentioning your family in your book', I said. 'Was that intentional?'

'Yes', he said. 'Because the story is so disgusting that I don't want the family mixed up in it. It's not a real biography in the normal sense. The title of the American version is better than that of the German version,

which was just *Memoirs*. I did not want to tell a personal story or there would have been a lot of other persons in it.'

His wife is a homeopathic doctor. While Speer was in prison, she took in student boarders. Now the Schmidts, a leftist student couple, live upstairs. 'Maybe you'll return to Heidelberg and stay with us a while?' Speer said.

I was baffled and left speechless by this unexpected invitation. The fantasies I had had of being poisoned or gassed in his bathroom flashed through my mind. My preconceptions were replaced by a friendly feeling. I felt powerless before Speer's charm and magnetism. As he spoke of Hitler as a contemporary comrade, my angry accusations retreated in my mind.

The tone of the interview relaxed even more when we shifted from a discussion of Hitler and vegetarianism to Speer himself. He expressed his fear of going to America. 'I've been invited by many people, but the people who are against me would be more visible than the others. I can travel anywhere but to America, France, and Israel.'

'What about the interview you did on the David Frost show?'

'Oh, he came here. David Frost knew all the topics and was very prepared for the show. But those people with negative sentiments wanted to see only the repugnant in everything I said.'

Speer told me about his life in Germany today, and his joy about his return to his old profession of architecture. He liked talking about the Reich with students and historians because 'they don't have the automatic reactions of the older generation'.

'What are the students in Germany like?' I asked.

'They are critical', he said. 'They are afraid that such things could repeat, so they are quite willing to learn. Older people are just trying to find their own excuses, explaining that they weren't with Hitler, but were against him. I have stopped the interviews now because it was getting on my nerves. All this discussing. All this pushing back to the past.'

I knew that the original manuscript of his book was two thousand pages, and that only about six hundred pages had been published. He explained that the rest of the material dealt with his military decisions. The publishers doubted the public's interest in that aspect of his career. He was now, however, gathering those pages into a new book.

'I normally write something four times before it is good enough. The manuscript was completed by 1955, typed up, and waiting for me upon my release. Then, I re-wrote the entire book in longhand because it is better than speaking into the tape. Since the new manuscript was illegible, I dictated it into the tape-recorder, changing it once again.'

Speer wondered if I thought he had a ghost writer, though I assured him the question never entered my mind. Chuckling, he said, 'I didn't'. Joachim Fest, a well-known German journalist whose enormous biography of Hitler will be published in 1973, did assist Speer. He wrote a page-and-a-half acknowledgment of Fest's contribution. However, Fest cut it down to one line because he was afraid that the collaboration might have been ministerpreted.

I seemed to strike an angry chord when I told Speer that Richard Gehlen, the master spy for the Nazis, Americans, and Russians, had received twice as much money as an advance for his memoirs as Speer had.

'I wasn't interested in money', he said, emphatically. 'Over fifty per cent of the royalties go to foundations in the United States. Mainly to a nursing home for old Jewish people who migrated from Germany and are now living in poor health conditions. That's off the record because I find it disgusting to talk about what I do with the money. Maybe it can be brought out much later.'

After taxes and giving a share to the family of the male nurse who smuggled out the manuscript, and who died of cancer in the 1950s, he's left with about thirty-five per cent of the royalties. 'I don't want a lot of money', he continued. 'That money is just about enough to cover the expenses of my work.'

Frau Speer entered with two small glasses of freshly-squeezed orange juice for us. She sat silently next to Herr Speer as he ended the interview with certainty. 'I think it would now be more helpful to give you some names and addresses of other persons to see.' Though I had many more questions to ask, my allotted time had quickly passed. I also had the feeling that I had started to get him to open up to me, perhaps more than he had intended to.

He left the room and soon returned with his telephone book. On my notepad, he wrote all the names and addresses for several of Hitler's former secretaries, acquaintances, adjutants, and chauffeur. After several names he wrote 'W.R.', which stood for 'with regards'.

'Where are you going now?' Speer asked.

'I thought I'd explore the ruins of the castle', I said.

'If you can wait a few moments while I finish some correspondence, I'll drive you. I use regular postage now because it was getting to be too much. Six or seven letters arrive each day. If I reply by airmail, an answer comes within six days. This way, I have more time.'

I followed him into his study. It was awesome. Ten grey filing cabinets, each containing four drawers, lined the back wall. A bookcase that extended from the ceiling to the floor faced the filing cabinets. Dozens of books about Nazi Germany were scattered on the enormous table in front of the bookcase. Next to the filing cabinets was a dictation machine, a typewriter, and a framed photograph of his father. Though Speer had written only one book, he had to have the set-up that most writers dream of.

He pulled out the drawer that contained the original manuscript of his book, as if that was part of my visitor's ritual. Up to that point, everything Speer said and did seemed spontaneous. In a file folder, there was a thick stack of small white unlined sheets. The writing was in blue fountain pen with perfect alignment. Both sides of each page were completely filled. Only one page was frayed, discoloured, and dramatic-looking. I remembered that page because it was the one chosen by the publisher to be photographed and placed in Speer's book as an example of the original manuscript.

Speer left for a few minutes, and I amused myself by looking at the extensive collection of books on the Reich by writers of all nationalities. He certainly cannot claim that his second book was written without consulting references, as he had persistently stated about his first monograph.

When Speer returned, he asked if I wanted to try to find the teahouse that Hitler frequented. Since I had already planned to visit Hitler's retreat in Berchtesgaden, I was pleased by his offer to draw a diagram for me. The teahouse Hitler really used was on a lower level than the Eagle's Nest, which was built by Bormann as a present for Hitler, and has become a tourist attraction since the war because of its gold-plated elevator. Speer's frugality astounded me when he asked me to mail the map to him after I had used it.

After Speer had assisted me with my coat, Frau Speer gave him his lunch in a plastic bag. They shook hands and we got into the car. As we rode to the castle, talking as if old friends, I wished he had asked me to accompany him to his destination, the archives at Koblenz in northern Germany. Instead we exchanged farewells at the steps of the castle.

My ambivalence about Speer persisted during my entire stay in Germany, as I continued to interview Hitler's former associates and well-known historians. Perhaps my deepest feelings about Speer surfaced about three weeks after our interview when I walked through Dachau Concentration Camp in the company of a young, ardent National Socialist named Wolf. He told me about his agreement with Hitler's policies. I realised how desperately Wolf had to see *only* the good side of Nazism. He stressed how Hitler built the autobahn, ended unemployment, and gave the German nation unity. 'His only mistake', Wolf said, 'was that he underestimated the Americans and exterminated the Jews'. Once again, it was perplexing for me to associate this charming, warm youth with his seeming indifference to the horrors that we were observing at Dachau.

In the same way, Speer has a disarming friendliness and sincerity. Yet my legs quivered and my cheeks vibrated as I moved from the photographic museum at Dachau to the endless rows of sites of the former labour shacks that Speer helped to fill.

Can you isolate what a man is from the work that he does?

[*Inside the Third Reich* is being filmed in England. Janet Barkas obtained the above interview exclusively for *Contemporary Review*.]

JOHN COWPER POWYS AS HUMORIST

by G. Wilson Knight

WE could say that there are three main myths in modern Europe: the Faust myth, the Don Juan myth and the Prometheus myth; the first covering evil and tragedy, the second sex and comedy, and the third something ahead of us, Nietzsche's superman, an extension of human consciousness. Powys's fictions cover the first two, his philosophical books, *In Spite Of* especially, lay foundations for the third. Here I discuss, primarily, the play of humour suffusing, and at times dominating, his writings.

His letters are rich with it. It is usually a humour turned against himself, as when he imagines a publisher saying: 'Oh, that terrible heavy-weather John Cowper—What I say is, he's the only one of these buggers I know who has the gift of combining Risquéness and Dullness' (*Letters to Louis Wilkinson*, June 23, 1936). His range of half-denigratory phrases applied to himself is unlimited, both in the letters and the *Autobiography*. He calls himself a charlatan, a zany, a clown. He likes clowns. In a letter to me of December 11, 1956, he said that he was 'a born actor but I suspect more still of a born Circus clown and lets hope *at my best* a born (Shakespearean or not) *Stage Clown*!'. There is an argument in *A Glastonbury Romance* as to whether they shall have a clown in the passion play, countering the Christ-story, with 'wild Rabelaisian gags' (XVII, 538 or 518.) A clown, sympathetically handled, is a well-developed personality in *Weymouth Sands*.

Together with this pervading humility there is a corresponding courtesy to the reader. It would be an error to regard it as self-abasement. He knows his importance; he knows that he is a great genius; but this genius is one with his importance as clown, as outsider, almost as anarch. But within the anarchy is fun.

In the stories his humour is of the kindly sort. I once, writing of Byron's *Don Juan* in *Poets of Action* (page 259; originally *The Burning Oracle*, page 284), drew a distinction between (i) sympathetic and (ii) derisive humour. The first, which I regard as good, tends to dissolve all conventional valuations in what I called a 'golden centre'; the other, which is bad, wills to bring conventional critical judgements drawn from morality or religion to bear on this centre. Provided we remain serious there is no harm in this; moral satire has its place. The point is, we should not be amused during the process: moralistic humour is, for me, a contradiction in terms. The golden centre is not to be too precisely defined; it is common-sense; reality, things-as-they-are; above all, it is *sexuality*. Good humour is an approach to joy.

I offer an example of this dissolution of conventional appearance in the golden centre. In *Wolf Solent* (XIV, 300-2 or 284-6) the respectable Squire (who is also a Gothic monster), Squire Urquhart, and the disgruntled and unhappy poet, Jason Otter, are suddenly transformed by the sight of

two village boys swimming naked in Lenty Pond. Of Otter's face we hear that 'Every trace of nervousness passed out of it and every shadow of misery. It seemed to be illuminated by some soft inner light . . .' The Squire calling out 'Well done, Weevil! Well done!' as he watched 'the flexible muscles and slim back of the swimmer' is also transfigured:

> The Squire had the air of an innocent, energetic schoolmaster superintending some species of athletic sports. Jason had the look of an enraptured saint, liberated from earthly persecution and awakening to the pure ecstasies of Paradise.

Such was the effect on these two of 'the classic nakedness of the two youths'. A phrase that follows, 'the purged and almost hieratic look', is a key: we have watched a purgation, or *catharsis*.

This may be said to be an example less of humour than of what all good humour is, or should be, *for;* but it is also, at least where Squire Urquhart is concerned, extraordinarily amusing, to us, as we read. The respectable appearances that so torment humanity are dissolved into, not an obvious, certainly not a *respectable*, good, but an instinct. There is a radiant result. The incident is left undeveloped, or it might have ruined the book.

We find something similar, with a sharper play of actual humour, in an incident in *Weymouth Sands* (XIII, 488-9 or 469-70), where a girl, entranced by the bodies of boys bathing, asks the philosopher, Richard Gaul, if it is wrong of her? He replies:

> It seems to me, Peggie, what you represent at present is the third rung of the philosophic ladder to the Contemplative Ecstasy. When you have reached the ninth rung you will find—you will lose—I mean you will gain—

He is, perhaps fortunately, interrupted. All the idealisms of the race are gently toppled over by Gaul's hesitancy.

It need not be a matter of '*voyeur*' instincts, though these were, as we know from the *Autobiography*, strong in Powys. Central to Powys is the frank revelation of his own sexual secrets throughout the *Autobiography*. This conditions equally his humility before the reader and his humour.

Powys's scheme of things accepts a 'multiverse' in place of a 'universe'. He does not like things tidied up and mind-dominated into a system. The sign for 'universe' is 3, expressing the Trinitarian unity; the sign for a 'multiverse', signifying chance and the play of imponderables, is 4 (Whitman's 'square deific'). This means much to Powys and any conflict between the two views is to him important. And yet there is a speech in *Porius* where this conflict is, to me at least, rendered very amusing.

A fanatical Christian is speaking of Myrddin Wyllt, or Merlin:

> Oh, how that unholy, huddled-up monstrous toad hates the very name of the Blessed Trinity! He has even dared to declare, as Christ's poor servants in Caerwynt and Caerlleon and Caerloyw and Caerlyr have told me, that one of the worst of these devils in human flesh that those thrice-accursed Greeks called 'Philosophers', a prize-devil, a master-devil, a dragon-tailed devil, a great ramping, roaring, ram's-horn devil called Pythagoras, swore that the number

> *four* and not the number *three* was the secret of God's most holy cosmos! (XXI, 482)

Supervening on the genuine interest of the philosophic conflict adumbrated, there is a grand humour; and that humour suggests the provisionality of *all* philosophic argument.

That is why Powys was so fascinated by Rabelais, and wrote a study of him in the volume *Rabelais*, in which he, perhaps for the first time in world-literature, explains the nature and purpose of great, and often obscene, humour. Rabelais stands for life-worship against all religious and sexual taboos. He is 'the humorous prophet of the new Federation of the World' (VII, 359). His wisdom is variously defined: it is pre-eminently a child's wisdom; it comes from below rather than from above; it involves obscenities. He points the way to a multiverse of unsystematised possibility. He would liberate the 'unfathomable well-spring of creative force' within us (IX, 385).

Rabelais is a redeeming, purifying, power. In a poem called *The Classic Touch* (included in the Selection of Powys's poems edited by Kenneth Hopkins), Powys writes of himself in misery in a 'crowded town', repellent and ugly. Then his eye falls suddenly on 'a patch of ancient wall':

> And there an indecent sketch
> Limned by some laughing boy—
> O lovely and obscene wretch!—
> Swept from me all annoy.
>
> And the hideous iron place
> With its monstrous crowds and cars
> Was whirled into outer space
> And diffused among the stars.
>
> And alone by the fire with you
> I sat and read Rabelais—
> Rue des Beaux Arts, *mon loup!*
> And my soul was once more gay.
>
> And the old great shades returned,
> And the large sweet thoughts flowed free,
> And my heart within me burned,
> And that town was nothing to me!

It is natural that Rabelais should appear as a contrast to the sadistic horrors of *Morwyn*, that Sadists' Hell, to deliver a gospel of frank enjoyment of all sensual pleasures, provided that they contain no 'cruelty' (Part V, 313).

Here we come up against a crux. What if the sexual centres themselves are entwined with cruelty, with violence? Do they not cease to be golden? And does this not let in the whole range of taboos, moral and religious?

Well, Powys is not only our greatest—if not our only—authority on obscene humour, but he is also, very certainly, our first authority on evil. Both involve the sexual instinct. He knows in himself, and admits, a sexual-sadistic instinct. Powys does not of course claim to answer the problem of evil, since that cannot be done; but he does probe it, especially

in that fearful study of Mr. Evans, the sadist, in *A Glastonbury Romance*. Mr. Evans has, and wrestles with, an ingrained compact with the Devil, his sadistic instinct, even more surely than Doctor Faustus. Suffering as he does from the ultimate evil within the First Cause he has insight into mysteries unknown to others. He is passionately concerned with what he takes to be the 'basic Secret of Life', as expressed in the ancient poem *The Harrying of Annwn* (XXV 843-4 or 807-9). He is here in a company of people discussing the formation of a Commune in Glastonbury, and is suddenly struck with some nameless absurdity:

> He suddenly burst into a spasm of suppressed laughter which had an extremely disconcerting effect upon the ears of his hearers. Mr. Evans was evidently on the edge of a shameless and vociferous laughing-fit caused by some interior vision which struck his mind as a monstrous Rabelaisian jest.... It was if he had suddenly been permitted by a special dispensation of Providence to catch a glimpse of the monstrous cosmic joke, abominable, heroic, megalomaniacal, into which the whole creation resolved itself! (XXV, 843-4 or 808)

What that 'cosmic joke' is, is not defined; but when he quiets down, he urges that it is not 'money or position in life that makes the difference between happiness and unhappiness. It's something else . . . and when I think of how unimportant all these questions are in comparison with . . . I could . . . I would . . . ' (XXV, 845 or 810). He breaks off.

> His face which at this moment was a mixture of Don Quixote, the Devil, and Dean Swift, broke into certain deep wrinkles, evidences of another laughting-fit, which contorted it considerably, while he controlled and prevented the outburst.

Don Quixote, for Mr. Evans' battling with the evil; the Devil, for the evil nevertheless inextricably rooted in him; and Swift, for the scorn which this dual knowledge brings to bear on all social planning. The humour is derisive, but we should note that it attacks the superficialities in the name of a deeper reality; our reading of Powys's humour holds good. What Mr. Evans's outburst appears to signify is the appalling necessity of our uncovering and facing the 'basic Secret of Life', with a view to some kind of liberation. If he is thinking of his own ingrained evil, and he surely is (see XXV 847-9 or 811-813), sexual instinct is involved. This we must face, honestly, in all its perverted and obscene aspects, and, as far as may be, accept it, as a means to purgation. The implications of such an acceptance I have discussed elsewhere, in *The Saturnian Quest* and *Neglected Powers*. In Mr. Evans's hilarious outburst we have an extraordinary and probably unique impingement of the comoedic on the tragic.

The tendency of Powys's later work favours the Rabelaisian gospel. In *Atlantis* Zeuks as humorist is certainly favoured as against his natural rival, the prophet of the mysteries, Enorches. Ajax, at the point of death, recounts how he had once looked for a 'laughing man' at the bottom of some mysterious hole, which seems to prefigure the tunnel of life, and now: 'A power tells me, you laughing one, that you are my dream come true' (VIII, 279, 281). Zeuks' humour is as a golden prize beyond, or within, the darkness.

In the important collection of Powys's letters to Nicholas Ross (Bertram Rota, 1971), Powys acknowledges his debt to Charlie Chaplin:

> What I am primarily and by nature is a mixture of a born clown and a born story-teller, and this was evidently clear to Charlie Chaplin when we met, for he taught me more of this art of combining clownery with oratory and with drama in my quarter of an hour with him, than I have learnt from any other person save Rabelais his wone self. (September 24, 1955)

Again:

> Yes, I am a born Clown and therefore just suited to write fairy stories as I have done since I was ten years old.... (February 9, 1960)

This relation of clowning to fairy stories is very interesting. Powys's last books were given a fairy story structure and planning. In them fantasy, which is a brand, or branch, of humour, is unfettered and possibilities unlimited, as in the essentially child-like quality and fairy-tale grotesquerie which Powys so loved in Rabelais.

Powys believed in children, and even solicits this belief to challenge the sadistic horrors. Writing to me on February 6, 1957, after urging that 'sex-maniacs' should 'use their imagination on themselves and not on others', he continues:

> I bet if Gilles de Retz had been ready to learn from me, from *Jack the Imaginary Ripper*, his 250 victims would have descendants still alive! But notice the proof that the wisest people in the world are children—I must not add old rogues in their *second childhood*!—and what are the wisest books in the world? Not the Bible or the Koran or the Vedanta but *Grimms Fairy Tales* and *Mother Goose*, tales including *Blue Beard* in their scope. Jesus was right there. We grown-ups have no idea of what children see and know....

Profound issues are involved.

In Powys's last stories, *Up and Out*, *The Mountains of the Moon* (published in *Up and Out*) and *All or Nothing*, a children's fairy-tale manner is fused with space-fiction to bear on the deepest problems of Powys's life and work. These are reduced to simplicity and concretely expressed. Time and Eternity appear disadvantageously in *Up and Out*, and the people take a leap into another dimension to enjoy a spiritualistic existence for a while before dissolution. Space retains more honour, as ultimately the most real thing we know (*The Mountains of the Moon*, 192). In *Up and Out* God himself engages in a friendly discussion as to the mess he has made of creation and whether he should have another try, and if so, what it should be like; and he comes again, in *All or Nothing*, as a Newt. *All or Nothing* uses a symbolism of creation and its opposite, 'Everything' and 'Nothingness' (VI, 40). In *The Mountains of the Moon* we have the delightful Terrestrial Milestones (152), objects from Earth's history collected on the Moon: the core of Eve's apple, a piece of the Ten Commandments, the heel of Achilles, a string from Nero's lyre, one of King Alfred's burnt cakes; most attractive of all, the Black and White Feathers from the Raven and Dove of the Ark, whose conversation is wonderful and whose union after long separation symbolises a union of

dark and light. That these stories do indeed house much of Powys's most cherished wisdom may be supposed from the part played by giants in *All or Nothing.* The Cerne Giant, for so long a dominant power, actually comes to life, on the star Vindex, and delivers, in simple words, and for the first time in Powys's public writings, Powys's masturbatory doctrine (XXVII, 192).

All this can only be received if we respond to the story and its humour, as a child would. This is not to say that all the elements contained would appeal to a child, any more than in *Gulliver's Travels;* what the stories offer is a child-like approach to the profundities. Powys in old age saw himself as, in part, a child. On January 14, 1947, he wrote to me that he was thinking of composing

> something in praise of *Second childhood* for if *theirs* is the kingdom of heaven what about doubling 'theirs' with the dotage of a *second go* at that 'Something far more deeply interfused'?

And on February 27, 1957:

> I'd love to write a book entitled *Second Childhood* wherein I shall show the weird strange curious mysterious magnetic psychic *understanding* that exists between *really* old people such as I am now—much older than I was when I wrote *The Art of Growing Old*—and Babies and Toddlers and *all children* up to 4! It is a most interesting thing. A week ago I went to see a Doctor . . . and in the Surgery waiting room we were about a dozen *adults* or even 15 and one tiny child of about 2. *It* and *I* sat gravely in the circle. Then very gravely I waved to it. And with equal gravity it waved back at me. It was just as if we had both said to each other: 'Lord! What fools these grown-up mortals be!'

On October 12, 1957, he told me that old age was 'the happiest of all the epochs of my life, the one I am enjoying now—which I know I am being absolutely correct in calling second-childhood.' He tells how he waves from his window to 'tiny toddlers between one and three-and-a-half', and they wave back.

Folly has become wisdom and wisdom folly: 'Lord! What fools these grown-up mortals be!' The clown and the child hold the secret. It is as old as the New Testament, and repeated by Blake, Wordsworth, Shelley and throughout Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra,* with its progress from Camel, through Lion, to Child (I.i). It is also very modern. Powys is modern. He belongs to the age of the *Theatre of the Absurd* and the 'permissive society'. In a pluralistic and directionless universe of unlimited possibility these point, provisionally, ahead; to the change of consciousness of the Aquarian age adumbrated by Powys's books *Obstinate Cymric, Rabelais* and *In Spite Of;* which corresponds to Shelley's description (*Prometheus Unbound,* IV, 370-423) of the liberation of Prometheus.

NOTE: Where two editions exist alternative references are given.

The above article was a lecture delivered at the Powys Centenary Conference, Cambridge, on September 10, 1972. Acknowledgement is hereby made to Miss Phyllis Playter and Mr. Francis Powys for permission to quote from John Cowper Powys's Letters.

POEMS

SPARROW

I pulled the sparrow's nest ravelling down with the ivy
That clawed my wall; less than half-made; he'll build
Another, I thought. But look, this little fury
With a beak attacks my window. Day and night
He hammers protest; he's cracked a pane. The life
Within a life, how it squanders itself at a wrong,
Even if the world never knew the wrong was done,
Or even, half-guilty, covered its face and turned.

So this small fledged prehistoric, tapping its flint
At a heartless glazed-in god, reminds me of
The limitless rages that we have learnt to still:—
Outwardly: but they shudder within; they take on
The heart-valves and the very pulse; they rule
How we live, dictate how we suddenly die.

ROBERT GITTINGS

THE WITNESSES

The old branches witness their own deaths:
in autumn, the wizen leaves
shatter. Skeletal
leaves spiral and burn.
This is the order of things.

In cropped fields,
harvesters thrash out
the seed; small flowers, cheated
of sun all the warm days,
rush to flourish.
They catch the cold
religions of winter before
their pods round out, dehisce
and spread.
This, too, is the order
of things.

Winter branches hang, a nudity
that scares birds southward,
seeking cover.
From the hydrant,
a rigid arc of ice links
stones to the dead boughs.
Vapour trails in a clear sky;

when they reach
the rooftrees, the sound comes
whining in. This also
is the order of things.

After scorching heat of bonfires,
leaves (that are intense green,
employed to filter sunlight)
wither, shrink and finally
turn brown.

This shows finality in the fire's
order. This is the manner
it burns.
There is nothing to do about it.

MARTIN BOOTH

LADY WHOSE GRAVE I OWN

(for Simone Weil, died 1943)

Ah Simone, was it love of God that struck you down,
Or the more compelling love of men?
There is an affliction of the body too, which trembles in the eyes,
In the palm's sweat, the straight but straying hair,
Unguarded tongue and makes unlovely
That which loves with such a fever
The body's broken by a rigor.
If you had loved less, cared less!
Caring and loving all
Made certain that slow fall.

Simone, I know the Martha tribe that labours
Down the years to win reward,
The washing-up that has polemical intent,
Twice-scrubbed floors: knitting feverish against
The too-late hours: the sullen glance through misted spectacles
That hungers for and mulishly rejects the cherished word
Thinking—if you do not see my works are love,
Get out of my way. I'm just a doormat for you.

There can be too much urgency to give of love.
Those workman's boots and graceless jumpers
The endless cigarettes and rough political debates
The redflag marches on the local Mairie,
That mastery of Sophocles and Marx.
Spoke of another hunger than—give my brilliant wit the floor:
The panic flight of mind, the long night's fever

That there was only age and barrenness ahead.
It is a sad thing that much we carry in our hearts and hands,
Gifts profligate on our poor shoulders
Are soon like broken things rejected. What point
In birth and growing and eager learning
If there is no human answer to our burning?
But was it for prams and nightie promiscuity
Pomaded Paris husband and the marital tiff
Bourgeois sons in love with their moustaches
You really longed?
Or the Promethean task
The North West passage of the bruised and hungry soul?

(This is my body: is it given for me?)

It is the mark of the afflicted that
Their own sin's endurable
But they carry into heartbreak
The burden of another's pain,
And more, they are all gravity,
So stricken
Beyond all earthly hope is their despair.

The complacency of the unafflicted
Is more than they can stomach
The adolescent sniggers, the casual lovers
In shadowed arcades, the faceless men in faultless suits
In the Kremlins of power.

And so, Simone, lady whose grave I own,
The migraine, the nausea without cessation,
The Solesmes masses beating on the brain,
The iron will to shrug off so much suffering—
This we know.

But tell us godly Simone
Of the waiting till the Saviour came again.
Was this the real affliction,
The cross you had to bear,
That you were simply what you were?

LESLIE PAUL

NOTE. As organiser of the group, which included T. S. Eliot, Herbert Read and Richard Rees, formed to erect a memorial to Simone Weil in Ashford Cemetery, Dr. Leslie Paul is part-owner of Simone Weil's grave.

GREEN SCARF

I am of the winter of
your eyes:

The mist
(the flower cold)

You circling on that
field,

Your green scarf
(this circled sun),

The sorrow of our love;

Why among the clouds so
shaped and solemn,

Memory lights the scent
of lilac?

DAVID JAFFIN

A MATTER OF HISTORY

Knowing himself to be surrounded
by hypocrites and time-servers,
by veterans eager to increase their wealth
and smart boys waiting for the main chance,
knowing there was little nobility
or sense of sacrifice left among them,
he sometimes wondered whether it was all
worthwhile, whether it would not be better
to give the whole thing up before he went
any further, to go away somewhere
and quietly enjoy the life that remained to him,
perhaps even to make that long journey
he had so often promised himself.

But of course he never did. It is now
a matter of history how always in the end
the urge to prove himself remained too strong.
He knew that whatever happened he must go on,
that he must use the instruments he had,
making from self-seeking, corruption and greed
a gateway to the future.

RAYMOND TONG

SWEDEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENTS

by Francis P. Walsh

MY Swedish friend had spent a year in Ireland and had mastered the ABC of it although he had difficulty in pronouncing the D. 'Here is a land,' he said, 'where the priests are supreme, where they forbid contraceptives, where they cut film scenes between unmarried couples, where single mothers are hounded, where socialists are suspect and Maoists are murther and yet they accept as a leader Bernadette Devlin.'

'*Miss* Bernadette Devlin, M.P.!'

'Miss Bernadette Devlin, M.P. How come the priests haven't run her out of the country?'

After a public meeting in support of the Irish Liberation movement, we were walking through the streets of Stockholm under banners that said: 'Down with British imperialism! British troops out of Ireland! Abolish internment laws!'

The specially-imported 'Irish revolutionary' with us was, aptly enough, named Lawless.

Around us were the stone desert and grey-faced passers-by taking a moment from their tax worries to stare at this, the latest bunch of hippies and 'teenage mothers with prams pushing some outlandish liberation movement.

Half-a-dozen policemen kept us moving, and presently one of them came up and ordered the banners to be furled as the meeting was over. A block further on they were unfurled again. Scuffles with the police followed and three arrests were made.

This was the third meeting for Irish revolution organised in the past few months by the Association of Marxists-Leninists and the Federation of Anarchists in Sweden.

Far-off causes are popular here, judging by the number and variety of processions that wend through the streets, particularly on fine week-ends. If there are not enough immigrants from the dictatorship concerned the Swedes get up a procession on their own. A demonstration against the Chinese in Tibet—one of the very few against a leftist regime—was led by a 15-year-old Swedish boy.

Many of the immigrants were a-political when they arrived in Sweden. They came for other reasons; but they were soon taken up by leftist circles. Now, with their mentors, they are out on the streets letting go in easy attacks on the junta back home. Thus all concerned can enjoy a feeling of political responsibility and involvement in world affairs. Except, perhaps, the Swedish authorities, who would prefer these foreigners to demonstrate in their own countries, where protests are needed, instead of venting their spleen on Swedish police and property.

'Swedish opinion sets us against our Government,' an Ethiopian student said, 'but when we attack the Ethiopian Embassy and tourist office and

fight with the police the Swedes squawk about the damage done to relations between our countries.'

Members of the Croatian liberation movement, Ustasja, have chosen Sweden as their land of exile in recent years because they consider it easier to operate from. However, a number of political crimes, culminating in the murder of the Jugoslav ambassador to Sweden last year, have brought home to Swedes the disadvantages of tolerating resistance movements that use terrorist methods here.

The I.R.A. and Catholic organisations in Northern Ireland have sent representatives to address Swedish groups in recent months, but the public meetings and marches to the British Embassy have been relatively peaceful, so far.

Revolution is all very well for countries where democracy has been knocked out, but it has no role to play in Sweden. This has often been officially stated; most recently when the 1968 student riots in Paris produced a mild backwash in Stockholm. The police turn-out then greatly outnumbered the demonstrators.

The green light is always on, however, for propaganda against the regimes in southern Africa, Greece, the Iberian peninsula and most of Latin America. Sweden has little trade to lose with these areas. The boycotts soon peter out, as Swedes are loth to give up their holidays in the sun. 'What good does it do, anyway?' they ask. 'Isn't it better to give the unfortunates a chance to meet tourists from a real democracy?'

The odd Swedish tourist who cocks a snook at Franco's portrait is given a taste of Spanish jail; but generally such pinpricks are just a puzzlement. 'We never did anything against the Swedes, so why should they attack us?'

Swedish businessmen can thus continue to establish subsidiary companies in Latin low-wage areas.

To hasten the day of liberation, the Swedish media have adopted advance nomenclature for areas such as Rhodesia and South-west Africa (Zimbabwe and Namibia, respectively), likewise Portuguese Guinea. Congo Kinshasa, on the other hand, was supposed to be already liberated, so it was not until long after the event that the Swedish public became aware that it had changed its name to Zaire.

The Swedes were among the very first with 'Bangla Desh'. If Stormont had its way, Northern Ireland might become the 'Orange Free State', but the Swedes would greatly prefer 'Tyrconnell.'

As all these liberation movements are 'sacred cows', it would be hard to discover from Swedish sources who supports them, and why.

Swedish T.V. is generous with material from leftist lands (Cuba, Chile, China, Eastern Europe). However, the rare programmes about countries with conservative regimes are given critical Swedish texts. A long series from Brazil, Bolivia and Colombia concentrated on the oppression of the Indians.

'Our Swedish leftists are all right so long as they remain in their circles,'

a conservative said, concerning the safety valves provided by the mass media and student meetings.

Another such outlet is found in the welcome given to resistance men from dictatorships. Andreas Papandreou received support from the Swedish Social Democrat Party and made his headquarters in Stockholm for a while. The oft-invited Mikis Theodorakis has now knocked out Danilo Dolci and Dom Helder Camara as the darling of Swedish resistance circles.

On the other hand, a couple of prospective resistance men disappointed expectations. Nobel prizewinner, Miguel Angel Asturias, from the dictatorship of Guatemala, stooped to representing his country in Paris. A Greek prizewinner, Giorgio Seferis, when asked why he did not fight the junta answered: 'One grows cowardly with age.'

The appointment of a Negro, Jerome Holland, as ambassador to Sweden three years ago was regarded as an attempt by Washington to mollify Swedish critics of racial discrimination and the war in Vietnam. However, Holland was insulted on arrival as an 'Uncle Tom'. 'What did they expect?' asked an American paper, 'Stokely Carmichael?'

Other 'traitors to their race', from the Swedish angle, include President Banda of Malawi and Premier Jonathan of Lesotho, who have dealings with the apartheid regime. The other day, when an American Negro went by invitation to address the School of Journalism concerning the position of Negroes, the students threw him out and unanimously passed a resolution condemning American capitalism, racialism, imperialism and fascism.

Malvyn R. Goode, chairman of the U.N. Journalists Club, was accompanied by a representative of the U.S. embassy. Goode told a student: 'I was the closest friend of Martin Luther King and have been imprisoned ten times for helping my people; so you should at least have given me a hearing. You are 22-years-old, you are white and you live 3,000 miles from America. What can you tell me—a Negro—who is so much older and has spent all his life in America, about the position of Negroes there?'

MIXED BAG

by James Morton

THE autumn is generally the time when the film distributors release their better works, if not masterpieces, in London. Gone is, or should have been, the silly season with endless revivals. Then, with the days shortening, was the time for clear critical thought. Last year has been something of a disappointment. True we have had new films by Boorman, Hitchcock, Chabrol and Truffaut but with the exception of the Boorman film they have all fallen short of expectations. Indeed, perhaps the success of the autumn has come from the long dismissed De Sica. Certainly his film heralds a return to his happier days.

Where do we start? On the principle that one must get over the nasty bits first and eat the semolina pudding whilst leaving the dollop of jam until the end, we had better start with *Frenzy*, the latest Hitchcock.

Hitchcock has, as is universally known, had a long and distinguished career as a director of suspense films which carry a great insight into the characters and their lives. Indeed the latter is, in a number of his films, of prime importance. To give an example, the suspense in *Vertigo* does not really relate to the plot—the solution is revealed a little over half way through—but to the plot's implications.

Since the enormously successful *Psycho* it has become the critical fashion to dislike Hitchcock's later films on sight and then to reassess them rather more favourably. It is also the fashion today to read into what is an apparently straightforward situation a number of extraneous plots relating to the camera work, the colour of the print, and the juxtapositioning of the characters. I am guilty of this myself. Indeed sometimes the comments are justified, as for example the scene in Boorman's *Point Blank* where everybody and every piece of furniture is dressed or designed in green. Nevertheless, what must be considered is that the film is going to be shown to hundreds of thousands of people who are not interested in the use of tracking shots to establish guilt. They are paying their 50p or two dollars primarily to be entertained. That is particularly true if they go to see a film by Hitchcock or a similar director. Forget the symbolism of crane shots in relation to a new world religion. The real test is—is the film enjoyable? And does it stand up to a simple examination on such points as credibility and good acting?

The answer to that is a very qualified 'Yes'. 'Yes', that is, to the acting, which is essentially of a high standard. A rather less emphatic 'Yes' is the answer to the credibility and excitement.

The plot is almost a standard Hitchcock one. An out of work and generally down at heel ex-R.A.F. officer played by Jon Finch is accused of the murder of his ex-wife, who runs a successful marriage bureau. The victim is one of a series of 'Necktie' murders, so called because the victim is found strangled with a man's tie. The initial corpse we see washed up on the Embankment, as a lecture is being given on pollution. There are

various pointers to Finch that he could be the murderer. He suffers from blackouts of a most minor nature and is generally shifty, etc. But no. It cannot be he. His best friend (surprise surprise) played by Barry Foster is the real murderer. He has a mother complex which harks back to Anthony Perkins in *Psycho*. Foster frames Finch for the murder and Finch is convicted although there is a number of people who could supply a genuine alibi. In charge of investigation is Alec McCowen who also provides comic relief by disliking his wife's efforts at gastronomy.

There is a good deal to like in the film, such as Jean Marsh as a man-hating secretary. There is also a long and tense sequence with Foster in a potato lorry trying to retrieve a tie pin from the stiffened fingers of a dead woman. But the whole film fails to hang together. One cannot believe that Finch's friends would behave in this way. Nor can we accept that he will remain in prison. He is always, because of the conventions of the cinema, bound to be released and this tends to lessen the interest in the film. Ultimately one wonders why Hitchcock has to disclose such cards as he holds in his hand so early. No doubt the answer is that the murder-mystery is only peripheral. There again my main problem in *L'Aventurra* was what happened to Lea Massari, and that was regarded as the height of incomprehensibility.

La Decade Prodigieuse, the latest Chabrol film to reach London, is by no means one of his best. Nevertheless he is a director who commands interest even when not on top form. This is a film from a rather slight story by Ellery Queen whose work Chabrol has used in the past. Anthony Perkins is the sculptor who suffers from appalling dreams and who falls in love with his step-mother. Not necessarily in that order. Poor Perkins is always falling in love with his mother or step-mother, always with disastrous consequences. Marlene Jobert is the mother and Orson Welles his father. The always watchable Michel Piccoli plays the reasonable man who, first enmeshed in the problem of why Perkins should awake unaware of in which bed he finds himself with blood over his hands, later acts as the detective.

Orson Welles plays another gross eccentric. This time his fad is to live in the style of the autumn of 1925, a foible with which his family play along. Some letters from Perkins to Jobert have been stolen and there is a long and fascinating sequence where Jobert aided by Piccoli tries to retrieve the letters and also to trap the blackmailer. This is one of the continuous suspenseful sequences that Chabrol always does well. Later, when the blackmailer produces photostats of the letters and demands more money things tend to get out of hand, both in content and manner of the film.

Chabrol has tended in recent films to send-up his earlier ones and there is a series of clear references in this film to *Landru*, *La Femme Infidèle* and *The Champagne Murders*, as well as to the long family dinners which run through all his films. Again the acting is good although Perkins has a last sequence which is more or less unactable and which, given a man of Chabrol's ability, is a parody of a *cliché*. The dénouement is, if analysed, impossible. I believe I have written before that Chabrol is never boring.

I have to amend these words in this case. After the first half hour, the film is never boring.

I am afraid the same cannot be said for the beautifully photographed *Les Deux Anglaises et le Continent,* the new film by Truffaut. To be slightly vulgar, this really is a bit of a bottom acher. In style and content it is to a large extent a remake of the more successful *Jules et Jim* and indeed it is based on the novel by Henri Pierre Roche who also wrote the former.

Comparisons are odious but there is no question which is the better film. *Les Deux Anglaises* is bound to suffer because it is such a similar piece. The triangle this time is between a Frenchman who comes to Wales as the house guest of a friend of his mother and the two daughters of the house. Both fascinate him in different ways. Muriel (Stacey Tendeter) is withdrawn and given to headaches and masturbation. Anne (Kika Markham) is the more extrovert of the two; nevertheless it is with Muriel that he falls in love.

The advances and retreats of the quadrille which is completed by Phillipe Leotard make up the rest of the film. It is with Anne that Jean-Pierre Léaud as the Frenchman first sleeps and she is passed or elects to pass herself between the men like a rugby ball. She dies very stagily of consumption and then it is Muriel's turn to sleep with Léaud.

The film has the same flatvoiced commentary as *Jules et Jim* which serves to remind us of the earlier film minute by minute. Truffaut has apparently a limited command of English and this does not help him in the English scenes between the girls, their mother and an interfering neighbour. These are really badly acted and indeed much of the playing of the film is stilted. Nevertheless the film is always a pleasure visually and Léaud does not seem to lose his charm as he grows older.

It was thought for a long time that Vittorio De Sica had lost all his charm and talent as he had grown older. Now, happily, it seems that is not so. This doyen of the Italian realist cinema directed so many fine films in the 40s that it was sad that over the next decade he produced so many films which were often mediocre and sometimes less than that. He has always liked directing non-professional actors and many of the members of the cast of the *Garden of the Finzi Contini* are non-professionals.

The film, based on the delicate book by Giorgio Bassani, is of the life of a wealthy Jewish family in Ferrara in the last few years of peace and the early years of the war. The film starts with the opening of the eponymous garden to the youth of Ferrara to play tennis. A series of anti-semitic laws have been passed and in keeping with public thought the Finzi-Contini family has been expelled from the tennis club. The film's theme is of the muted love for the daughter of the house (Dominique Sanda) by Lino Capolicchio who plays Giorgio, a young middle-class Jew. The daughter, Micol, at first seeks out his affection and then on the spur of the moment rejects it. Although Giorgio continues his adoration the relationship between them is never the same and despite clear affection for him she

eventually is seen by him with her lover. Almost immediately the leaves fade in this symbolic garden and there is a wholesale arrest of the Ferrara Jews. Giorgio, his mother and young sister escape but his father (Romolo Valli) joins the Finzi Contini family in a crowded schoolroom to await deportation.

There is much to like and admire about the film, particularly the photography. This is shot in pastel colours and has the overall haze effect of memory. There is, of course, a whole string of such films with similar mood and colour, *The Wanderer, Elvira Madigan, Twenty Four Hours in the Life of a Woman* all spring to mind as recent examples. Perhaps the film's elegiac form is its weakness. Everything is so muted. Even the roundup of the Jews is understated. Everyone is firm but polite. One boy tries to escape his accusers but is recaptured. Even then there is regret rather than viciousness and this has the effect of lessening the dramatic content of the film which is, when removed from its trappings, a simple story of love and rejection. The relationships are the scenes that de Sica handles best. There is a scene between Giorgio and his father and a later one between Micol and her grandmother which are so beautifully handled that one wonders at the lack of touch he shows in other scenes which have their messages rammed down our throats. To give an example, Giorgio's brother leaves Italy for France and Giorgio takes some money to him. To tell us, not that we are leaving Italy but also leaving freedom, De Sica has the flags at the border waving in the breeze and soldiers call out patriotic jests from the French side. If this is not enough we see his return journey with an identical scene. Whenever Giorgio leaves the 'Garden' there are inevitably long shots of his symbolically 'rejected' figure. Worse is the trend nowadays to have a 'love theme'. Micol has her own which erupts whenever she is happy or sad. In addition or rather in detraction there are also long passages for the 'cello underlining any downswing in the Micol-Giorgio relationship.

All these complaints seem to be carping but the *Garden of the Finzi Contini* is such a good film that it is a pity it falls short of being a great film, merely in minor matters.

Deliverance is John Boorman's fifth film. He started with one of those bandwagon pop-group films *Catch us if you Can* in 1965 and came to prominence two years later with *Point Blank*. His next two films both received some critical acclaim but neither was very successful with the public. In *Hell in the Pacific* Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune are marooned during the war on a Pacific island and have to learn to tolerate each other. Perhaps this is a facile tag to put on Boorman's fourth film, *Leo the Last*. Understanding is perhaps a better key word for *Deliverance*.

Four young-middle-aged city Americans decide to take a weekend trip down a river soon to be submerged in a dam project. Each of them represents a type. Burt Reynolds a physical culturist, Jon Voight the average man, Ned Beatty an amiable bumbler and Ronny Cox the liberal thinker. They pay some inhabitants of a remote Appalachian village to drive their two cars to a point downstream, whilst they go down in canoes.

From the start it is quite apparent that something, if not everything, will go wrong. The Appalachian men regard the four with distrust, contempt and the four in their turn are rude, mocking and unpleasantly superior. The squalor of the Appalachian families is well brought home. Inbreeding has made the mountain men indistinguishable from one another. Their homes are shacks, children lie around with appalling skin eczema. Some are clearly mongol. All have the appearance of mental deficiency.

The trip starts reasonably well although Reynolds continually needles his canoe partner, the fat Ned Beatty, who the next day changes places with Ronny Cox. It is then that disaster strikes because Beatty and Voight take the wrong stream, land on a bank and are immediately set upon by two armed mountain men. In a thoroughly unpleasant sequence Beatty is sodomised whilst Voight is forced to watch at knifepoint. He is about to meet the same fate when Reynolds arrives and kills one of the men whilst the other escapes. The four are then faced with the problem of what to do with the body. Each puts forward a different view representing his own position and of course giving the audience a clear series of alternatives. Eventually the body is buried and they attempt to get out of their situation as fast as they can. In a long sequence they get into more trouble in the rapids and Ronny Cox is killed. The men think it was by a shot from the escaped Appalachian. Whether this is so is never made clear. The boats capsize and it is left to Voight to take command and deliver them from the waters. In doing so he kills a man who he takes to be the second attacker but again this is not made explicit. Eventually they reach some sort of safety only to find that their explanations are not accepted by the villagers.

Again the photography of the film is outstanding as is the atmosphere of evil which is built up in the early sequences. It is Burt Reynolds who pronounces his 'credo' early in the film; 'The machines are going to fail. The systems are going to fail, and then—survival. That's the name of the game, survival'. The fact that three of the men survive is, as it turns out, little thanks to him. The tensions of the film are maintained throughout, even when the men reach land again. What I am not convinced about is the violence required by Boorman to shock and indeed revolt us. Since *Straw Dogs* there has been a tendency to make violence that much more violent as if one were doing it to say 'The rape scene is more shocking than in *Straw Dogs*'. This is of course a common line in cinema publicity. 'A greater car chase than Bullitt' may be all very well but the escalations are obvious. The rape scene in this film is particularly nasty, as I have said. On the other hand Mr. Boorman has gone on record in an interview with *Time Out* as saying 'In the cut version you wouldn't know that a rape had taken place. By cutting it he's (the censor) totally trivialised the rest of the film.' It may be that I am squeamish but the sight of a man having his underpants removed, after he has been made to run on all fours like a pig, whilst the other man takes off his trousers is, I would have thought, sufficiently explicit. It is difficult to think what more is required to tell us what is happening.

This is not the only violence. Perhaps a case can be made out for that scene since it triggers off all the rest of the film but whether the sight of Reynold's leg oozing muscle and blood is required viewing or whether we need to see Cox's body broken into abnormal positions by the river is another question.

Violent but in a totally different direction is *The Godfather* which must have a mention is only for the publicity claims it has received. There is no point in recounting the machinations of the never mentioned Mafia. If you go to see the film do read the book, otherwise you will never work out who kills whom and why. I liked James Caan, and wasn't keen on Al Pacino as the younger son. The wedding sequence which opens the film is masterly. Brando plays the part of the Godfather exactly as he did his drunk sequence in Huston's *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. Lennie Montana plays a cameo part which is well worth watching. The film runs for nearly three hours but is never boring. If only one could say that for films half its length.

The March issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Changing Patterns of Mental Health Needs in Africa* by Dr. T. A. Lambo, *An English Jesuit in Moscow* by Father Francis Edwards, S.J., *The Rape of London* by Lady Stocks and *Monopolies in the FRG and the Common Market* by Horst Schneider.

REHABILITATION: HOPE FOR THE MENTALLY HANDICAPPED

by Terence Davidson

THE growing number of mentally handicapped people is 'the heritage of social advancement', a senior African civil servant observed recently. He was not exaggerating. He was acknowledging a fact that is recognised by specialists in mental health everywhere.

Recent studies indicate that one per cent of any population group is incapacitated throughout life as a result of severe psychiatric illness. At a conservative estimate, one person in ten is likely to suffer from mental illness at some time in his life. The psychiatric aspects of crime and juvenile delinquency, dependence on alcohol and drugs, suicidal behaviour and failure at school or at work contribute greatly to the mental health problems of any community.

Moreover moderate, severe or profound mental retardation affects an estimated four school-age children in every thousand, while it is believed that some two per cent of the population as a whole may be described as mildly retarded.

As populations increase in the wake of economic and social progress, so automatically does the number of those suffering from mental handicaps.

There are already at least 100 million mentally handicapped in the world today, and there is reason to think that the developing countries alone will have 130 million within ten years.

The problem is compounded in some of these countries by the fact that families are increasingly reluctant to look after their less able members, as economic development brings inexorable changes in social structures. In addition, the spread of formal education means that mental handicaps are being revealed that would in earlier times have remained hidden.

Anyone may have a mentally handicapped child; anyone may suffer brain damage in an accident. These facts are tragic enough. But to realise that many people are mentally hamstrung simply because they were not fed properly in infancy, or because of a preventable disease, is to face a truth that is bitter indeed.

Thus it is generally recognised that, in the words of a World Health Organisation report on the subject, prevention is the ultimate goal of all efforts to combat mental retardation.

The knowledge that radiation and some chemicals and infections can produce abnormal chromosomes offers various avenues of approach toward the goal, notably in the field of public health. Much mild mental retardation caused by poor social conditions, including malnutrition and lack of schooling opportunities, is also preventable.

These are all long-term prospects, and for the foreseeable future society will have to live with expanding numbers of the mentally handicapped. General planning will have to take account of this group, which forms

a natural part of any population, and much of the work being done by international organisations is directed toward securing official acceptance of the fact.

There is a brighter side to the gloomy picture of increasing numbers of mentally handicapped people, however. Modern methods of treatment offer the sufferer a better chance of a fuller life than he would have had 20 years ago. International efforts on his behalf are beginning to produce results. And vast regions of the world, which are starting from somewhere near zero in the matter of mental health care, have the chance of avoiding mistakes that have been made in the industrialised countries in coping with the problem.

Taken together, these three developments mean for one thing that the grim Dickensian mental institution is, however slowly, becoming a thing of the past.

The guiding principle of modern methods is that many types of mental handicap are amenable to treatment. The International Labour Organisation (ILO), the United Nations agency responsible for promoting better working conditions throughout the world, have been putting this principle into practice in helping to develop vocational rehabilitation schemes for the mentally handicapped in Iran, Iraq and Kenya.

The ILO has also brought a message of hope for the world's mentally handicapped from a seminar which it organised in Denmark, jointly with the Danish International Development Agency, for mental health specialists from 22 developing countries. It stressed the number of things that can be done to help.

In its conclusions, the meeting distinguished between the mentally retarded and the mentally ill. For the retarded, it was felt to be important that preparation for training and for work should start early, and that it should aim at enabling the patient to take up normal employment. Many people who are now being fitted in this way for a fairly normal life would have been consigned to an institution, without hope, not long ago.

The recipe for success with the mentally retarded is the careful, individual planning of long term pre-vocational preparation and rehabilitation programmes, with social adjustment or re-adjustment as the most essential element.

So that a solid foundation can be laid, the patient needs to be trained in everyday living activities—how to use a bus, how to do the shopping, how to be punctual. Then, when the time is ripe for learning a job, each task must be broken down into stages—how to pick up a screw and screwdriver, for example, then how to put the screw into the hole. Overlearning is essential at each stage; the patient needs to be taken well beyond the point at which he starts to make the correct response. This practice for severely retarded adults, put forward by the United Kingdom National Association for Mental Health, was strongly supported by the seminar.

When the patient is ready to work, he should be able to do so in a sheltered workshop, alongside people with different types of disability if

possible. Information programmes should be launched to show employers and the general public the employment potential of people who have been trained in these workshops. In the words of the National Association for Mental Health, such workshops are not an end in themselves; they are a means of promoting the social integration of the mentally handicapped.

As with the retarded, the rehabilitation of the mentally ill cannot be rushed, the seminar noted. Preparation of the patient should be started in the mental hospital; he should be transferred to outside facilities when he is ready. Mental hospitals should be kept small, and they should be centrally situated so that patients can keep in touch with family and friends, and so be helped in their social readjustment.

The seminar commended particularly the Industrial Training Therapy Organisation at Glenside Hospital, Bristol, as a means of ensuring the patient's smooth transition from hospital to sheltered and open employment. Essentially a non-profit-making limited company responsible for a piece-work factory, a sheltered workshop, a car-wash scheme and sheltered groups in industry, it is regarded as a system that can be applied effectively in developing countries.

Governments should give higher priority to rehabilitation programmes for the mentally handicapped, the seminar concluded; and institutions should be small ones.

Mr. Norman E. Cooper, a British official who is the leading ILO specialist in rehabilitation, says that this message has not been lost on developing countries, despite the many other calls on their scarce resources.

'First follow-up results indicate that the seminar has stimulated the planning or establishing of training programmes for the mentally handicapped in countries where no previous service existed', he reports.

Another major advance in the international campaign has been the adoption by the United Nations General Assembly of the Declaration on the Rights of Mentally Retarded Persons. Designed to focus public attention on the need to protect and help this vulnerable group of the population, it proclaims that the mentally retarded person has to the fullest extent possible the same rights as other persons, the right to proper care and rehabilitation, economic security and a decent standard of living.

The United Nations Development Programme (UNDP), which finances most of the technical co-operation activities of the United Nations system, has now recognised that rehabilitation services for the disabled are an integral factor in economic development. Governments are thus able to call on the UNDP to help finance rehabilitation projects for the mentally handicapped, and a start has already been made under this scheme in the Dominican Republic, Spain and Saudi Arabia. As Mr. Cooper has stated:

> The ILO set up a landmark in the development of attitudes to the mentally handicapped when it adopted its Recommendation No. 99 on the vocational rehabilitation of the disabled in 1955. This is an international labour standard giving guidance for the ILO's 123 member States, and it emphasises that rehabilitation should be available to mentally as well as physically handicapped persons, with the aim of integrating them in a normal working environment, and

> giving them an equal opportunity with their more fortunate fellow workers to perform work for which they are best qualified.
>
> Unfortunately, there is still a tendency in many vocational rehabilitation programmes to regard the mentally handicapped as a severely disabled group, who at best can manage sheltered, segregated employment, and who at worst are unemployable. Undoubtedly, the greatest single obstacle to the satisfactory placement of the mentally handicapped in work is the inadequacy of pre-vocational preparation in education and training programmes. This is why the ILO is encouraging governments of developing countries to make provision for programmes aimed specifically at the vocational rehabilitation and integration of the mentally handicapped, with emphasis on the pre-vocational stage.

Thus the ILO is helping to create rural rehabilitation centres for mentally as well as physically handicapped persons, particularly in Africa and Asia. The courses at these centres concentrate on daily activities and enable the handicapped person to make a useful contribution to family and community involvement in crop raising, animal husbandry and the like.

Mr. Cooper stresses that a flexible approach is essential to the success of resettlement efforts.

> Old stigmas and misconceived ideas about the employment limitations of the mentally handicapped must be removed. Attempts to label them conveniently as 'employable', 'unemployable' and 'ineducable' should stop. Instead, each case should be treated individually on its merits, with the help of patient counselling, training and assessment.

It will be a long haul, but a good start has been made on leading the world's mentally handicapped out of the darkness and into their rightful place in society. As a Nigerian social development specialist told the seminar in Denmark: 'The long experience of developed nations, and experiments carried out the world over, have highlighted the difficulties with which a nation must contend to have an effective mental rehabilitation service. Meetings like this confer the advantages of a late start'.

PEERING OVER THE BERLIN WALL

by Thomas Land

BEHIND the Wall, a weary foreign correspondent sat down on a disused green plot of land to roll a cigarette, carefully placing a tree between himself and the nearest observation post to keep out of the gunsights. From the other side, an American tourist peered across what the local people call the strip of death.

The cigarette was not yet half burned when a uniformed pioneer with the horror of imperialism carved on his young face came cautiously to investigate, soon followed by a policeman. 'No sitting,' he commanded apologetically.

Tens of thousands of West Berliners have now crossed the Wall for short visits, taking advantage of the easing of travel restrictions provided under the Four Power Berlin Agreement and the relative relaxation of international tension that may soon lead to a European Security Conference. But many more East Berliners go on wistfully looking westwards.

To cross the Iron Curtain without authorisation, as they would have to do, they must first pass through a five-kilometer restricted zone (which in East Berlin is a few buildings and streets near the Wall) where special permits are required. Then follows in both cases a 100-meter top-security zone where trespassers are shot on sight.

The first physical barrier is a two-meter tall wire fence, followed by barbed wire entanglements and concrete barriers sunk in the anti-tank ditch principle against cars being crashed through, as well as concrete observation posts 20 meters tall with searchlights and machine gun mountings manned by three guards each armed with quick firing sub-machine guns.

The guards themselves risk death if they leave their posts and stray westwards across the raked border strip. Specially trained police dogs also patrol the border, their leashes attached by rings to a tense, hardly visible cable at waist level which alone might bring down a man rushing across in a state of extreme anxiety, should he fail to duck underneath.

In downtown Berlin, the final barrier is the Wall itself, built of great grey slabs of concrete to a uniform height of three meters with a wide pipe capable of revolving, stretching along the top. A fugitive seeking a grip on the pipe to hoist himself up would only cause the pipe to turn towards himself—while providing a perfect, immobile target under the blaze of East German searchlights.

This ugly scar running across the face of Europe from north to south is a monument to fear more real and painful to many millions of people than the propped-up wrecks of buildings preserved amongst the splendour of modern architecture on both sides of Berlin, reminders of the destruction of war. It is this wall of fear and death that the European Security Conference was about, and the immense and equal forces of destruc-

tion mounted on either side, and the anxieties hidden behind the abstractions of Great Power weapons-bargaining which are beyond most people's comprehension but which nevertheless bring the Berlin Wall into every living room.

To judge by the firing along the strip recorded by the Allied forces in West Berlin, there are weekly attempts made at escaping over the Wall. Incredibly, two or three refugees arrive every month on the other side alive.

Completely surrounding West Berlin, the Wall and barbed wire strips have enabled the Allies to score a fine point in international public relations by matching the menacing observation posts with elevated tourist platforms, the police dogs and trenches with bicycle runs for children on the safe side of the white line marking the actual border, and the grim watch of the strip with occasional and irregular military patrols with the sole objective of aiding successful refugees, once they have crossed the line.

But that point should not be taken too far. For the American tourist peering into East Berlin and loudly comparing tyranny with freedom disregards West Germany's police executions, the latest one claiming the life of a British businessman and former diplomat suspected of aiding urban guerillas and guilty, now it appears, of nothing in particular. East Berlin's placards hailing the 8th Communist Party Congress are matched by posters in the West offering £50,000 reward for information leading to the source of the components of home-made terrorist bombs. The damage caused in the East by Press censorship to the unhindered dissemination of news and comment, vital to the process of mature, corporate decision making, is more than matched in the West by mass circulation newspapers feeding their public on a diet of pornography, crime and sports and the illusion of being informed.

The source of almost continuous East-West friction for a quarter of a century, Berlin is larger than four big German cities, Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfurt-on-Main and Dusseldorf combined. West Berlin alone could accommodate Munich and Dusseldorf. It has a circumference of 113 miles, located 105 miles behind the Iron Curtain. There are no nuclear weapons stocked inside West Berlin, but the presence of British, American and French occupying forces, vastly outnumbered across the line, has been maintained under the dubious guarantees of the nuclear deadlock.

Historically and geographically one city, the two Berlins have developed since the war in completely different directions while constantly watching and spurring one another. Wide roads built to accommodate heavy traffic stop dead in cul-de-sacs at the Wall; tram tracks disappear under the concrete slabs. Street posts marking the stops of bygone buses stand abandoned in technically East German territory between the white line in the middle of the road and the Iron Curtain. You could tell the Border —even if the white line did not exist, by the tall grass and weeds growing through the disused asphalt.

After the war, the Allies chose to make West Berlin into a shopwindow

of Western affluence and democracy mobilising vast funds, both governmental and private, to build an architectural paradise to replace the rubble. The Russians' response was to try to wreck the economy of the city by dumping thousands of maimed and starved German prisoners of war in the Western sectors while matching the reconstruction project through the deployment of resources from elsewhere in Eastern and Central Europe.

Alexanderplatz, once the heart of Berlin as a whole, is now unrecognisable to West Berlin visitors with its large new hotels, conference centres and memorials built in the spacious Russian style and with a view to Karl Marx Alle with its prosperous apartment blocks. This district of shops, offices, travel bureaux and luxurious homes is for the successful if not rich East Berliners, and for visitors who would not want to cross the Wall without a valid two-way travel document.

Working class districts in East Berlin are also prosperous compared to those of other large cities in Eastern Europe, but the drabness and uniformity of life there is more apparent. Buildings in such districts have been restored rather than rebuilt. Well appointed parks are frequent even there, some with swimming pools. But begging is not uncommon; the small taverns are overcrowded with men who clearly have little interest elsewhere other than perhaps the state lottery and the streets are lined with windows from which women peer out with expressionless faces waiting for life to go away.

Once in a while, a motor cycle roars along the quiet streets with troops in combat uniform, steel helmets, sub-machine guns, ammunition and provisions to relieve the personnel of the observation posts. They make nervous heads turn and remind East Berliners, if they still need a reminder, of the searchlights and police dogs a few streets away.

Across the Wall, West Berlin is also still fighting the war. Street doors are locked at 8 p.m.; the names of residents are not displayed outside with the bells; and if your host does not expect you after closing time, then he had better have a 'phone.

Industry is heavily subsidised by Bonn. The Western sector has a disproportionately high population of old people, particularly women, sitting in the warm Central European sunshine in the many parks of the middle class districts, talking to the ducks, squirrels and rabbits. Young people tend to escape from this restricted island in search of more money, even though the males are exempt here from West Germany's selective military conscription.

It is, nevertheless, an immensely rich island, the dream of experimenting architects and city planners, housing, for example, the biggest luxury apartment block in the world, comprising thousands of dwellings as well as shops and recreation facilities, and a 21st-century style high-rise working class district of tiny closed flats lacking play space for children with a high rate of juvenile delinquency and with isolated families chasing their colour television sets.

The Western goods of prosperity and democracy have gone sour in the

Berlin shop window (as in much of West Germany) where a gentle writer saw the need to describe himself as 'a radical . . . but no street fighter, you understand'. In the evenings, the sidewalks are filled in many places with good quality furniture, books and clothes for poor people to choose from, the throwaways of the Joneses of the city keeping up to standards. But the Joneses are frightened, and for good reason, for the frustrated young middle class has turned against itself; and a terrorist bomb in the bedroom has thus become a very real threat indeed.

Violence amongst the educated young erupted here some years ago with unusual intensity by European standards, an understandable though unjustifiable response to the sheer brutality, guilt and materialism of the culture expressed through pornography displayed in most public places, lack of concern of people for each other and pointlessness beyond short-term gains at work.

Some of the young still sensitive enough to feel the pain of their unsatisfied need for the warmth of other people join in communes where they eat, work and sleep together. Some have managed to do away completely with private property, sharing money, clothes and even some more personal effects.

One such commune comprises a large bedroom, where the two female and three male residents sleep on mattresses laid out side-by-side on the floor, a kitchen and several small rooms for study and recreation. All the furniture has come from the cheerful sidewalk festivals of pick-and-choose.

There is much nakedness but surprisingly little sex amongst them; with one of the two young women completely frigid and the other the lover of one and the mother of all. Mild breakdowns occur.

Many of the communes have been formed to re-create the natural spontaneity and responsiveness alive somewhere in all people but crushed or just hidden away under layers of fear and urban loneliness. The inability of many of these 20-year-olds to reach out towards one another reminds one of actors who take part in nude shows and turn impotent in their private lives. Or of the 'Berlin Wall' surrounding most of us.

On December 21, 1972, a treaty was signed by a representative of the West German Government recognising East Germany as an independent, sovereign state. The 'Wall' remains but it is hoped that as a result of the pact tension will lessen; also that the U.K. may shortly re-open diplomatic relations with the GDR.—Editor.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

WARFARE BY CONFERENCE

The Semblance of Peace: The Political Settlement After The Second World War. John W. Wheeler-Bennett and Anthony Nicholls. Macmillan. £12.

Sir John Wheeler-Bennett, renowned for his earlier masterly studies of Brest-Litovsk and Munich, has collaborated with Mr. Anthony Nicholls to 'illuminate the origins and significance of the uneasy and uninterrupted peace which followed the defeat of the Axis Powers; . . .'. It is a colossal work in several senses: the text of over 600 pages is supplemented by a further 200 pages of select appendices and documents, and the work took almost five years to complete. The result is a major piece of diplomatic history in the great tradition of G. P. Gooch: the vast range of scholarship, documentary sources and memoirs that the authors have utilised have been augmented, where possible, by interviews with participant politicians and diplomats. The text is always lucid, often profound and exciting, and it provides an invaluable scholarly and implicitly crushing riposte to the sensationalist polemics of Mr. Gar Alperowitz, Dr. David Horowitz, and the 'Revisionist' history of Professor Fleming.

The authors quote Louis Botha as saying, on his return to South Africa after the Paris Peace Conference of 1919, 'Peace, you must know, is perhaps a hundred times more difficult to make than war'. If this was an apt comment on Versailles, it is even more applicable to the peace-making after 1945. It took six years from the surrender of Japan for the United States to make a peace treaty with her; there is still no formal peace treaty with Germany; uneasy armed truces have lingered for years in Korea and the Middle East, and an undeclared war drags out its agony in Vietnam. As Sir John and Mr. Nicholls put it, the world since 1945 has experienced 'a sort of mutation of the somewhat lunatic formula which Trotsky propounded at Brest-Litovsk of "no war—no peace" '. And, inevitably, in exploring the underlying reasons for the continuation of this dangerous armed truce, so often broken by limited 'conventional' wars, the authors probe the complex history of the origins of the Cold War itself.

Wheeler-Bennett and Nicholls begin their search by examining the divergences and mutual contradictions of the various allied war aims. Just as Woodrow Wilson had come into the First World War peace diplomacy with rigid ideas of a League of Nations panacea and a Pax Americana based on the Fourteen Points, so Roosevelt had his own set ideas, this time of a Soviet-American Condominion dominating the world and the new world organisation. He believed British and French imperial influence to be harmful, and envisaged these countries shorn of Great Power and imperial status. Right up to Yalta Roosevelt seemed to believe that he could 'handle Stalin'. (The authors make a sharp analogy with Neville Chamberlain's confidence that he could deal with Hitler.) The fact that Britain's war aims seemed more realistically based and more capable of rapid modification in the light of rapidly changing military and diplomatic circumstances, may partly be explained by her longer intimate experience of European involvement, partly by the Foreign Office's more precise assessment of Stalin's aims and methods, and partly because diplomatic opportunism was forced upon Britain by her isolation and vulnerability in the early years of the war. Sir John and Mr. Nicholls, who set some store on

having first class expertise at the top, would probably want to add, as a factor in Britain's favour, the skill of Anthony Eden. 'In modern British diplomacy', they note, 'there has rarely been a more effective, indefatigably patient or brilliant negotiator . . .'.

As the authors point out, British policy initially aimed at differentiating the German people from their Nazi leaders. Only as late as 1943 did the British Cabinet become explicitly committed to the policy of demanding Unconditional Surrender of the Axis powers, having by then given up all hope of any internal German revolt against Hitler. It did continue, however, to be British policy to seek a just settlement for Poland after the war. This had been after all our final *casus belli* with Germany. Clearly this aim and almost all others were outranked in importance for Britain by the aim of keeping America in the war and cementing US-British solidarity. But although Churchill and Eden welcomed evidence of American determination to remain internationally involved as a great world power after the war their more precise long-term concern was to secure a European settlement which guaranteed US military backing for Britain which they saw facing possible threats from a revived Germany, or from Russia. An integral part of Britain's European policy was her effort to enhance the status and strength of Free France to provide for a powerful future European ally, and this policy brought Britain into constant conflict with the Americans.

The Soviet Union's long-term foreign-policy aims inevitably brought her into immediate diplomatic conflict with Britain, and cut right across Eden's careful scheme for a European power balance. Stalin was determined not only to regain all the territories lost at Brest-Litovsk, Paris and Riga, but also generally to maximise Soviet power and influence in Europe. As Eden rapidly learnt (in his discussion of July 1941) Stalin had no compunction about trampling on Britain's ally Poland in the pursuit of her expansion. The Polish government in exile was, with extreme reluctance, persuaded that Britain and Poland had no alternative but to accept Soviet promises of good faith in the future settlement of Soviet-Polish relations. Roosevelt, however, seemed prepared to make concessions to Stalin on all fronts. On one matter they seemed, in any case, to be agreed. Both Roosevelt and Stalin wanted the total destruction of German power, Stalin being obdurate that even industries like furniture production had the potential of conversion to military use. The call for Unconditional Surrender at Casablanca, 1943, was a reflection of this new harsher note in Allied policy. As Wheeler-Bennett notes, Roosevelt does not appear to have possessed the same humanitarian impulses towards the people of the enemy states that Woodrow Wilson evinced; it is hard otherwise to explain his willingness to support the draconian Morgenthau Plan to pastoralise Germany, a scheme presented for discussion at Quebec in 1944. This economically crazy plan was, in slightly diluted form, to remain American military occupational zone policy until 1947.

Some minor inconsistencies emerge in the discussion, but they do not in any sense weaken the main argument of the book. It is surely rather too strong to describe the Far East agreement between Roosevelt and Stalin, negotiated at Yalta without the knowledge of Churchill or most of the State Department officials, as being an act of duplicity comparable to the work of Talleyrand and Metternich! The authors have earlier admitted (p. 156) that as early as 1943 'a clearer picture of American peace plans began to emerge. The Pacific was to be an American lake guarded by American owned bases and secured by a numerically powerful Chinese satellite'. The British Foreign Office, and

certainly Eden, were well aware of the shape of American policy in that area. And after all in 1945 at Potsdam Stalin was to be deliberately kept in the dark about the particulars of America's new atomic bomb. This was all part of the warfare of conferences, the ganging up on each other, the backstairs negotiations, disputes over conference venues, constant mistrust and backbiting. The allies were fighting the Cold War before they had even won the hot war in Europe.

While Churchill and Eden were more influential and more intimately involved in diplomacy in central and eastern Europe, the European Cold War was in its pre-eminently British-Soviet phase. Churchill in the manner of the Great Power of old managed to get Roosevelt's clearance for his private 'Percentage Agreement' with Stalin on spheres of influence in Eastern Europe. In a sense no one was solely responsible for 'starting' the Cold War. The Cold War was basically an inevitable result of the victorious allies moving into the vacuum created by the Axis collapse and colliding in the process. When Britain and Russia collided in Greece, Britain's economic and military strength, sapped by years of sacrifice, suddenly totally jeopardised by the cessation of Lend Lease, finally failed her. As the authors show, Truman and Acheson, by taking up the burden of supporting Greece and Turkey and of resistance to Soviet expansion, the symbolic expression of which was the Truman Doctrine, were in a real sense taking up the mantle of Pax Britannica.

This brilliant book does not set out to give a full assessment of the record of Pax Americana, but it provides a richly illuminating and objective account of how it came into existence. The authors have no illusions about its permanence, or the fragility of our 'Semblance of Peace'. Of the balance of nuclear terror they write: 'There is . . . a strange impression of our having struck a bargain with Fate, but the nightmare which rides our dreams, as we teeter on the razor-edge of uncertainty, is—how long will this bargain hold?'. One would wish to commend to the leaders of the superpowers these lines from *Measure for Measure*:

> O! it is excellent
> To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant.

PAUL WILKINSON

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF BRITAIN BEFORE AND DURING THE WAR

Britain Alone. Herbert Agar. The Bodley Head. £2.50.

It is a mystery to me why this carefully researched and well-written book has been almost ignored by the critics. Herbert Agar is one of the few American-born lovers of England who has contributed not only as an author to Anglo-American understanding, but as a man of affairs who has played a personal and practical note both in the United States and as Ambassador Winant's Special Assistant in London.

Admittedly some portions of the book about war-time London have appeared in other studies, but even here I was glad to have the story re-told in concise form by an American citizen. The facts deployed in the chapter well headed 'The Organised Militant Citizen', are so much more important than 'Dad's Army' etc., etc., and are based on volumes of social research. But the body of this book, as the wide-ranging bibliography confirms, is deeply concerned with 'The Thirties', with the struggle of conscience among leading British politicians. It is a model of fairness and objectivity. Perhaps more important

and more original is Herbert Agar's first-hand account of America's entrance into World War II. I know from my own experience how much we owe to 'Fight for Freedom', sponsored by men like Agar, Robert Sherwood, Russell Davenport, and helped by men like Wendell Wilkie and Lewis Douglas (later Ambassador to the Court of St. James). It was these men who worked on Roosevelt, who eventually produced the 50 destroyers and Lend-Lease. There is an increasing number of books which attempt to describe the muddled diplomacy of Britain in 'The Thirties', but I know of no book which so succinctly depicts the climate of opinion in the United States in 1940-41. Only an American historian with a profound knowledge of how the American Constitution works could have written the Chapter headed 'Meanwhile in the United States . . .', sandwiched between Chapters headed 'Invasion?' and 'North Africa, Greece and Lend-Lease'. How little British people know of that 'Meanwhile'!

I commend this book by Herbert Agar, dedicated to his courageous wife Barbie, who ran the Churchill Club in Westminster throughout the war. 'Old Men Forget' was the title of Duff Cooper's autobiography. This book should be read by the younger generation, if they want to get the 'feel' of Anglo-American relations at a decisive moment in history.

KENNETH LINDSAY

STRAVINSKY'S LAST YEARS

Stravinsky: The Chronicle of a Friendship. Robert Craft. Victor Gollancz. £4.00.
And Music at the Close: Stravinsky's Last Years. Lillian Libman. Macmillan. £3.50.
Encounters With Stravinsky. Paul Horgan. Bodley Head. £3.00.

Until recently the appearance of three full length books about the last years of an eminent man within a mere eighteen months of his death would have seemed an extraordinary, even tasteless, phenomenon. But there can have been few men this century to have spent their twilight years quite so publicly as Igor Stravinsky. The almost pyrotechnic stage management of his funeral in Venice ten days after his death perhaps ensured that any account of the events leading up to it would find an attentive public.

One is left wondering to precisely what extent Stravinsky had decreed, or indeed approved, the funerary rites held in Venice. Robert Craft informs us that the composer had murmured enigmatically that *Requiem Canticles*—his last major work, completed in 1966 when he was 84 — was 'for Venice'. Certainly Stravinsky himself loved Venice, and had cherished Pope John's permission, when Cardinal there, for a performance of *Canticum Sacrum* in the Basilica of San Marco. But his return to Russia in 1962 had also generated great emotional fervour, and there had been suggestions that the land of his birth might be his chosen resting place. Paris, and the United States had also been 'adopted' for lengthy periods of his life. Still Venice it was, and the reader of these three books is left with the sneaking suspicion that the decision was perhaps Robert Craft's.

Reading his *Chronicle of a Friendship,* and alongside it Lillian Libman's less authoritative, and Paul Horgan's less exhaustive memories of Stravinsky's old age, a feeling persists that Craft was influential in many decisions taken by the composer. Certainly his appearance on the scene as a raw young conductor in 1948 was responsible for giving the Stravinskys a new lease of life. Without his influence it may be that the composer's style would not have embraced

serialism and we would have been without works such as *Agon, Threni* and *Requiem Canticles*. Without doubt there would have been less Stravinsky recordings, though according to Miss Libman rather more of these should be attributed to Craft than is acknowledged. The volumes of *Conversations* might also not have appeared, though as the Master grew older they became increasingly a matter of collaboration with the disciple.

There was undoubtedly love both for and by the 'adopted son', but one is left in doubt as to the precise benefit Stravinsky derived from the relationship. Certainly he needed money, and as Miss Libman vividly shows, was unfailingly eager to receive it. One wonders to what extent Stravinsky's trans-global safaris, conducting from Peru to Poland, from London to New York, and throughout the United States on into his advanced eighties truly benefited either the composer or his faithful public. Miss Libman claims that the Craft half of programmes invariably provoked difficulties with concert managements, and that Craft as a conductor of works other than Stravinsky's was not a viable commercial proposition.

As one wades through Craft's mandarin and convoluted prose the ordinary people in Stravinsky's life appear to go for little. Naturally as Stravinsky's personal manager, Miss Libman has plenty to say about the composer's relationship with Craft. Paul Horgan however, a distinguished American novelist who had admired Stravinsky since childhood, met him first in 1956, was instrumental in persuading him to conduct for several seasons at Santa Fe, and from then on saw the composer as often as he felt he was welcome, writes simply as an admirer, and, he hopes, a friend. Certainly both he and Miss Libman were frequently in the Stravinskys' company throughout the 1960s. But Craft does not mention Horgan once in over 400 pages, refers twice to Lillian Libman as 'L', yet devotes pages to altogether more casual encounters with great men of letters. Lunch with Isaiah Berlin, tea with Aldous Huxley, dinner with W. H. Auden, soirees with T. S. Eliot are all meticulously described, regardless of the part the composer took in the proceedings. The one person who does emerge with reputation enlarged, is his wife, Vera, whom both Craft and Libman claim to have woken up when each alone had witnessed Stravinsky's death.

Aside from the sniping, the name dropping, the detailed medical descriptions of advancing death, we derive from all these three books the picture of a very Russian, mercurial, eccentric and lovable human being, with an incredibly tenacious hold upon a life he was determined to live to the utmost. Each book has its own fascination, but it is the subject, Igor Stravinsky, rather than the author that compels attention. The hope remains that a sympathetic and sensitive, but more objective and detached biographer of the great composer may yet appear.

DAVID FINGLETON

THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

The New Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250-1950. Clarendon Press: O.U.P. £3.25 net.

The possession of a copy of 'The Oxford Book of English Verse' came to be regarded as an almost indispensable requirement in the bookcases of educated middle-class families during a great part of the century. Published in 1900, and revised and expanded in 1939 by the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, this great anthology was successful from the first, selling half-a-million copies in

its first forty years and continuing bravely in one impression after another until last autumn when the Clarendon Press and the new Editor Dame Helen Gardner supplied its inevitable successor.

In his Preface to the 1900 volume 'Q' said his aim had been to range over the whole field of English Verse from the thirteenth century to the closing year of the nineteenth, and to choose either lyrical or epigrammatic poems. This followed the tradition set by Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury'. Later the period covered by the anthology was extended to 1918 and after some editorial second thoughts 'Q's' enlarged selection continued until the new one was made. Dame Helen extends the survey to 1950, widens the scope beyond 'lyrical and epigrammatic' and thus rectifies the exclusion of Pope and the previous neglect of satiric, political, epistolary, and didactic work. She agrees with 'Q' in excluding dramatic verse and also on a chronological order of poets selected. On the whole, there are no shocks. Among the differences in quantity values since the 1939 revision it is noted that while the number of pages allotted to Meredith and Swinburne remain constant, the selections from Hopkins, Hardy and Yeats are more than doubled. Coming well into the century, T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, Dylan Thomas, D. H. Lawrence and Louis MacNeice are well represented, and the Editor scores a palpable hit by choosing as an Epilogue and final poem Louis MacNeice's memorable poem 'A Fanfare for the Makers'. Unlike 'Q', she excludes American poets, but makes one exception in the case of Ezra Pound because while he retained American nationality he was at the centre of the modern movement in England. On the whole, it would seem that 'Q' in 1939 (when he was working on the Second Edition) was kinder and more compassionate to his contemporaries than Dame Helen has been to hers.

It is a noble store of beautiful and memorable poems that we find in this New Oxford Book of English Verse, and if we were asked to give a pointer to ancient excellence in the art of poetry we should refer to page 19 and the fifteenth-sixteenth century Anonymous poem 'The Bridal Morn'. The volume contains 974 pages.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

THE SPORTING PICTURE

Sporting Art England 1700-1900. Stella A. Walker. Studio Vista. £6.30.

In this book Mrs. Walker sets out to cover the development and history of the sporting picture from its beginnings in the seventeenth century. The book is in more or less chronological order and the early influence of Hondius, Wyce and Hollar, all continental artists who lived and worked in England, is clearly defined. The first two-thirds of the book trace the familiar paths of the English sporting painters from Francis Barlow, England's first native born sporting artist, to the beginnings of the twentieth century and Munnings and Lionel Edwards.

As with any book of this kind, the author's preferences creep through and whilst naturally she devotes much of the text to Ben Marshall, Stubbs and the elder Herring and Fernley, some other painters such as the sons of Herring and Fernley receive scant attention. Whilst they may not have had the same talent of their respective fathers they surely should not be dismissed in two lines.

The remainder of the book is devoted to sporting prints and illustrators such as Leech and other illustrators of Surtees' novels, but here again Mrs. Walker does not cast her net very wide. There is surely room for mention of the more

minor artists such as Finch Mason. At least his work could be used as a comparison with the more talented of his contemporaries. It is a pity too that Mrs. Walker has not taken us into the twentieth century, for not only is the sporting picture undergoing a reassessment at the present but there is also a new and growing school of English sporting painters such as John Skeaping and Susan Crawford.

Perhaps the book's greatest deficiency is its title. Sporting Art for Mrs. Walker means in terms only the horse and hound. There is no mention of the esoteric but undoubtedly English sports such as cricket and pugilism, bull baiting and pedestrianism. We must be grateful for any major book on sporting art. This is the first for some fifty years but there is still plenty of room for the definitive work.

JAMES MORTON

SHORTER REVIEWS

The United Nations and the Population Question, 1945-1970 (Chatto & Windus for Sussex University Press, £3.00). The authors Richard Symonds and Michael Carder wrote this revealing study when at the University of Sussex Institute of Development Studies; they are both now working for the United Nations, Michael Carder being Population Officer at the ILO and about to join the UN Fund for Population Activities. It is a remarkable story of the struggle within the UN for recognition of the population explosion as a severe brake upon the economic and social development of the developing nations. During the twenty-five years covered by this book, the authors estimate that the world's population increased by 40%, and that it will double by 2000. The problem was conceived of in terms of potential food capacity; but, as this study shows, the solution turned more and more on population control, through family planning. There was and still is the inevitable opposition of the Vatican, Roman Catholic dominated countries and states which considered themselves underpopulated. A turning point came in 1966 when the UN General Assembly Resolution 2211 (XXI) authorised the UN and the specialised agencies to provide technical assistance. Since then, as this book shows, there have been some co-ordinated action programmes, including the Population Fund within the UN Development Programme. As the authors point out, birth control programmes involve questions of human rights and national sovereignty; and there is the continual suspicion in developing countries that birth control will be treated as a substitute for material aid. This has, of course, been vigorously denied. The authors conclude that 'on the evidence available at the end of 1970 it seems that it could be many years before national states were ready to accept more than a very gentle guidance from the UN'.

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939, Second Series, Vol. XII. European Affairs August 1934-April 1935 (H.M. Stationery Office, £9.50). This selection carries on from volume VI, which covered the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference and German rearmament between November 1933 and August 3, 1934. This new volume includes official British Foreign Office documents up

to April 18. It covers Hitler's rearmaments declaration of March 16 and its condemnation at the Stresa Conference and at the League of Nations Council in April. Among the most interesting documents are the Foreign Office notes of Sir John Simon's meeting with Hitler in Berlin on March 25 and 26. The British Government were still prepared to accept Hitler's avowals of conducting a pacific policy based upon bilateral agreements. There is also published for the first time the British minutes of the Stresa Conference. The Series is edited by Professor W. N. Medlicott, Professor Douglas Dakin and M. E. Lambert. Professor Medlicott confirms that in compiling this volume, as in the others, there has been 'access to all papers in the Foreign Office archives and freedom in the selection and arrangement of documents'.

The Post-war History of the British Working Class (EP Publishing Ltd., £3.50). Allen Hutt's book was first published in 1937. He presented the volume as 'a plain narrative of events which I have tried to document accurately and to set down objectively'. In the result it is hardly objective, the events being reviewed and explained from the viewpoint of the extreme left. As such it has its own particular interest. The study is now republished without amendment or addition. A new Introduction with the benefit of more hindsight could have been of much interest. Presumably the author has no different thoughts on the period.

Edwardian England 1901-15 (Harrap. £3.50). Donald Read, Reader in Modern English History, University of Kent, has brought together in this readable book a great mass of factual information on the 'society and politics' of this period, ending in 1915 when 'the onset of "total war" completed the submergence of Edwardian society'. The lists of chapter references give some indication of the research which the author has put into this valuable study. The text is also supported by a large number of contemporary photographs and cartoons. His interpretation of events has to be condensed over his wide canvas. Indeed, apart from questions such as the cause of the Great War in 1914 and the character of Edwardian society, these fourteen years by themselves are most frustrating. They saw only the early stages of so many movements and developments which came to fruition or disaster in later years. That is the inevitable limiting factor in this book.

A History of Greenwich (David & Charles, £3.50). Beryl Platts in this useful study remarks that 'a majority of all the British explorations from the fifteenth century onwards were financed or victualled or manned from this small stretch of Thames', which is about seven miles downstream from London. Even so, she is more concerned with the Roman Trivantium, on the site of Greenwich, related to recent excavations and to the later Royal associations with the borough. Particularly during the Tudor period, it provided a principal royal residence and was the scene of many historic events. Miss Platts also has something to say about the remarkable private buildings erected in Greenwich and Blackheath in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. She is not concerned in any detail with Wren's Seaman's Hospital, with the Royal Observatory, or with the royal dockyards at Deptford and Woolwich. The bibliography could have been more extensive; and there are no textual annotations.

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THE RAPE OF LONDON

by Mary Stocks

WHO governs London? Before 1855 the answer might well have been: there is no such thing as London—apart from the Medieval City with its surrounding gates, though for centuries writers and legislators had talked about something called London. But the concourse of urban settlements which, if one could then have observed it from the air, might have appeared as a compact built-up area—though not that much compact owing to certain ribbon developments—had no government. It was administered piecemeal by a gaggle of parish and other minor local authorities mingled with special bodies created by special Acts for special purposes.

But in 1855 something like a government of London was created in the form of the indirectly elected Metropolitan Board of Works, with responsibility for what would then, if looked at from the air, have appeared to be a compact built-up area, 'The Great Wen' to quote Cobbett's phrase. Less than fifty years later, something rather more like a government of London appeared in the form of the democratically elected London County Council. But strange to say, it inherited not only the governing powers of the old Metropolitan Board of Works (shared as before with minor local authorities) but the area of the old Board, which represented the size of built-up London in 1855 but was certainly quite other than the size of built-up London in 1888. But such as it was (or had been) the London of 1888 continued to be democratically governed by the L.C.C. until in 1963 the London Government Act gave us the Greater London Council, whose area corresponded more nearly to what the 'Great Wen' had become, grown great by what some might describe as the progress of civilisation. Its powers were, however, still shared with the metropolitan boroughs contained in it, many of them forcibly and incestuously married to sister boroughs with which they might feel little in common apart from proximity and common parentage under the London Government Act of 1899. So here we have a government of London, shared between the G.L.C., the Boroughs, and for certain purposes the Metropolitan Police, the Ministry of Transport, the Ministry for the Environment, the Ministry of Defence—and indeed other recipients of authority. Incidentally, it is difficult to make

a firm list of the Ministries that can meddle in the government of London, because they keep on amalgamating or dividing or changing their names.

But who in fact *does* govern London? Before attempting to answer this question let us meditate upon two conclusions that seem to take shape as one wanders round its streets.

The first is that there are many areas of dilapidated and doubtless bug-ridden houses, of warehouses, railway sidings, unused dock basins and bomb-sites, where demolition and building is called for. The more urgently, when one contemplates the number of forlorn homeless impecunious persons, though doubtless some would prefer to contemplate the number of unsatisfied American tourists and business executives in conference, unable to pay good money for accommodation in high-class hotels, because they are told that these are full up. Among such areas one might quote the considerable acreage east of the Tower Bridge where the London Docks have packed up, or the still larger acreage, on the south side, of the Surrey Docks now out of action. Soon no doubt the Victoria & Albert Docks will suffer the same fate, as London shipping moves down river to Tilbury; unless, owing to the activity (or non-activity) of our registered dockers, it moves to Rotterdam. Indeed already many of our metropolitan boroughs are dealing with the dilapidated houses and in too many cases replacing them by high rise flats. Unhappily, there seems to be a general municipal antipathy to terraces of small houses with proprietary back yards, even though these may not be seriously dilapidated and are in fact loved by those who inhabit them. But all is not lost; for east of the Tower Bridge the G.L.C. has planned an imaginative development of the London dock area, though its implementation is a slow business.

The second conclusion which emerges is that apart from post-war office blocks and hotels, there is scarcely a building in London, whether or no effectively operational, that would not offer a profitable option to a property developer who acquired, demolished and rebuilt it. And this, given our free-price economy, is a very solemn thought. It indicates danger.

One is therefore tempted to reply to the question: 'who in fact governs London?' with a three-word reply: 'private property developers'.

There are of course limitations to the overlordship of this all-powerful Mammon of material gain. But they are limited limitations. As a seventeenth century English philosopher remarked of enlightened rational self-interest, it 'leaps to its prey like a tiger chained by cobwebs'. But cobwebs may irritate and entangle the tiger's claws (incidentally there are two ways of spelling this word) so that he may pause to lick them clean or even change the direction of his leap. One cannot for instance imagine the Ministry of Works selling St. James's Park to a private buyer for development as a site for office blocks with attached luxury flats for visiting business executives. But such concern has not prevented the Ministry of Defence from redeveloping the Knightsbridge Barracks site to accommodate the Household Cavalry plus horses plus training school plus families, in a congested group of buildings crowned by Sir Basil Spence's monumental tower block, which dominates the skyline of Hyde Park and

enables one to think more tolerantly of the comparative modesty of the Hilton and Royal Lancaster Hotels.

There are of course other cobwebs. Metropolitan Boroughs sometimes provide them. There was for example the case of Thorney Court—a block of large family flats built at the beginning of this century at the eastern corner of Gloucester Road opposite the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens. A property developer acquired it, let existing leases run out, leaving it empty, unrated and deteriorating, while planning permission was sought for the building of a large hotel. But this the Borough Council refused in accordance with its policy of enough is enough as regards hotels in Kensington. The developer appealed. A tribunal was appointed which, after a valiant fight by the Council, upheld the Council's refusal. The developer was obliged to substitute plans for the building of more modern and presumably more profitable residential flats, the old family flats being now in process of demolition. Westminster City Council was less valiant in its handling of a development plan for the replacement of Queen Anne's Mansions by a characteristic masterpiece of Sir Basil Spence which will soon dominate the skyline of St. James's Park as did the brown brick fortress of Queen Anne's Mansions which it will, for better or for worse, replace.

Meanwhile, at the corner of Park Lane and Piccadilly, a group of large houses, left empty as an invitation to squatters whose temporary residence certainly did it no good, has now gone up in a cloud of dust. What will replace it? A hotel or office block? Certainly something more profitable to a developer than would have been the reconditioning of the former houses.

What further lies ahead of us? According to the *Sunday Telegraph* of February 13, 1972 considerable changes are pending in Kensington High Street. Under the title: *Property Barons Take over Kensington*, we are told that Sir Hugh Fraser, a man whose financial responsibilities are massive and multiform, has completed a property deal which promises us an outsize boutique. Immediately to the west of him Charles Clore, whose financial responsibilities are comparable with those of Sir Hugh Fraser, has bought a large site for 'development'; while still further west the Rank Organisation has acquired a site for development which includes both sides of the Earls Court Road, leaving shops at its north end empty and awaiting demolition. The Borough Council, having averted a large hotel, is at the moment fighting obstinately to prevent its overdevelopment, including an office tower block.

And so it goes on. Nobody would claim that Kensington High Street is beautiful or architecturally distinguished. Nobody would claim that Piccadilly Circus is not vulgar, or that the mess and congestion of Covent Garden Market should not be moved to a more accessible site. But why not leave Kensington High Street and Piccadilly Circus, and the buildings surrounding Covent Garden and indeed most of S.W. and W.1, alone, while many a mouldering bug-ridden slum or depressing litter-strewn waste acres remain untended? Presumably building resources are not illimitable, can we not in using them pursue a policy of 'first things

first'? The answer is: we cannot; because for interests which no government dare confront 'first things' mean private profit.

In response to this accusation the Labour Party might reply: 'not us—no; we put social welfare before private profit'. And yet its leaders are so busy pointing out the failure and mistakes of the Conservative Party that they have no time to give serious expert thought to evolving a realistic scheme for putting an effective hook in the noses of the property developers.

Where then lies hope for London—that great city so loved by its inhabitants that they desperately want to go on living in it, and so desired by thousands who don't that they will mobilise all their assets to secure meagre accommodation at inflated prices in order to do so?

Still small voices are now heard above the din of official wrangling and in despite of the advertised blandishments of the property developers. Small voices, but week by week a growing chorus of small voices: the amenity societies: the Camden Society, the Kensington Society, the Georgian Society . . . societies of private citizens organised for no private gain unless it be defence of the peace and grace of their own environment. And now, in growing numbers, streets and squares are organising for such defence, starting, it may be, with a handful of residents prepared to devote a little time to alerting their neighbours. Cobwebs no doubt, but every day more and more of them. And they may prove in due course to be a devilish nuisance to the tiger Mammon as he leaps to his prey.

AN ENGLISH JESUIT IN MOSCOW

by Francis Edwards, S.J.

MARION Crawford once wrote, if I remember rightly, that to know Rome one should stay there for four days or four years. Not long ago—from August 20 to 27, to be precise—I spent six days in Moscow. I am not at all sure what this experience qualifies one for, but it may be of some passing interest to the present readership to sample the reactions of a Jesuit at large in a city which still seems to most of us as remote as those other great centres of alien faith, Mecca and Peking.

My first impression of a city which I had never previously visited except in nightmares was that it was remarkably, or unremarkably, like most of the capitals I have visited in Western Europe, though less outwardly gay and showing some signs of a shortage of paint. Take out the specific differences left by history,—that is, in this case, the onion domes and the characteristic buildings of the Kremlin—and one could have been in the larger and sometimes drearier urban and suburban streets of Vienna or even Milan. There was no lack of traffic, including taxis and private cars in contemporary styles, and pedestrians abounded—and also bounded if they wished to stay alive. The weather was hot most of the time; indeed for the first four days positively sub-tropical. I was told it reached the 'nineties. The male of the species went about in their shirt-sleeves or tunic-shirts as in the rest of Europe in such circumstances, while no two females seemed to be wearing the same kind of dress, or even dresses from the same material. There was a notable absence of trinket and adornment, but most seemed to be wearing wrist-watches, went well shod, and there was no sign of hunger. At the same time, there were those whose outward appearance suggested plain poverty.

I was prepared to be prejudiced in favour of my reception—for one thing I was staying in a first-class hotel, the *Leningradskaya*—a relatively rare experience for Jesuits, who still usually stay in their own houses when travelling. Jesuit establishments are usually adequate for their purpose but can rarely be compared with first class hotels. For another thing, I was in Moscow as an archivist. I was attending the seventh international congress of archivists. Such a congress is held every four years. Dressed as a civilian and not in clericals, I hoped to be able to observe rather than be observed. At all events, I was fully tuned to the camaraderie which normally prevails among the members of any profession or organisation on sprees of this kind.

I was not disappointed. There can be no doubt the Russians had put a good deal of thought and effort into the arrangements. So much, in fact, that they deserved to succeed and largely did. The time-table was carefully devised and closely followed; and each participant was provided with a well-made plastic folder well stuffed with relevant literature, and the inevitable congress badge which was tastefully designed. With the temperature outside at sub-tropical levels, and the Russians queuing by

the hundred to pay their kopek for a glass of mineral water, or three kopeks for a glass of lemonade, from the automatic vendors, it was pleasant indeed to escape into the air-conditioned coolness of the Hall of Columns in the Trades Union building. This almost adjoins the *Bolshoi* in the centre of Moscow. The hall, another legacy from the Tsarist period, was brilliant in white paint, white nylon drapes and electric lustres. Here at 9.30 a.m. every morning, with remarkable punctuality, the day's conferences began. Generalising rashly on insufficient knowledge, it is likely that most assemblies of the sort treat themselves to some extent to interminable demonstrations of the obvious. Nevertheless, a system of simultaneous translation, making use of small, individual multi-channel transistors made it possible to switch from the banalities of one's own language, or the incomprehensibility of another, to something one could listen to for the sake of practice.

On the whole, one had only oneself to blame for dull moments. At 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. bus tours of the city and to various sights were laid on at no extra charge by the conference itself. In this way one could see Moscow, the Kremlin, the archives of the Lenin library, the national archives and much else. I preferred to go round the Kremlin on my own as the official tour visited only three of the six churches, or 'cathedrals' as the guides, no doubt correctly, insist on calling them. One bought a handful of six tickets for 85 kopeks at a КАССА—'c's' like 's', of course—and presented them to various old ladies about the precinct who with the indifference of long usage selected the ticket of their choice allowing admission to the building in their casual charge. I listened discreetly now and again in the rear of guides leading round French, German and English-speaking tourists respectively. Their description of the items on view, with inevitable references to Orthodox belief and practice, was altogether unobjectionable. There was no attempt to raise easy laughs at miracle-stories or otherwise guy the exhibits. Nothing, in fact, against good taste. The Muscovites and Russian visitors to the capital seemed respectful enough but hardly overawed: rather like an English crowd visiting the galleries of ecclesiastical art in the V. and A. in fact. Each building, moreover, had a 'consultant' on duty at an open table to answer questions and supply further information.

This is the proper point, perhaps, at which to say a word of praise for Muscovite behaviour generally. With no more than a few halting Russian phrases, and some knowledge of the alphabet, I found people very willing to help out. Foreigners were not stared at or regarded as anything exceptional. Moreover, one could go all over the city, certainly by day, and I should think by night, with no danger of being mugged, pursued by touts or beggars, or even pressed to buy postcards. The honesty of the people is such that there are no lockers, it seems, on the main railway stations. One puts one's luggage down, purchases one's ticket and returns to find one's property still there. One day, a tourist left a purse of money in the coach. The driver stood at the entrance of the *Leningradskaya* holding it out for the owner to recognise as we all trooped in to lunch.

On the buses one takes one's own ticket, using a very simple and primitive device for tearing off a piece of ticket from a roll and depositing the few kopeks required in the top of a perspex dome. There is nothing 'fool-proof' in the device, since it seems to be assumed—and rightly—that no one is fool enough to want to sabotage a public machine. They still have something, alas, to learn from the west!

True, the passenger has to pass the driver, but there seemed to be no rigid surveillance, at least on the bus I travelled on. Indeed, the driver saw me standing at the bus-stop struggling with my map of Moscow to see if his route would help. He obligingly called me over and asked, 'Kremla?'. Gratefully I got on and sat down. No one bothered me to pay. However, it did not take long to learn the system by direct observation and in due course I made my own contribution along with the rest. On that particular day, I walked through the city from the centre, making an unintentional detour across two bridges—Moscow streets are not well marked—to the *Novodevichi* Monastery some six miles from the city-centre. This famous spot—the 'New Maidens Monastery'—as it is somewhat quaintly translated by the guides—was built by Ivan the Terrible —known to the Russians as Ivan the Great, but often translated according to our own idiom by English-speaking guides. The monastery, like most ecclesiastical buildings in the city, had obviously been neglected for many years; but equally obviously—again like most church buildings I saw—was being carefully and effectively restored. The monastic precinct contains some half-a-dozen structures including a rather spectacular bell-tower and a central church with several domes and the largest and most splendid ikonostasis I had seen so far.

One church in the compound was still in use, or had been restored to Orthodox worship. The liturgy was to be celebrated at 5.30 p.m. that evening, and two old ladies who were cleaning the flight of stairs at the approach politely but firmly refused me access. I did not insist. How could one, in any case, without a fair knowledge of Russian? It was here I saw the only external signs of living orthodoxy—an old peasant-woman crossing herself in front of a large black marble tomb with a heavy cross. It was designed on decidedly occidental lines and not the best. There was an ikon of our Lady mounted at the foot, and adorned with a few everlasting flowers. I was told by an intourist guide on another occasion that some forty Orthodox churches are still open in Moscow, with three synagogues, and one Latin Catholic church, St. Louis, which is attached to the French Embassy.

On the last day, Saturday, I learned that five fellow-archivists—clerics likewise—from the Vatican were planning to say Mass and I asked to go with them. When the evening arrived, however, it became evident that no one seemed sure of the address. At least two were circulating, one given as *'Lubianka 12'*. On hearing this magic word, I confess my own mind boggled a little. Nevertheless, the excellent Monsignore from the Vatican, a gentleman perfectly cast as far as appearances go, for G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown, and who seemed to be leading the party, was quite certain

of himself.

The six of us divided into two groups of three for the purposes of taxi-getting, and his went off successfully in search of a vehicle. This in itself was an achievement, for the taxis in Moscow are not obliged to take passengers, and no one that I met discovered how the system worked, if system there was. Much seemed to depend on the tone of voice and habit of command of the would-be-fare, and whether the taxi-driver happened to be going in his direction or was able to call his bluff. Perhaps the zodiac and the position of the planets enter into it somewhere. At all events, when the second group of three which included myself, tried our luck with another cab, it was obvious the planets were against us. The cabby was somewhat non-plussed by '*Lubianka 12*', as well he might be, and in any case, at that moment the phone in his cabin began to ring and he went after another fare. I was frankly relieved. By this time, I was convinced, and succeeded in convincing my companions, that either the whole thing was someone's grisly jest or else a street had been badly transcribed from the Russian—something very easy to do.

The night was young, however, so we decided to reconnoitre the area, using the excellent Metro. But we did not find the Muscovites, on this occasion, any more helpful than the cab-driver, so that without any real sense of disappointment, and perhaps a feeling of relief, we decided to abandon the quest for the Grail. The more ardent faith of Galahad and his companions, meanwhile, was properly rewarded. Their taxi duly deposited them at the portals of the famous prison. Unabashed, one of the party asked the policeman on duty where the church was. Showing no sign of amusement, he jerked somewhat sourly with his thumb in the direction required. The happy trio found the church—which was in fact almost in the shadow of the prison—and duly concelebrated their Mass. They related their achievement to us later, not without proper Christian humility, but with the unmistakable something of people who have walked on water where others could only think of drowning. We felt properly snubbed.

On the subject of police and authority, I had no sense of surveillance during our stay. On the day I walked to the *Novodevichi* monastery, my detour took me along the south bank of the Moscow river where there was not a soul in sight except one or two stray pedestrians whom I overtook in the course of my walk. Once a nearby Russian at one of the conferences in the Hall of Columns stared at me pointedly and nudged his companion rather significantly, as he whispered something to him.

On another occasion I was dining alone in the restaurant when I was joined by a pleasant-mannered Japanese of about my own middle-age. He was a physicist who had just arrived from Leningrad where he had been taking part in an international conference on the theme of semi-conductors. All this I learned, of course, in the conversation which he struck up in hesitant but good enough English, evidently looking for human companionship in a city strange to him. We had been talking for about ten minutes when a young Russian came up and joined the conver-

sation without much ceremony. He asked for our views on Russian food, and talked on amicably enough but rather insistently. He found out the name of my friend and where he had come from. When he left us, my companion wondered enquiringly what he wanted? I suggested that he was merely being friendly. Not very long afterwards, the same Russian returned to our table and pressed Russian cigarettes on us. Again he indulged for a little while in polite conversation. I complimented him on his English and asked him where he had learnt it. He avoided answering this question. A few more minutes and again he left us. This time for good.

In any case, as I remember, conversation from this point was rendered impossible by a small *ensemble* over-well assisted by a very powerful amplifier. This accompanied a Russian version of the late Mae West clothed in a vivid red drape, who proceeded to bawl—or the amplifier bawled for her—what one took to be popular Russian cabaret songs. When the dinner and the entertainment were at last over, I suggested quietly to my companion that we separated lest we seemed to be part of an international plot or spy-ring. With an oriental smile he agreed, and we parted—not for ever since we happened to meet again later at the lift!

The only other ambivalent incident, such as it was, took place at 0.45 a.m. on the Saturday night before my departure. My 'phone rang for the first time that week. I answered. Dulcet female tones talked back to me in Russian. I pointed out in Russian that I was a foreigner. Something was said in Russian in reply which I did not understand, but there was evidently a desire to continue conversation. After a few seconds silence, the voice asked if I spoke German. I then went on to point out in that language—far from faultless at that hour or perhaps any other—that I supposed she had got the wrong line. And with an *'auf wiedersehen'*—it should, I take it, have been *'gutte Nacht'*—I ended the conversation. She did not insist further and rang off. A little reflection in the morning made it seeem unlikely that this was really someone mistaking the line, or a call from Reception trying to put through information. Olga, the beautiful spy? Private enterprise rearing its ugly head in the socialist paradise? Or what?

One can, perhaps, be over-suspicious. There was the story reported for true by a British resident in the city. It seems that a couple of British visitors in one of the hotels were anxious to uncover any bugging arrangements in their rooms. They went over the walls, ceilings and furnishings carefully. Finally, they came to the floor. There, sure enough, when they rolled back the carpet they found a steel plate in the floor screwed down with three bolts. There was no straightforward explanation for this piece of equipment, and so triumphantly they set to work to unscrew it. As they excitedly removed the last bolt prior to seeing what was underneath, they heard an almighty crash from below. They had detached the crystal chandelier from the ceiling in the restaurant!

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MONOPOLIES IN THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY AND THE COMMON MARKET

by Horst Schneider

THE international relationship of forces is for ever changing to the benefit of socialism, and the economy of the countries joined together in the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance is nowadays the most powerful and most dynamic system in the world. At the same time the contradictions between the main 'imperialist' countries are becoming more acute as a result of the unequal and sporadic development in capitalism. Along with the USA, Japan and the Common Market countries have emerged as the other centres of power in the imperialist world, and it is precisely the Western European capitalist states which, by further developing and expanding the Common Market, are redoubling their efforts to increase their chances of success in the struggle with their imperialist rivals. The monopolies in the Federal Republic of Germany regard the development and expansion of the Common Market as a new way of considerably increasing their influence, competitiveness and predominance still more in this community.

The Common Market, as one of the most significant associations in the system of imperialist alliances and pacts, is becoming increasingly important within the trade rivalry and struggle-for-power set-up between the main centres of world capitalism and also as an attempt by capitalist Western Europe to mass its forces against the working class and socialism. The monopolies in the FRG promote the development of the Common Market with the aim of opening up new possibilities for economic expansion and of grabbing political hegemony for themselves, aided by their economic strength. The monopolies in the FRG have gained economic superiority within the Common Market on a number of accounts.

This superiority can be clearly seen if one takes a look at the individual countries' shares in capitalist industrial production:

	1971
USA	39.7
FRG	9.9
Japan	9.9
Great Britain	7.2
France	4.8
Italy	3.6

From this it is clear that the FRG's share is more than double that of France and other Common Market countries.

This superiority also comes to light when analysing the production volume.

If one takes the gross national product of all Common Market countries as being 100, then the FRG's share is approximately 36 per cent as compared with France's 32 per cent. This point is underlined when comparing the production of selected commodities.

Production of selected commodities (1970 Common Market = 100)

	FRG	France	Italy
Hard coal	65.2	23.7	0.2
Electricity	42.4	24.6	20.5
Crude steel	42.2	21.0	15.3
Automobiles	46.6	27.9	20.6

The possibilities which exist for the FRG monopolies to increase their superiority are not least of all the result of growth in the FRG economy during the past years at a rate much quicker than that experienced by its main competitor countries in Western Europe.

Industrial production growth rates in selected capitalist countries

	Annual average 1961-1970	1970	1971
FRG	5.8	6.3	2
Great Britain	2.7	0.8	1
France	5.7	7.0	5
Italy	6.9	7.1	−3

The rate of growth of the monopolies in the FRG exceeded that of those in the USA, Great Britain and France. Although the comparison with France shows that imperialism in the FRG is finding it increasingly difficult to enlarge tangibly its influence by 'traditional' means, several other important factors attain even greater importance.

One of these, for example, is the significant amount of FRG foreign trade within the capitalist trade system as a whole. In 1970 FRG exports totalled 34,189 million dollars, of which goods to the value of 13,727 million dollars went to Common Market countries and goods to the value of 3,124 million dollars found their way to the USA. In the same year France's exports amounted to 17,940 million dollars—8,665 million being accounted for by trade with the Common Market states and 955 million dollars by trade with the USA.

In 1970 Great Britain exported goods to the value of 19,351 million dollars—4,209 million dollars accounted for by exports to Common Market countries and 2,258 million dollars by exports to the USA. These figures clearly show that the FRG is the country in capitalist Western Europe with the largest volume of exports and that the European capitalist countries constitute by far the most important market for the FRG monopolies. At the same time the FRG's foreign trade with the USA totals considerably more than France's with the USA—one reason for the efforts of the FRG monopolies to especially defend the alliance with the USA in the economic and political field, even sometimes against France.

The battle for the dominant position in the Common Market and in the capitalist world as a whole is being increasingly fought out within the framework of the capitalist monetary system. The chronic crisis affecting the capitalist monetary system is inseparably linked with the weakening of the dollar and of the pound sterling which regularly plunge into crisis after crisis. The strong position of FRG imperialism as regards competition and power are reflected in, among other things, the accumulation of large

monetary reserves by the *Bundesbank*. At the end of the final quarter of 1971 the official monetary reserves stood as follows:

FRG	17,700 million dollars
France	7,300 million dollars
Italy	6,800 million dollars
Great Britain	6,600 million dollars
USA	13,700 million dollars

These figures are proof of the strong competitive position of the FRG monopolies. They also reveal the relative stability of the West German mark as compared with that of other imperialist currencies. Although the inflation rate in the FRG has increased considerably in the past few years the value of other imperialist currencies has decreased even more rapidly.

Development of consumer prices in selected capitalist countries (1963=100)

	USA	Japan	Great Britain	FRG	France	Italy
1969	120	134	127	116	124	122
1970	127	144	135	121	131	128
1971	132	152	148	126	137	133

Thus from this position—more powerful than that of the other main capitalist countries—the FRG has been able in the past few years to make large increases in its capital exports with the aim of gaining a powerful economic position for itself in other countries.

In 1971 the private direct investments made by FRG monopolies reached a total of 21,000 million marks, and the economic and political objectives of FRG imperialism are shown by the way in which its capital exports are distributed.

Of these 21,000 million marks, 12,000 million were invested in Europe, 5,600 million of them in the Common Market countries, 7,100 million in the USA, 1,200 million in Africa and 700 million in Asia.

Below is a list of the industrial branches involved in capital export ordered according to the amount of capital exported:

Chemical industry	5,700 million marks
Electrical engineering	2,500 million marks
Vehicle construction	2,000 million marks
Coal, crude oil, gas	1,600 million marks
Mechanical engineering	1,500 million marks
Iron, steel	1,400 million marks

The direction, scope and structure of these capital exports are linked with the fact that in the fight for markets and a dominant position the monopolies in the FRG are able to utilise their higher degree of concentration and centralisation of production and capital to tip the scales in their favour.

Among the 50 largest capitalist industrial concerns outside the USA were the following:

FRG	13 concerns
France	9 concerns
Great Britain	9 concerns
Italy	3 concerns

The main FRG monopolies included here are the *Badische Anilin und*

Soda-Fabrik (BASF), the *Farbwerke Hoechst*, the *Farbenfabriken Bayer*, the *Volkswagen* company, the *Siemens* and *AEG-Telefunken* companies as well as several steel concerns. It is these concerns that realise a growing share of their turnover on the foreign markets and it is they, therefore, who are mainly interested in penetrating and expanding foreign markets. The share of turnover made by *Bayer* in foreign markets amounts to 62 per cent, and for *Hoechst* and *BASF* this figure comes to at least 50 per cent. The *AEG-Telefunken* concern is a typical example showing the scope and direction of expansion by the large monopolies. In 1971 this concern was represented on the world market in 190 different countries, and it has its own manufacturing and marketing corporations in 32 countries.

	Manufacturing corporations	**Marketing corporations**
Europe	9	32
Africa	1	1
America	5	11
Asia and Australia	1	6

This table clearly shows that all expansion measures are concentrated on capitalist Europe, and this is underlined by the fact that of its 20,600 employees abroad 14,000 are to be found in Western Europe and 6,600 overseas.

These few facts prove that the monopolies in the FRG have been able to make use of the Common Market and its development in order to expand their own economic position of power and to attain hegemony in a large number of fields. The efforts undertaken up to now by all FRG governments to develop the Common Market into a political community are not only aimed at obtaining further improvements for the battle for economic power. They are aimed, in the main, at obtaining a more powerful position of political dominance for the FRG, which sees in its economic strength the foundation and justification for this. After all, now that the Common Market has been extended to cover 9 states it could constitute a market of nearly 253 million people (USA 205.4 million), its gross national product (going by those of the 9 states in 1970) would total approximately 637,000 million dollars (USA—933,300 million), its share of capitalist world imports would be 41 per cent and its share of capitalist world exports would increase to 41.2 per cent (USA—13.7 and 15.5 per cent respectively).

Extension of the Common Market, however, would not change its character but would first and foremost only increase the dangers arising from competitive rivalry and the struggle for power between the three main imperialist groupings.

JOHANN PETER HEBEL

by F. Cronheim

JOHANN PETER HEBEL (1760-1826) was a rustic poet from the south-west corner of Germany, an incomparable story teller and an enchanting letter writer. He also was that rare thing among German preceptors, theologians and literati, a wit, a genuine humorist. He published his short stories as the editor of an almanac, interspersed with informative articles and charades, with essays on the Universe, the planets, the seasons and their crops, on comets, snakes and spiders and on important events, past or present. He was in fact the first leader writer. His ear was close to the earth and its dwellers, to peasant and journeyman whose native dialect he spoke and ennobled. Yet he attained high office and honours as a member of the Protestant synod, as preacher and educationalist and councillor at a small German court.

He spent most of his life at Karlsruhe where he had exiled himself from his beloved 'Oberland', that beautiful triangle of the Rhine, north of Basle. For this land and its people he had a passionate love and an invincible yearning, the main spring of his creative work and the inspiration of his finest letters. In these he appears as a lover and friend, full-blooded, warm-hearted, witty and wise. His poems, epistles and short stories are only different expressions of his rich humanity. The letters to Gustave Fecht and later to Sophie Haufe or to his country parson friends such as W. F. Hitzig reveal as much of the essential Hebel and were written with the same verve.

Hebel is not part of the main stream of German letters. His affinities were with the idyllic Voss, translator of Homer, pietistic Jung Stilling and most of all with the rapturous (and bizarre) Jean Paul rather than with the Weimar Olympians. In the two volumes of his letters the names of Goethe and Schiller occur only three times and without marked enthusiasm. He would have preferred Voss to review his *Alemannische Gedichte,* though Goethe did them justice in the *Jenaische Literatur Zeitung* of 1804.

Hebel knew his limitations, he was no poet-king on the grand classical scale, no Faustian seeker of symbols valid for all mankind. But he was a brilliant writer of pungent and dramatic tales; a born teacher and moralist, he spoke to simple people in homely images and allegories, grown out of their own everyday lives, and he had the poetic gift of personification. He gave to sun, moon and stars, to the seasons of the year, to animals and rivers a human voice and form. 'Man is still haunted by spirits, guarded by angels, tempted by devils. As a Christian he is for ever aware of the transience of life and a better world to come. . . .'

Hebel combined a sense of order, measure and goodness with gaiety and *joie de vivre,* and his moral conscience is tempered by an impish humour as well as by sustained emotion. Goethe acknowledged in the *Alemannische Gedichte* Hebel's provincial enrichment of the German language,

his firm hold on reality and graceful manner. The homely dialect, spoken between Baden and Switzerland, of medieval roots and peasant strength, was here raised to the level of poetry. Walter von der Vogelweide was the direct ancestor of Hebel's enchanting lingua volgare.

In all his utterances in verse or prose the whole man is projected: upright, steadfast, sincere, kindly, seething with ideas, sentiments, fantasies and sweet reasonableness. He lived at the age of enlightenment and his logic is inexorable, his psychology shrewd. Some of his poetry is didactic. The Christian virtues are upheld as against sloth, dishonesty, drunkenness, gambling. But such strictures do not encroach upon the poetic imagination. Enjoyment of life, of nature's wonders and a healthy *yes* to the senses are never denied. In a famous letter he equates the elation experienced in church with that of a happy spring day spent out of doors. He can feel equally good on a Sunday morning in the garden of an inn with a glass of wine before him, 'listening to the chimes of bells and the humming of bees and reading Jean Paul'. Often he meditates upon death and the passing of all things with the peasant's acceptance of the cycle of life. Hebel's is not a heroic muse; but by his sympathy and participation he makes small things and simple people lovable. His is the art of the miniaturist.

The first edition of Hebel's poems appeared in 1803, that of his short stories, *Das Schatzkästlein* or *Treasure Casket* in 1811. It was a selection from his contributions to the annual almanac *Badische Landeskalender* which he edited between 1807-1814. It is the book by which he gained universal renown. It has a strong local flavour, but a far greater variety of contents and actors: tramps, rogues, simpletons, soldiers, poor wretches and greathearted benefactors. It consists of jests, ghost stories, tales of trickery or of violence, natural disasters and moralities. Sending a copy to his godchild, Hebel hoped it would make her merry and good (*lustig und fromm*). Brevity, precision, a tense dramatic narrative and often a hilarious *dénouement* are the constituents of his style. Not all the stories are Hebel's invention. Modestly he claims only their outward form. But never have content and form been more of a piece, nor the identity of the creator more obvious, even when he draws on common lore or well-known anecdotes. More often than not human troubles and discords are happily — or sometimes painfully — resolved; vice punished and guileless innocence rewarded. Good-humoured rogues and vagabonds, together with their skill and daring, are among Hebel's favourite subjects. But the scope of the *Schatzkästlein* cannot be circumscribed. It is as varied as the human heart. Hebel sought the basic qualities of man in the lowly rather than the great and says in a letter dated 1810: 'I spent the evening in the beer-cellar with the coachmen and lackeys of the counts and barons with whom I had sat down to lunch at noon.' That liberal and innate love of the people, natural and unspoilt by social conventions, is one of Hebel's distinctive qualities.

Hebel wrote his letters as he penned his stories or his poems. His integrity, his high spirits, his humour and his power to love radiate from every page. His creativity never seems to flag. His two volumes of col-

lected letters are a literary land-mark as much as a human document. He coined the basic formula for the 'gentle art' as being 'prompted solely by the desire for contact with absent friends.' These friends, scattered mainly in various country parsonages on the Upper Rhine, were his invisible family, for ever present in his thoughts, though he visited them only rarely and later on not at all. Moreover, the landscape of the Black Forest and the cities of Basle, Freiburg and Strasbourg were the cause of his intensely felt and constantly voiced nostalgia, the romantic dreamland of his youth. Hebel's letters reflect his moods with incomparable directness, puckish, enthusiastic or melancholy, his busy professional and social life, the growing-pains of his literary work, his religious convictions and his exhilarating conversation. They share with his literary prose the concentration and ready wit, the delight in verbal play and eccentricity. For all his human warmth and *cortesia del cuore* Hebel possessed formidable intellectual powers, and though he may write in the lyrical vein of Jean Paul, his judgement of clerical colleagues or public figures was keen and penetrating. He defined a fellow clergyman as 'an instrument of great sensuality combined with moral resonance. He devours a *pâté de foie gras* and much Burgundy with the same intense relish and sincerity with which he is waiting for the Kingdom of God. . . .'

Hebel lived through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic era. Vivid and detailed descriptions of the French incursions across the Rhine and of the Austrian attempt to contain them fill his early letters. Yet he was too closely involved in local tribulations to give an overall view of events. Nor was he of a speculative disposition. The rising star of Napoleon did not coalesce for him into Hegel's *Weltseele* or assume the proportions of Goethe's demi-god. Hebel was more concerned with the fate of his friends living near the theatres of war. But between 1807-14 he surveyed world events in his almanac and Napoleon's irresistible and self-renewing progress through a divided Europe. Hebel's descriptions of the battle of Leipzig or the burning of Moscow are pages of great compassion and dramatic suspense. He admired Napoleon's proverbial speed, his omnipresence and his strategy of surprise. As Baden belonged to the Rhine League, siding with the French, he could speak his mind only by innuendo. For his heart was with the Germans and he wore the tricorne hat 'not by conviction, but mischievously or indignantly, for prudence sake, or because it was the fashion and looked distinguished'.

When Napoleon fell, large parts of Europe broke away from France like great blocks of ice from the shore at the sudden thawing of spring. Primarily Hebel was not a political being, except in the domestic affairs of his little duchy. As a friend of the people, he was averse to the emotions of hero-worship. When all Karlsruhe was preparing to receive the Emperor, Hebel preferred to watch from the distance. 'There are conditions when great gentlemen avoid each other' he wrote ironically and noted that the guests at the court theatre chose to wait upon a celebrated actress rather than the arrival of the hero. In the event Napoleon did not turn up. In 1814 in a letter to Hitzig about Austrian diplomacy which

after Napoleon's defeat left France undiminished for fear that Prussia might gain and upset the balance of power, Hebel burst out savagely and unexpectedly: 'Have they fought for truth and liberty, for honour and revenge, or was it a great game of chess? How did the war justify the name of 'holy' which one party claimed for it? . . . Do you not realise that a great tragedy has been played out (if indeed it has), and that a farce has taken its place?'

The great events of his time did not pass him by; nor did they uproot his sheltered existence. Eventually, even nature ceases to lure him. Then, he wrote about his city, its streets and people, children playing on doorsteps, smoke rising from chimneys, a whiff of roasting coffee in his nostrils, the sound of a piano mingling with human voices. Despite this shift in subject matter his exuberant vitality prevailed. Around fifty he was still young enough to experience one of the stormiest passions of his life for a great actress of the day, Mme. Hendel-Schütz. Glowing descriptions of her to his friends and a prolonged correspondence ensued. She was a *tragédienne* in the grand style and created a special genre of *tableaux vivants* of classical figures. She returned Hebel's affection and recited his poetry before the court and also spread his fame abroad. When this enchantress married her fourth husband, Hebel was deeply affected, though he made light of it. Honours in church and state, the resounding popular acclaim of his literary work and above all the garland of friends which grew year by year made Hebel's life singularly happy and fulfilled.

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THE NILE REVIEWED

by Ingrid Cranfield

FOR many centuries, interest in the sources of the Nile has, tide-like, ebbed and flowed. Explorers and writers come and go, but the Nile, it seems, goes on for ever. Public interest has been stimulated recently by the television series illustrating the aims and rivalries involved in the 'search for the Nile'. Most of the attention given to the subject, particularly in recent years, has been concentrated on the personalities involved rather than on the geographical question of the location of the river's source or sources. Drama survives the centuries, accuracy weathers less well.

It is interesting to speculate on the reasons why confusion has persisted in the matter of such factual information. The mere question of source as against sources is a vexed one. The issue has been muddled by a failure on the part of nearly all writers and explorers to specify which of these two alternative lines of thinking they propose to adopt. The burden of the typical argument runs: 'the Nile must be considered to have several sources; nevertheless there is a true source, which is at point X'. The explorers, among whom John H. Speke and Dr. Oskar Baumann figure prominently, generally had their own particular axe of discovery to grind: that is to say, the point X was usually the point which they themselves had first reached. Historical commentators tend to skate lightly on the subject for fear of plunging into the deep waters of scientific accuracy. Alan Moorehead in *The White Nile,* for instance, while almost agreeing with Sir Richard Burton that the Nile may originate in the mountains to the northeast of Lake Tanganyika, but still preferring to plump for the Ripon Falls, at the north exit of Lake Victoria, does concede that by any fine definition the Nile must be taken to be 'Jove-descended'. By this token, any point on the ground at which water collects that ultimately flows into the Nile must be a source of the river. In other words, implicit in Moorehead's thinking is an argument for multiple sources. At the same time, the source he names is defined as the one which 'for ordinary purposes it would seem sensible to accept'. What are 'ordinary purposes' and how does one set about being 'sensible' about them?

The hydrologist Dr. H. E. Hurst, whose written work on the Nile and its tributaries spans many decades, considers a correct source to be 'not a very profitable question to discuss as there are many sources'. The 'many sources' which he considers to be valid contenders are all branches of the Kagera River, Lake Victoria's main feeder. His evidence, however, points not to the Kagera specifically but to the whole Lake Victoria Basin as the main reservoir for the Nile's water. Dr. Hurst also minimises the importance of the Kagera. Is there an assumption here that it is 'sensible' to look to the entire Lake Victoria Basin as the prime source?

It does seem, then, that 'ordinary purposes' have something to do with the clarification of conflicting attitudes and the definition of 'source' so

that the achievements of explorers and all subsequent thinking on the subject can be tied neatly to particular points on the ground and held together by particular threads of argument. The emphasis is on the word 'neatly'. Profitable or not, there is much to be said for investigating the question: ignoring it merely leads to confusion. There is widespread knowledge amongst geographers that the Kagera headwaters form the sources of the Nile. There is also widespread common belief (encouraged recently by the television series already mentioned) that Lake Victoria is itself the source, in that it is the reservoir from which the Nile derives its impetus for its northward journey to the Mediterranean. Amongst the former group, however, there must be few geographers who will venture to specify which of the Kagera's headwaters form its—and therefore the Nile's—source or sources.

One reason for this is that, as Dr. Hurst wrote as late as 1952, 'measurement . . . in these remote places is difficult unless permanent sites with suitable boats and tackle can be established'. Attempts at exploration were also hampered by the prevalence of swamps and by threats from wild animals (e.g. the hippopotamus) and natives. On the other hand, many of the connecting pieces in the jigsaw of discovery were derived by explorers from native reports. Speke relied heavily on these despite misgivings about their validity. Burton, too, made much of native beliefs: in his *The Nile Basin* he raised five objections to the 'settlement' of the Nile question which Speke offered, most of them based on erroneous hearsay. Most explorers, however, far from hacking their way through jungle, followed relatively well-trodden native paths. In this way, although the Nile-seekers had their going physically eased to a certain extent, the verbal information which they acquired with equal ease was not always helpful.

Further shadows have been cast across the issue by controversy and counter-claims. Prime amongst these was the Speke-Burton case, in which Burton, plunging himself into exaggerated academic scepticism and a vilification of Speke's reliability, proposed quite fanciful solutions to the Nile problem. Speke, largely on the defensive, clung fast to his contention that Lake Victoria (or its southern portion, the Ukerewe Sea, to be exact) was the Nile's source and that no other source could be reasonably allowable. Speke's reports of his travels make mention of the Kagera without giving it due importance. He acknowledged (in 1864) that 'the volume of water . . . looked as large as that of the Nile; but then the one was a slow river and the other swift, and on this account I could form no adequate judgement of their relative values'. Nor did he try very hard, perhaps because of insufficient geographical experience, or through a stubborn defence of his own discovery.

But the Kagera is, as Speke himself said, a 'noble river' and it is to the Kagera that one must look if one is seeking the complete answer to the problem of the Nile's sources. On the question of sources (as opposed to source) it seems a defensible argument that in the case of a river such as this, a river which by reason of its length, seasonality, shape and situation fails to conform to a simple drainage pattern, there is little alter-

native but to accept that the river's water derives from more than one source. Certainly, it is upon flowing out of Lake Victoria that the Nile confines itself to the recognisable channel which it then retains for the rest of its course. But the evidence to support Lake Victoria's claim to be the real source is imperfect. The rain falling directly on its surface 'is practically equal to the evaporation from the lake, while the outflow from the lake into the Nile . . . is roughly equal to the water which drains off the land area of the Lake Victoria Basin' (Hurst). This statement does not, however, take adequate account of the Kagera. The river's volume underlines its significance. Speke, while purporting to be unable to compare the Nile with the Kagera (see his comment above), nonetheless reported to the Royal Geographical Society in 1863 that the Kagera's velocity is 'about four miles an hour, which appears equal to the Nile itself' at the Ripon Falls. A third pointer towards the Kagera is that, as Sir Harry Johnston tells us (in *The Nile Quest*), a 'distinctly observable current' flows across the lake between the entrance of the Kagera and the exit of the Nile.

Having said this about the Kagera's significance, one may then consider which of its headwaters are especially important. One source which might merit respect is that which the indigenous people recognise and treat as a sacred place. If we are to believe Dr. Baumann, an Austrian who explored the area with his Masai Expedition of the German Anti-Slavery Committee in 1892, the sacred source lies (from his description, his map being inaccurate) at the headwaters of the Ruvuvu, one of the Kagera's large tributaries. Indeed, he says, the river even at this remote site was called Kagera by the natives. This was evidently proof positive for him, hence his claim to be the true discoverer of the Nile's source. Unfortunately, by any geographical definition, and there are many, this spot could have no claim to be a primary source. It is neither the head of the longest tributary, nor of the southernmost, nor is it the highest in altitude, nor the source of the stream having the largest discharge. The source which meets both the first and the fourth of these conditions is the head of the River Lukarara, tributary of the Nyawarungu, which flows into the Kagera. This source, discovered by Dr. Richard Kandt in 1898 (see his *Caput Nili*: *Empfindsame Reise zu den Quellen des Nils*), may well be considered by many to be the true *fons et origo* of the Nile. E.-J. Devroey's excellent article, *Les vraies sources du Nil* (Bull. Soc. Roy. Géog. d'Anvers, LXIV, 1950) puts names also to the southernmost source (Luvironza River headwaters) and the highest (source of the Lubyero River).

Work carried out on the headwaters of other major rivers illustrates the differences in approach which are possible. Recent investigation of the Amazon and its tributaries came to the conclusion that a single true source was determinable and that this should be taken to be the head of that river whose waters provide the largest inflow into the main Amazon and in the most direct east-west line. There is a flexibility of nature which, regrettably, is often unmatched by a flexibility in human nature, especially where prestige is at stake.

Dr. Baumann's work, *Durch Massailand zur Nilquelle,* gives examples of another of the major problems which has until recently hampered the acquisition of knowledge and the formulation of opinion, namely the seasonality and irregularity of the flow of water. According to him, H. M. Stanley reported in the rainiest season in 1875 that the width of the Kagera at its entrance into Lake Victoria was about 45 metres. Speke and Burton, however, were told by Sheikh Snay of Tabora in 1857 that 'the breadth of the river is very great . . . some 5 to 6 hundred yards . . .'. Baumann pointed out also that the rivers in the area were capable of quadrupling their volume in the rainy season. Papyrus growth and flood waters' marks testified to this.

Dr. Baumann's narrative further highlights an associated question of interest, that is, the nature and location of the Mountains of the Moon. Postulated in Ptolemaic times, these mountains have shared in the confusion and the treasure-seeking of the ages, just as did the waters of the Nile to which they supposedly gave rise. In fact, the name Mountains of the Moon now applies to a range of mountains near, but not directly associated with, the Nile headwaters. Baumann felt his claim vindicated by his discovery that the natives who lived by the Ruvuvu headwaters called the area *Missosi ya Mwesi,* which translated as 'moon mountains'. Wishful thinking may have had something to do with Baumann's interpretation. Further doubt is cast upon the link between the range, the river—and the moon—by the statement (in Paul Fénelon's *La Découverte des Sources du Nil,* Géographia, No. 65, February, 1957) that Ptolemy's Chamir (or Moon) Mountains may have been confused in name with the Arabic word *quamar,* meaning 'moon'. The map which accompanied Burton's *The Nile Basin* showed the Mountains of the Moon far to the southeast of their true location, that is, east of what he referred to as the 'so-called' Lake Victoria, for its existence he refused to acknowledge.

His mistaken assertions aside, Burton's phrase, the 'coy sources' of the Nile, lingers on with peculiar aptness. This discussion of the social, physical and personal conditions which have accompanied the search for the Nile may go some way towards explaining why it is that the river has for so long remained a matter for debate and puzzlement.

AMBROSE REEVES: PRELATE, RECONCILER, REVOLUTIONARY

by John S. Peart-Binns

IN any decade of any country's history you will encounter the unmistakable and pervasive presence of one or two individuals who shaped it, gave it purpose or swam against the tide or who were prophetic or revolutionary figures of their time. South Africa is no exception!

At the time of the D'Oliviera affair in 1968 the Nationalist newspaper, *Die Transvaler*, printed a cartoon of a set of cricket stumps and bails, all tied up with a spider's web. In the centre of the web was a spider with metal framed glasses and big ears—and no name. The inference was obvious. The remarkable point however was that the 'spider', which needed no name tag, had been deported from South Africa eight years previously but had since become part of a strong folk mythology in the country—a figure on which to lavish admiration or to spit venom according to your conviction. The subject of the cartoon was Ambrose Reeves, formerly Bishop of Johannesburg.

One does not usually expect to find revolutionary figures in the Anglican Church's portals and certainly not in its hierarchy. Prophetic figures emerge from time to time. Revolutionary figures are rare almost to the point of extinction. Ambrose Reeves is both. A Church of the *via media* seems to comprehend an amazing number of apparent incompatibles and yet to distrust those who 'rock the boat'. For Bishop Reeves the *via media* became a *via dolorosa* leading him away from dear and familiar regions into a country unknown and unsafe. His arrival in South Africa in 1949 from the industrial seaport parish of Liverpool coincided very nearly with the coming to power of Dr. Malan's Nationalist Party; his departure in 1960 with Sharpeville, a watershed in South Africa's history.

It did not take Bishop Reeves long to realise that the agenda of the new Government prohibited the free play of humanity in its agents and in its victims. Apartheid was creeping paralysis for the non-whites. He did not, however, as some critics with short memories suggest, launch into vociferous attacks on government policies as soon as his feet touched African soil. (Indeed in searching self-criticism now he reproaches himself for waiting too long before he acted.) When he arrived he spent a considerable amount of time collecting facts, gathering evidence, sifting, studying and reflecting before coming to a conclusion. Once the conclusion had been reached he acted and then little or nothing could deflect him from his course of action.

In this country we have become so accustomed to denouncing apartheid or hearing it denounced or demonstrated against in generalised terms, that it is easy to be forgetful that there are those within South Africa who have worked, and still are working, in practical ways for a change in the appalling and cynical policies of the Government and some people for the demise of that Government. In an age when perspiration is mistaken

for inspiration, enthusiasm outruns knowledge; and slick slogans and sickening jargon replace thought and action, it is both tonic and purgative to look at how one man followed his conscience and did his duty in South Africa.

There were some occasions when Bishop Reeves was in a minority of one in the Anglican Church in the Province of South Africa. Bantu education is a good example. The Bantu Education Act of 1953 established a separate system of education for African children. By it, missions and churches were given the option of transferring their schools to the Department of Native Affairs (compensation being paid for buildings and plant transferred) or retaining the schools and receiving less financial aid. Naturally if the schools were retained they would as hitherto have had to follow the syllabuses laid down by the State. They would also have had to draw their teachers from the Department's training colleges. Only *private* schools which were financed entirely by churches and missions would be permitted to train or appoint their own teachers and follow their own syllabuses.

The Diocese of Johannesburg had 47 mission schools attended by 12,987 children of whom 35.73% were Anglicans. These, like the overwhelming majority of native schools throughout the Union, were aided mission schools of varying types.

Under the Act a system of 'double sessions' was to be introduced in Sub-standards (7-12 year-olds), thereby increasing the number of children at school. The 'double session' system meant one group of enrolled children attending from 8.00 a.m. to 11.05 a.m. and another group from 11.05 a.m. to 2.00 p.m. including a fifteen minute recess. Time tended to confirm the view that more children received less education. This may have suited the white State which did not *think* it knew what was best for the black Africans: it was *sure* that it knew what was best for them! Thus, the administrative aspects of the Act could not be divorced from its purpose. Nowhere are the aims less obscure than in the statement made by Dr. H. F. Verwoerd (then Minister of Native Affairs) in the Senate of the Parliament of the Union on 7 June, 1954. A few extracts indicate both intention and determination:

> The general aims of the Bantu Education Act are to transform education *for* natives into *Bantu* education, to transform a service which benefits only a section of the Bantu population and consequently results in alienation and division within the community, into a general service which will help in the development of the Bantu community as a whole.... A Bantu pupil must obtain knowledge, skills and attitudes in the school which will be useful and advantageous to him and at the same time beneficial to the community.... The school must equip him to meet demands which the economic life of South Africa will impose upon him.... The Bantu teacher must be integrated as an active agent in the process of the development of the Bantu community. He must not learn to feel above his community, with a consequent desire to become integrated into the life of the European community. He becomes frustrated and rebellious when this does not take place, and he tries to make his community dissatisfied because of such misdirected ambitions which are alien to his people.

The churches were given twelve months, from July 1954, to come to a

decision regarding transfer to the State. Any mission school retaining its independence would receive a grant not exceeding 50% of the salaries paid. State-aided schools could exist only at the pleasure of the Minister and under his conditions.

It was clear to Bishop Reeves that 'Bantu education has been devised in order to assign a place of permanent inferiority to the African, and is of such a nature that it vitiates the principles of true education, providing as it does teaching for a predetermined status in life. Such a form is, I believe, morally indefensible'. Fellow-bishops supported the view, but unlike Bishop Reeves dithered and differed as to the stand that should be taken. As usual Bishop Reeves was decisive. He had been studying the position carefully and had hoped that all Anglican dioceses in the Province would take a firm and uniform line. The bishops met in November. With one exception they agreed to lease school buildings to the government. The exception was Bishop Reeves who took a solitary stand. He communicated his decision to the Diocese on 15 November, 1954 and on the same day wrote to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York saying, *inter alia*:

> After considering most carefully the views expressed during our (the bishops') discussions, I found myself unable in conscience to agree with a proposal to lease our school buildings to the government. It is my conviction that if a proposed system of education is morally indefensible, the Church has no right to assist the authorities in carrying out their plans however remotely or indirectly. For some time past I have been deeply disturbed by the tendency of the secular authorities in South Africa to exercise ever greater control over the lives of our citizens. It has become increasingly clear to me that the point may be reached when the Church will have to make it plain beyond all doubt that it will no longer acquiesce in this continued and persistent encroachment on human life and liberty. I believe that the way in which this Act is being implemented shows that this point has now been reached, and that the Church must let its members, the African people, the government, and the whole civilised world know by its actions no less than by its words exactly where the church stands on this matter. Hence my decision to close the schools under our control on the date (April 1st, 1955) on which the government plans to take over all mission schools.

And the schools did close. In their place Bishop Reeves opened Church Family Centres in ten mission districts with twenty full-time paid African workers. These centres were not an attempt to run schools under another name. They were run very much like community centres in European areas, providing out-of-school activities and various forms of leisure-time pursuits for children who were either not in school or who went to the centres after school hours. The majority of money to support them and pay staff came from overseas. The vision was right but in the end the centres failed through lack of funds and a certain amount of opposition from his own Diocese.

An example of Ambrose Reeves as reconciler is found in his intervention in the notorious Bus Boycott of 1957, in Johannesburg and elsewhere. Towards the end of 1955 the Public Utility Transport Corporation (Putco) raised by one penny the cost of fares payable during weekends and on public holidays. During December 1956 it was announced that the weekday

fares would increase on certain routes. These increases were prohibitive for Africans living in townships, nine, ten or eleven miles from their work. Some Africans were employed in graded posts but far larger numbers were employed as unskilled workers at wage rates which were quite inadequate. The rising level of prices outclassed the rising level of wages and the undermentioned figures are significantly depressing.

	1950	1954
Minimum family expenditure	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
necessary for health	17 14 4	23 10 4
Average family income	12 16 6	15 18 11
Monthly deficit	4 17 10	7 11 5

Action committees were formed in many African townships and appeals made to the appropriate Road Transportation Board against the decision to increase the bus fares. The appeals were subsequently lost.

As from 7 January, 1957 the Africans decided to boycott the buses. The response was nigh on one hundred per cent. From about 3.00-4.00 a.m. each day streams of Africans began the long trudge into town. The Government regarded the boycott as a political movement and was determined to break it. But the boycott was spreading and some twenty thousand Africans in areas where the fares had not been increased joined in the boycott as a measure of sympathy. The police were active in carrying out raids in townships and municipal hostels where men were sleeping illegally to avoid having to walk all the way to their own township. Taxi and lorry drivers were questioned and their vehicles scrutinized for unauthorised passengers. Naturally the Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce became alarmed at the prospect of a complete stoppage and, after negotiations, came forward when the boycott had continued for six weeks with £25,000 from its members and a scheme by which the passengers would be refunded with their penny at the end of the journey.

The boycott committee met. A majority agreed to put the proposals to the townships but from five thousand people came the shout *Azikhwelwa*— We shall not ride! The boycotters walked into their third month with a determination which was at once more stubborn and more dangerous. Bishop Reeves was one of the few Europeans trusted by the Africans. He had been working behind the scenes for some time. He was in and out of the African townships, the Putco offices and the Chamber of Commerce working by stealth, making progress slowly but certainly. The situation was delicate and there were many flashpoints. Some Africans were suggesting, if not agitating for, a General Strike.

Bishop Reeves was amazingly well informed by agent, underground, grape-vine and 'tip-off'. During the boycott he received information that a large posse of police intended forcing Africans on to the buses at the point of guns. Bloodshed and violence was a certain result. At 2.30 one morning an influential Johannesburg citizen was telephoned by Bishop Reeves and asked to accompany him to Alexandra Township. That person writes:

> Needless to say my knees were knocking together as would be easily understood by a South African White going into Alexandra Township under these conditions. But Bishop Reeves displayed no fear or hesitation whatever. We went from home to home knocking on the doors of those leaders on whom Bishop Reeves could depend for moderation, and the Bishop used his very considerable influence to ensure that in the event of the worst happening, there would be a strong segment of opinion which would attempt to keep the residents obedient to an authority which they could not safely defy. The work went on through the morning.

In the event no incident took place. Sanity had prevailed among the authorities.

All this time Bishop Reeves was seeking a reconciling formula. He was good at sweeping away accumulated dust, bitterness and rancour and was quick to see what were the basic issues of a given crisis. Here the reason for the boycott was mainly economic. The Africans walked because they were poor. Eventually Bishop Reeves was instrumental in finding agreement. The buses reappeared and at the termini Africans wearing cap bands marked 'Chamber of Commerce Coupon Scheme' sold coupons for 4d. entitling people to a 5d ride. By about April 15 the Boycott was over. The position was temporary but following the Native Transport Services Act, which was taken through all stages in the Assembly on 4 June, 1957, Putco reverted to pre-boycott fares.

For a person to be both reconciler and revolutionary appears to be contradictory. But it need not be so. The longer Bishop Reeves remained in South Africa the more roads of discontent with the segregating policies of the Government seemed to lead to Bishop's House. The Government, and in particular the secret police, were clearly unnerved by this. Outwardly it was neither strange nor sinister that a constant procession of persons were in and out of a bishop's home. But when the home was that of Bishop Reeves and many members of the procession were known marxists, agitators and rebels as well as distinguished advocates and town officials, the authorities were intelligent enough to realise that more than religious instruction was taking place. Words which Shakespeare put into the mouth of Junius Brutus in *Coriolanus* were often in the minds and on the lips of Bishop Reeves' enemies of which there was a growing number.

> We'll hear no more.
> Pursue him to his house and pluck him thence;
> Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
> Spread further.

Yet this was the one thing the Government dare not do for they knew—rightly—that it would have been the trigger for active rebellion. So they kept watch, tapped the telephone and followed none too discreetly those who called on the Bishop. He knew what he was doing and could be as devious as the secret police were clever. A meeting may take place on the verandah or walking round the garden. A disinterested spectator could be forgiven for thinking that it was little more than tea, buns and ecclesiastical chatter with the Bishop—a scene of Trollopian innocence. What in fact

was happening was that key people, members of organisations and others could meet openly. This had been going on for some time.

In 1959 a Committee of 14 organisations, political, trades union, welfare and study groups, was formed under Bishop Reeves' chairmanship. This was a very useful forum for debate, discussion and pooling information. As chairman, Bishop Reeves had a mind which focused exactly and entirely on the particular issue on hand. The organisations were united in their opposition to apartheid but in little else. In some respects they were bitterly and actively opposed one to the other. It is probable that this diffuseness and opposition was in part responsible for the absence of a holocaust in South Africa. A unified opposition might have made all the difference. It is certain that these organisations would never have met together but for Bishop Reeves who was able to stimulate the positive and suppress the negative traits in them. One member of the group observed:

> He is a superb chairman: not because he is impartial—he isn't—but because he has the ability to drive a meeting on to conclusions. He keeps in mind what the committee is there for and is relentless in cutting through irrelevancies until a consensus—and it really is a consensus—is reached. And it's all done in an apparently self-deprecating way.

If a person is judged by the company he keeps then it is easy to label Ambrose Reeves as a co-conspirator with the marxists. Many were among his closest acquaintances and had become so through his opposition to The Suppression of Communism Act of 1950 which defined 'Communist' in vague terms. It also gave the Minister discretionary power to ban gatherings, prohibit publications, banish persons from certain areas and deport anyone not born in South Africa. The Act silenced many factions—some permanently. Others went underground. People who normally were quick to assert the rights of individuals became afraid of registering their disagreement with the Act for fear that they would be labelled 'Communists'. Not so Bishop Reeves! He had much sympathy with some communist ideals but found the Marxist understanding of man limited and limiting. In his relationships with Marxists they knew exactly where they stood with Bishop Reeves. He was a Christian and an uncompromising one. The relationships flowered just because each party was absolutely firm in their own convictions. Of Marxism, Bishop Reeves said:

> For Marx, man is a kind of 'sandwich man' for he disappears beneath the sandwich boards on which history has inscribed its legends. Truly man has to carry these sandwich boards about with him, but he has significance as man only in so far as what is written on the boards he carries is historically progressive. In more prosaic language, the Communist does not believe in the validity either of certain ideal values or of human personality. For the ethical life of man, based upon his idea of God in traditional Christianity, the Marxist substitutes ideas of economic relationships and class interests Thus any doctrine of the higher worth of man becomes simply an object of scorn.

Ambrose Reeves is a name which still sticks in the gullets of safe establishmentarians. Words used by G. L. Prestige of Bishop Charles Gore in *The Soul of a Prophet* apply equally to Bishop Reeves:

> Prophets are usually awkward components to fit into a practical pattern for the conduct of life. They are angular beings Ordinary people find them uncomfortable companions and difficult associates. When they wrap their mantles about them they conjure up influences of the most disturbing character.... Enthusiasm, insight, moral force are indeed disturbing possessions both to their owners and to their owners' neighbours. Problems spring up round the prophet, to which his presence serves not as solvent but as focus and magnet.

Physically Ambrose Reeves is a thin wisp of a man with a permanently worried expression, except when he breaks into laughter. In a sense, the agony and compassion of his South African years is reflected on his forehead. He is a man of courage and pertinacity; theologically conservative and politically radical. He has never played for safety but always lived dangerously. This is the effect Christianity has on him. His religion is not an escape hatch from life but a springboard for action. He affirms often and passionately that 'God does not ask us to go through life on our knees. If it is true that action without constant prayer is futile busy-ness, it is also true that constant prayer which does not pass over into action is simply spiritual drug-taking'.

Bishop Reeves likes to be where the action is! The world associates his name with Sharpeville, where he acted as a kind of investigator extraordinary. For him the chalice is the stirrup-cup of the hosts of Christ as he rides forth into battle. It has been so throughout his life. It is so now. Everything stems from his rock-like faith. Critics suggested that he neglected his diocesan work in Johannesburg. The record suggests differently. It is a grave mistake to conclude that with his concern with the flagrant injustice and inhumanity which came in the wake of the implementation of racial sectarianism in South Africa that he neglected his calling to build up the household of God. In ten years of his episcopate, baptisms, confirmations and communicants rose, seventy new churches were built, plus halls, etc. There was a great deal of individual counselling. He would not deny that he had little or no time then or now for a Church which becomes absorbed in internal matters which seem to him trivial, tiresome and futile beyond endurance. His time is taken with more important matters, as it was in South Africa where he was prelate, reconciler and revolutionary.

[*Ambrose Reeves, a biography*, by John S. Peart-Binns, will be published by Victor Gollancz in April, 1973.]

THE ASSAULT ON THE MIND: THE MEANING OF RESISTANCE TODAY

by J. H. Turnbull

RECOGNITION that the structure of Western Democracy is based on the legacies of Jerusalem, Greece and Rome calls for clarity of mind and strength of purpose in maintaining this heritage. In the current jargon of management, the efficiency of the organisation must not be set at risk.

In management today, the stability, strength and effectiveness of an organisation demands a clear definition, and review of each task planned, approved, executed and integrated into the final goal. Certain basic principles of procedure, proven and established in precedent, are accepted. The aim of the task is defined, resources are allocated, responsibilities are agreed, and progress in the execution of the task is monitored by appraisal reviews. Faults and weaknesses are brought to light and corrected, before efficiency and direction are impaired. External forces which would impede and set at risk the entire organisation must be recognised and overcome.

The managerial model provides a modern concept of the structure of Western Democracy, as a functioning organism designed to achieve ultimate goals. An appraisal review challenges us to recall our basic constitutional principles, correct faults and weaknesses, resist external forces which would divert the aim, and assess the degree of achievement realised. This concept recognises the organic nature of the model in which policies, decisions and tasks are functions of people rather than machines.

The basic factor on which the ultimate survival of the organisation depends is the condition and quality of the mind of the individual in creative concert with his fellows. The qualities of the manual and executive components of the organisation, at the level of each unit delegated a specific task, will be fully taxed in completing the task in the allotted time. At higher managerial levels, the vital need for vision, and perception of external factors right outside the organisation, is needed to anticipate the emergence of hostile forces which would assault, damage or overwhelm it before tasks are completed and integration achieved. As in the financial world today, management must recognise that survival takes precedence over goals in times of crisis.

When the survival of a nation, state or civilisation is at risk, an immediate reappraisal of priorities is demanded. Forces and stresses which threaten survival must be perceived, resisted and neutralised. In the world today, the term coexistence reminds us that the forces which assail our society can only be kept at bay; perceived and resisted by vigilant leaders endowed with clear minds and the utmost tenacity of purpose.

Resistance as a term carries a clear meaning but the spirit of resistance and its international voice are sometimes forgotten by the leaders of the West. Britain and America were never occupied during the war. To hear the voice of resistance one must meet the people of the Nazi Europe of

yesterday, and of the Soviet occupied territories today. This voice, quietly heard among the older generation of resistance leaders and behind the bars of prison cells and interrogation bunkers, carries a devastating message to the free world. The voice of resistance is a challenge to free men to fight the forces which threaten to destroy our society. Behind resistance lies the tremendous, undying spirit of men, women and children who saw the threat to their liberty, recognised its crushing power and resisted with their blood. To understand the spirit of resistance is not easy for those who have not been through the fires. It is written on the walls of such memorials as Dachau and Breendonk. How is such resistance sustained? The strength of resistance lies in unquenchable morale. Both the will and the spirit to resist are sustained by the morale of the people. Morale may be defined as *strength of collective purpose needed to achieve effective action under stress.* Morale, in fact, is a state of mind which is susceptible to diverse influences. It is raised by the prospect of success, comradeship, and the challenge of patriotism. It is weakened by failure, isolation, and loss of national identity. The European Resistance derived its strength from the circumstances of occupation. In a similar way, the spirit of resistance among prisoners of war in camps, in Korea and elsewhere, was strengthened by the harshness of the environment, the bogus party propaganda, and hatred of the whole totalitarian slave system. The brutal climate of the Occupation and the terror of the police state are unknown among many peoples of the West. But a threat to the survival of the free world is no less real. To conceive of the threat purely in specific political terms may be misleading. Political opportunism seizes and exploits weaknesses and crises, but frequently with partisan and conflicting aims. The meaning of resistance today is to be found in the struggle against the international threat of anarchy and the increasing domination of irrational forces over the minds of sober men. The fundamental nature of resistance today we perceive then as a battle for the mind.

Reverting to the management model, correct procedure requires management to conduct an appraisal review of the structure of the organisation, its basic principles, aims, and the efficiency of the organisation in reaching its goals. The entire appraisal operation is collaborative. Management provides the leadership and dynamic, but the appraisal review must involve each task team and individual in a searching analysis. The immediate objective of the West is to reaffirm the tripartite basis of our society, upon which we build: the moral law enshrined in Judaic-Christianity, the disciplined intellectual and cultural system of Greece, and the recognition of the legal and military legacy of the Roman world. On a national basis citizens must be taught to see clearly the role of the nation as an executive task force promoting these values under the flag. The first priority is to maintain the principles of law and order, which are implicit in the tripartite tradition. These principles are under attack by the powerful forces of anarchy which threaten our survival. But the democratic balance between discipline and freedom under the law must be clearly understood. It is vital for leadership and for the people to see

clearly these principles, and to have the strength of mind to defend them. To value and to hold fast is not enough. The utmost alertness is needed to perceive the threat. Defence of our heritage demands resistance and swift action when crises arise.

Subversion today assumes many forms, varying in degree from indoctrination and agitation to armed violence. Principal targets are children, youth, organisations of workers and professional employees, politicians, and the Armed Forces of the Crown. The assault on the mind has assumed the form of a pervasive psychological operation in which several complementary techniques are employed. A pattern of psychological strategy is discernible, directed toward the objective of confusing and deceiving the individual, blunting his moral sensibilities and judgements, and destroying his morale. The employment of the mass media, reinforced by powerful commercial pressures, has greatly increased the impact of psychological attack.

The moral law, the recognition of authority and hierarchy, the concept of service and national privilege embodied in traditional Judaism are disavowed in the cult of today. Books, drama and the screen project an alien paganism. The films of Chabrol attack the morality of the *bourgeois* family. Erosion of the traditional authority patterns of youth is evident in schools where traditional disciplinary procedures are questioned by Maoist and other agitators. In Universities, the appeal to reject authority is seen in demands of students for the enlistment of workers in the academic decision-making processes; demands which are powerfully echoed by psychological propaganda media which insistently call for collective defiance and the disruption of the 'authoritarian structure'.

The wisdom, philosophy and culture of the inheritance of Greece are rejected by the forces which threaten us. Cleverness is substituted for wisdom; the party line usurps the calm dialectic, and culture is dismissed as *bourgeois* and traditional. At this point we recognise the emergence of a powerful psychological technique, the creation of moral paralysis and trauma. The impact of recurring spectacles of extremities of vice, horror and violence under the peculiar conditions of the concentration camp had a devastating effect on the minds of survivors. The insidious psychological effects of graphic depictions of vice and violence in the more normal outside world of today are no less dangerous. The lurid magazine, television and cinema screen apply a cumulative, conditioning psychological process. At the lower levels of the scale, pornography may be utilised as a long term psychological weapon, particularly effective against the young, undisciplined mind, causing moral insensitivity and confusing values. The dramatic depiction of extreme violence induces defensive states in which the individual loses his ability to cope with the real world and to form a balanced judgement of events.

Propaganda provides a more blatant but powerful weapon in the assault on the mind. Propaganda employing the media of the popular press, radio and television is disseminated with little discrimination on a national scale. But the targets of mass propaganda are selective. Mass

propaganda seeks to discredit and destroy the image of the target in the minds of the masses. Targetted on specific components of the Establishment, propaganda attacks the moral, political, legal, and military basis of our society. In 'white propaganda' the insistent and loud proclamation of the half-truth is a familiar technique. White propaganda is insidious. The undisciplined mind, confused and traumatised by psychological assault, and weakened by low morale, is highly susceptible. In the West today, white propaganda has achieved a considerable degree of success in conditioning the minds of the masses. Morality, democratic government, the law and the defence establishment are viewed with scepticism by many. The partial truths of sexual biology, universal franchise, compassionate justice, and disarmament are presented as universal emotional claims on reason. White propaganda conditions and clears the ground for the naked falsehood. Black propaganda shoots the dart in the form of the lie. The 'Derry massacre' provided the Irish Press with a particularly effective form of white propaganda, depicting the British Army as invaders of the Bogside. Dublin newspapers followed with the black line that it was settled British policy to kill Irish civilian males of military age. The success of this propaganda strategy was justified in the overwhelming pressures applied to H.M. Government to seek a political as distinct from a military solution to the Ulster problem.

Psychological conditioning and indoctrination on a mass scale by propaganda falls short of the violent forms of brain-washing which are practised in the prisons and psychiatric wards of the totalitarian world. In brainwashing, individuals are subjected to intensive processes under highly artificial conditions. The traditional basis of philosophy is destroyed, and the new rationale is substituted to provide the mental nucleus of the revolutionary. Clandestinity provides an environment in which this technique is effective. In open society, brainwashing is more difficult to achieve. The advent of the drug in the form of cannabis, opium narcotics and hallucinogenic agents of the LSD type has introduced a new and sinister dimension. The drug represents an all-pervasive psychological weapon which for the first time provides a physiological technique of influencing mental states on a mass scale. For the drug to be effective as a strategic weapon three requirements are needed: acceptance as an integral part of the prevailing culture; distortion of moral values and judgement; and the creation of addiction. The world of 'teenage and pop culture provides an innocent milieu in which free expression in art forms can be liberated from traditional values associated with the adult establishment. In a more extreme situation, this liberation may revert to primitive practices of racial and early animistic origin. Such a world offers an escape from the problems of the age. Euphoria, laughter, colour, music and sexual emotion provide the stimuli—a paradise to which the drug offers a forbidden key.

The law has traditionally sought to protect innocent members of society from pernicious intrusions by irresponsible elements. The legal basis of the 1971 Misuse of Drugs Act derives from this tradition. Drugs of the addictive

type, which cause personality derangements, are denied to the young and vulnerable by legislation which forbids possession and trafficking. Inevitably the impact of prohibition on the drug scene is to create a black market, creating a powerful incentive for criminal transactions. At the same time those involved with drugs find themselves on the other side of the law. The subversive has gained a tactical objective. He has driven another wedge between Establishment and the people. A peculiar characteristic of psychosis induced by powerful drugs such as cannabis and LSD lies in the duration of their effects. The return of the individual to full normality may be very prolonged. The question of addiction which is more commonly associated with the opium narcotics, particularly heroin, adds a further dimension to this problem. To what extent could the security of the West be threatened by the subversive dissemination of drugs among the Forces and Services trainees?

Brainwashing, in the literal sense, may be achievable through the medium of the drug cult. But indoctrination in the extreme form of ideological insemination by drugs remains a nightmare vision. The 'truth drug' is at present no more than a clandestine accessory in the psychiatric ward or the interrogation chamber. Yet the assault on the mind persists. The web of conspiracy may have no fixed or identifiable *foci*. It is discerned only in the converging forces which threaten to destroy the architecture of our civilisation. Perception and evaluation of the threat, correction of the weaknesses within the *corpus* and courageous action in the offensive by enlightened leadership provide the elements of resistance for survival today.

CHANGING PATTERNS OF MENTAL HEALTH NEEDS IN AFRICA

by T. Adeoye Lambo

IT is hoped that this article will deal with the present state of mental health problems in Africa and highlight some of the dilemmas that rear their heads in the practice of psychiatry in Africa. In view of the complexity of the problem, it is, therefore, proposed to discuss in outline a specific approach to the mental health problems and to enquire whether, and in what sense, a programme of community mental health, specially designed to cope with a rapidly evolving society, has proved to be of value as an instrument of clinical investigation and therapy. Africa, like many developing areas of the world, needs to create and critically examine some conceptual methods.

Within the last two or three decades, a number of fundamental questions concerning the need for emergent countries to search for 'alternatives in development' have been raised and, consequently, we therefore began to examine some strategically significant areas in which alternatives were at least feasible and these areas, as far as many African countries are concerned, are, *inter alia*, education, health, community planning and intermediate technology.

Africa, the second largest continent on the globe, which has the largest number of the least developed of the developing countries—thirteen out of a total of eighteen land-locked developing countries—may be regarded as a true representative of the Third World. It has a rate of progress (political, economic and social) almost unparalleled in history and shows a remarkable diversity of ethnic grouping, culture and potential resources. But its standards of living are appallingly low. It has been, and will be for some years to come, dependent on western technology and concepts for its development.

Although western medicine, especially during the past few decades, has to its credit a remarkable and almost unparalleled achievement and development of insight into many problems, yet western medicine, especially psychiatry, as it is known and taught today, is largely concerned with disease in the civilised white man. Its importation into Africa in its present form is ill-suited to the mental health problems of the present or the future.

The most obvious characteristic of African communities is rapid change. Change, however, spells struggle and this is certainly true of today. The outstanding feature of modern life is the vast flood of knowledge and power which is sweeping in upon the established traditions of Africa. Perplexed by new problems and aware of coming trials, Africa confronts a formidable future.

In terms of mental health, one of our main research activities has been to study in detail the reactions of individuals in changing situations—whether African students subjected to alien educational systems, unstable migrant workers in the city, ageing old ladies living for the first time in an African

city, or illiterate but intelligent young traders trying to enter into the cosmopolitan economy. All the groups studied had one important factor in common, in that they had a somewhat tenuous relationship with the community in which they were functioning. In addition, they had all been, at least partially, divorced from their primary groups and institutions. There is no doubt that the number of these 'marginal' individuals is on the increase. As M. J. Field has observed, the result is an almost pathological search for security.

Some observers, however, hold the view that modern African life gives enhanced scope for individualisation, even though it may be pervaded by anxiety and conflict. The view that this anxiety and conflict outweigh the advantages attributed to individualisation is supported by Ellen Hellman:

> If there is any observation that can be made in the certainty that it is valid, it is the observation that there is an immense degree of individual variation in all aspects of African life. Instead of the old predictable relationship which limited freedom of and necessity for choice, the African is today confronted by a host of unpredictable and unstructural relationships in his work and play, in his contacts with neighbours, with the police and other officials, with all the pepole who impinge on his life. He has infinitely greater freedom to act as he wishes, but this greater freedom puts a stronger responsibility on him and leaves him, in many situations, helpless and not knowing what he should do. He is operating not in an inter-locking or co-operative society, as was the tribe, but in a competitive society which puts a premium on individual advance and success.

The state of mind engendered in those most exposed to the stress of rapid social change, as characterised by formal Christianisation, western education and other major intrusions of the western style of life, would seem to be compounded of various emotions: complete lack of interest in, or lack of capacity to control, events on which well-being depends; overt human responses to change, including anxiety and fear; an extreme sense of insecurity, lack of purpose and direction; severe manifestations of depersonalisation and derealisation, including confusion of identity; conflicts generated by incompatible values characterised by the sense of social isolation, self-estrangement, or *anomie* so clearly delineated by Durkheim.

Yet, to those aware of the realities of the African situation, apprehension is shot through with an expectant thrill. It is as a result of this controlled 'Renaissance' or even the great revolution that new ideas about mental health in Africa have been mooted. No longer shackled by the unsurmountable ideology of the past, the thinkers from the Third World could offer positive challenge to the established institutions and practices in the West.

Before going on to the details of our clinical observations in Africa, I should now like to clarify certain points. The first is that the term 'African' is used here in a purely generic fashion, with the knowledge that there is no such thing as 'African culture' or an 'African mind', although the social and cultural institutions of any given group are not significantly different from those of the other ethnic groups. The great diversity of cultures and tribes in Africa is well known; it should also be realised that the Ga-man, the Masai and the Kikuyu may show mental differences as great as those between the

Bantu and an Englishman, even though the psychological reactions of the three differing groups have a common denominator in, or are explicable by, the general psychodynamic concepts. In view of these difficulties, it is doubtful whether the observations made on any one group can be generalised to other African groups.

The second point relates to method. The many attempts to employ interpretative approach, especially of the orthodox psychoanalytical and/or sociological school of thought in the interpretation of social phenomena and psychological reactions of the African deserve careful consideration. In our efforts to establish a connection between types of personality on the one side, and social structure and cultural factors on the other, especially in obtaining information on the frequency with which different personality-types are distributed in different African societies or in the same society at different times, we lack essential basic data, even when we are given a measure of agreement on methodology and diagnosis.

We are just beginning to identify, in a rather crude way, the psychological, environmental and other conditions which tend to repress certain personality types and encourage the growth of others, and more generally of the ways in which the behaviour patterns of a group, as seen in their social and cultural institutions and collective achievements, are influenced by, and influence, the personality structure of their members.

In most African societies, it has been observed that the arrival of a child brings parents and child into a kind of intimate interaction that will itself develop emotionally-charged and effective living. As far as our observation goes, the dynamics of growth and normal interactions with the social environment are given the fullest opportunity and are particularly stimulated during infancy. If frustration is cut down to a minimum, a deep sense of security is inculcated in the infant.

Our studies covered the influence of the mother's attitudes during pregnancy upon her subsequent relationship with the child. We have discovered a relationship between the intensity of her feelings during pregnancy, due to adequate psychological methods of preparation, and her behaviour and general material feelings subsequently. The new-born infant, whose every need is anticipated and fulfilled by a confident mother, experiences an unbroken state of satisfaction such as doubtless exists in intra-uterine life. He is born into a warm, affectionate and welcoming culture. There is considerable maternal feeling and, in many situations in which Western mothers would give evidence of annoyance, impatience, or frustration, the African woman manifests supreme control of negatively-charged feelings. Her sensitivity with regard to the needs of her child, her consistent pattern of behaviour and freedom from anxiety are the direct results of the social and psychological attitudes towards having a child within this culture.

Indigenous custom prescribes breastfeeding for an almost indefinite period of time. The mother's supreme interest in the infant is evidence of her relatedness: she is constantly aware of him, regardless of distractions that may arise from boredom, fatigue, painful or pleasurable physical sensations. The infant sleeps with his mother until about the age of three

years when he is transferred to the grandparents or his older brothers and sisters. This satisfies the need for communion with others.

Toilet training is lax and flexible. Lambo (1961) commenting on the child-rearing pattern of the Yoruba tribe of Nigeria observes: 'In fact, there is no training at all. The child can evacuate his bowels under any conditions and this act is usually met by an expression of delight by the mother or the person caring for him'. But the child has generally acquired effective control by the time he can walk steadily.

The culture has a built-in system of reward for carrying out this culturally-prescribed programme of devotion and obligation. Kenyatta says: 'When a woman reaches the stage of motherhood she is highly respected, not only by her children, but by all members of the community. Her name becomes sacred and she is addressed by her neighbours and their children as "mother of so-and-so" '. This certainly is a worthy reward for her reliable presence and positive response.

In any attempt to study the mental health needs of the African peoples, it would seem appropriate to refer to some of the findings of our work in Africa which deals with direct observation of maternal feelings and behaviour towards the child in the early years, starting from the neonate week. This is a part of the larger study of the basic psychology of the African.

In most African cultures, traditionally, the polygamous family, which in most places is patriarchal and authoritarian, is a very strong social institution, and to this day there are still a number of positive indications of its vitality and social value. This powerful cultural institution at successive stages of the development of the child stimulates his empathic response, organises his focus of attention, directing him to persons, operations, myths and resources, and regulating his share of the available values according to the way he responds.

Until a few years ago there were no established mental health services in Africa; neither was there a demand for the safe custody of those not conforming to the social norm by virtue of their mental illness. The majority of such patients were looked after at home or in native treatment centres. They lived as tolerated members of the general community. It is important to remember that the fundamental basis of African cultures attributes all values, categories of thought and significant content of thought to the group. Hence the psychic strain involved in the severance of affective bonds is considerable and dominates to a large extent psychiatric practice in Africa.

Nineteen years ago two projects were started at Aro, a rural suburb of the ancient town of Abeokuta, 60 miles from the Federal capital of Nigeria. The first was the adoption of a day hospital scheme, the second, the organisation of a village system, an experiment which seems to have been successful and has now become an important part of the mental health programme of Africa. These projects were undertaken in full recognition of the fact that the African patient must be treated within his social environment. Incidentally, it was hoped that a preliminary study of this kind would help the hospital staff in dealing with mental health problems.

The scheme of treatment within the framework of the community took in four large villages. On these the therapeutic unit was grafted, which could accommodate about 200-300 patients. If necessary, other patients could live with the junior service personnel—ambulance drivers, clerks, dispensary attendants and gardeners—all residing in the hospital grounds. The village population consisted of Yoruba tribesmen and their relatives, the majority of whom were peasant farmers, fishermen and local craftsmen.

At the day hospital patients who came from different parts of Nigeria, and therefore from various tribes speaking different dialects, were boarded out in the neighbouring villages. They came in every day for treatment, spent the rest of the day in the department of occupational therapy, and returned to the village late in the afternoon. Thus a patient was able to maintain contact with his social environment, and the process of rehabilitation after recovery was more easily facilitated. This approach has been practised for some hundreds of years at Gheel, Belgium, where the mentally ill are boarded out in households surrounding a central institution. It arose apparently out of a religious foundation.

As a result, it was part of the regulations leading to admission that patients were accompanied by their relatives—mother, sister, brother, or aunt, who had to be able to cook for them, wash their clothes, take them to the hospital in the morning and collect them in the afternoon. Patients and their relatives, as well as the ordinary villagers, were invited regularly to attend church services, films, plays, dances and social functions in the hospital itself. Many social group activities were also promoted in the villages. One of the most important lessons learnt during the course of the experiment was that this form of treatment provides the best way of dealing with family attitudes to the patients from the beginning of treatment. Personal experience gained by relatives accompanying the patients proved to have a great deal of influence on social attitudes not only within the family group but within the community. It also made it easier for the relatives, who were in constant contact, to adjust to the mentally sick person and his emotional needs.

At a later stage, full responsibility was taken for the administration, management, planning and public health of the villages surrounding the hospital. Regular monthly meetings were held between the hospital staff and the village heads and their deputies. Loans were made available from the hospital to the people to enable them to expand and to repair or build new houses to accommodate new patients. Among other things, the installation of water-pipes and pit latrines was paid for, as well as a mosquito eradication squad. All the houses in the four villages were numbered and were shown on a special map kept in the Medical Superintendent's office. The number of patients in each house as well as the vacancies were usually indicated day by day. Also noted was the name of the head of each house, always with a brief history of his social life and religious affiliations.

Guides were also employed to look after the relatives of patients who came from far away. Most of these guides were native therapists and had considerable experience in the management of African patients They

supervised and directed most of the social activities of the patients in the villages. Through them it was possible to control and influence the therapeutic activities of the native treatment centres, which catered largely for the mentally disabled in the community. In the training programme for mental health workers in Nigeria considerable emphasis was laid on this aspect of the work and on community care services in general. Nurses were posted to the villages to cover every hour of the day and report books and medicine cards were kept and inspected regularly.

The entire hospital force was drawn from the four villages. Consequently, hospital employees were the landlords of most of the patients, with whom they were in constant contact both in the hospital grounds and at home. A market started near the villages flourished and proved a useful means of encouraging communication with the town and neighbouring villages.

Doctors, nursing superintendents and nursing sisters visited the villages daily and occupational therapy, based on various African crafts, was available. In other words, the villages were looked upon as hospital wards. Every effort was made to impart to the nursing personnel, especially the junior members, an intelligent appreciation of the condition of those who were under their care. Hence the nurses had a high sense of duty, and this greatly impressed and influenced the villagers.

Facilities at the hospital consisted of electro-convulsive treatment, electronarcosis, modified insulin therapy, abreactive techniques, and various group psychotherapies and drug medication. In the villages, however, the emphasis was on group interaction, including occupational therapy, dancing and story groups.

It was the contact which the patient had with his social environment that was rated as the most important therapeutic factor in the scheme. Normally, patients in hospital find themselves in a group not of their own choosing, whereas in the villages group interaction was much more unrehearsed, more unexpected and occurred almost entirely by chance. Thus the patients received help and support not only from other patients but also from people who were emotionally healthier than they were. However, as far as possible, households or compounds were arranged so that there were at least two to four people who shared some significant social or religious attributes—for example, a common dialect. It was observed that a patient succeeded in adjusting himself to his environment more quickly outside the hospital—especially under village conditions—than in the hospital itself.

It is essential to the scientific understanding of man in Africa to work in close collaboration with other disciplines and to establish inter-professional relationships even with those who are not strictly regarded as 'professional'. For example, for a number of years use was made of the services of African witch doctors, a procedure indefensible by customary standards. Thus, it was possible to obtain invaluable data on the nature and clinical assessment of certain diseases. In the village system at Aro the native religious leaders played an important part in the psychotherapeutic management of some of the patients. The need for this was bound up with moral concepts. It could have consisted of a simple religious ceremony at the village shrine or of

complicated forms of sacrifice which might even include life taking—actual or symbolical. In either case guidance and direction was given by religious leaders.

There is no doubt that under conditions which it has not yet been possible to define satisfactorily, the influence of the community group in the village made life richer and healthier. Such a group seemed fairly tolerant and the ego of the patient was able to gain sufficient strength to function without overwhelming anxiety. The interest of the community was stimulated in such a way as to achieve the maximum degree of sympathetic response and communication between all its members, whether sick or healthy, and to establish certain social concepts. No attempt was made to mould the community, since this would have produced an artificial environment and defeated the purpose.

In various parts of Africa it has been observed that even in underdeveloped communities the greater the confidence in the nature and form of treatment available, the more readily will people encourage their mentally ill relatives to seek assistance. Any system of community care, however, requires skilled social psychiatric help. Merely treating patients on a domiciliary or an out-patient basis, without offering any *bona fide* medical service, places an undue burden on the family and the community at large and increases the tension to which patients are exposed. It should, therefore, be emphasised that these villages are regarded as an essential part of the hospital, subject to the same supervision and discipline as the hospital proper.

At the outset of the experiment most patients who were boarded out in the villages were specially chosen, but after a time selection was no longer made as far as clinical category or severity of symptoms was concerned. Catatonics and other schizophrenics with symptoms socially unacceptable by Western standards were admitted—for example, indecent exposure and inaccessibility. These symptoms provoked no antagonistic response from the rural and village communities of Africa. Even patients who had exhibited anti-social tendencies in their own homes became quite manageable. It was also observed that many schizophrenics showed sufficient affective activity, especially at the start of the illness, for social therapy to be an important part of the treatment programme. Even in this illness well-designed social treatment, combined with drug medication, is vastly superior in every way to purely somatic treatment.

The village scheme was particularly suitable for treating psychotic children, who were always accompanied by a great number of relatives. Organised play therapy was arranged and the various drugs prescribed were given by the nursing officers on duty in the villages. The idea was to keep children with major psychological difficulties out of hospital entirely. Children who suffered from minor neurotic disorders were not treated as they were all dealt with successfully at home by various psychotherapeutic measures.

In 1961 there were about 120 patients accommodated in four admission wards, most of them students and professional people. Other hospital wards

opened shortly after this made it possible to treat the more acutely ill patients before transferring them to the villages. Physical complications, such as anaemia, malnutrition, avitaminosis, tuberculosis and other infective processes, were of course common.

The main feature of the hospital was its ambulatory treatment programme, which was constantly expanding. In addition, there was a big out-patient clinic providing general medical facilities for the neighbouring population. Conditions dealt with ranged from acute broncho-pneumonia in children to sterility in women but some, such as malaria, malnutrition, asthma, which might have required hospitalisation, were referred to general hospitals. There had, therefore, to be frequent consultation with government, general and mission hospitals.

Census figures obtained in 1955 for mental disease, including profound psychological distress associated with bewitchment, showed that within a radius of 60 miles of Aro Hospital there were approximately eight patients admitted to native treatment centres and fifteen looked after at home for every one that went to Aro Hospital. In 1958, with the expansion of the ambulatory treatment, there were three times as many patients from this specified area at the Hospital as were living in their own homes. At the same time it was found that social and economic changes had occurred in most of these homes, and this might, in part, have been responsible for the change in the figures. The proportions of the various diseases reaching the Hospital had also altered since the start of the scheme. Clinical entities once considered rare among Africans were observed, such as depressive illness, obsessional neurosis, and various neurotic conditions.

Some years ago the question arose of what to do with those patients who failed to recover, even at a social level. This problem was made more acute by social and economic changes which transformed the economy of the home, and the attendant disruption and disorganisation of the family unit. Mothers and relatives who accompanied patients were able to stay for only a relatively short time and when the illness became protracted could not afford the financial commitments involved, since they no longer enjoyed the old family solidarity and mutual support. With the decline of polygamy and the breaking up of tribal and consequently family life, new problems began to appear.

The village care service, which was a modified form of family care service, was designed essentially for the acutely ill and others whose illness seemed tractable. Hence the average stay in the village was about six months. At the end of this period the position was reviewed and the patients might have had to leave. As a further experiment, big farms and villages were incorporated into the scheme in order to provide a diversity of facilities, especially for those patients who were chronically ill.

This approach to mental health problems in Africa is not revolutionary. It is essentially culture-bound, since full consideration is given to traditional patterns of social grouping and family life. The method has certain therapeutic limitations and other disadvantages but there is no doubt that community care and ambulatory treatment would seem to be particularly

necessary in an environment where there is a strong sense of social security in a closely-knit society of well-defined and well-organised 'kin' groups with definite traditional roles and obligations. For many years to come most countries in Africa will not be able to afford the economic commitments of large institutions, even if these should prove desirable.

It is now strongly felt that the development of mental health theory and practice has entered a new phase in Africa and should, in my opinion, be based upon total community involvement of which the family should form a strategic focus for therapy.

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The April issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Redundant Churches* by the Master of the Temple, *The Nature and Purpose of Share Incentive Schemes* by Oliver Stanley, *The Death of Byron* by Julian Ennis and *Brazil's Real Crime* by Henry Bacon.

FESTIVITIES IN IRAN, 1971

by Ossia Trilling

THE justification for the expensive festivities to celebrate the 25th millenium of the foundation of the Iranian monarchy in the ancient city of Persepolis was threefold, according to Dr. Mehdi Bushehri. Dr. Bushehri, a lawyer by training, is at once the brother-in-law of the Shah, co-director of the Festival of Arts, which is held annually in the cities of Shiraz and Persepolis, under the royal patronage of the Empress Farah, and President of the Organising Committee for the celebrations. The three motives, he explained to me in an interview shortly before the event, were: first, the foundation in 522 B.C. of the Achaemenid Kingdom by Cyrus the Great; secondly, the Constitution, written by Cyrus (and perserved on a tablet in the British Museum), which was rooted in concepts of tolerance, peace, justice and humanity; and thirdly, the unbroken identity of the Iranian nation.

When the Shah introduced his programme of wide-sweeping reforms just over eight years ago, the decision was taken, so Dr. Bushehri informed me, to celebrate this triple Iranian theme. The celebration, however, would be delayed until the major part of the reforms had been set in motion and concrete, positive results had been achieved. Some 50 to 60 Monarchs and Heads of State and their retinues had been invited to share in the Iranian rejoicing. The Tented Camp, which was to house 300 of them, was earmarked as the centre of a future tourist resort and educational organisation, allied in all likelihood with the international 'Club Mediterranée' or some similar body catering for students of all disciplines from every corner of the globe. A total of 1,500 students could be admitted to begin with, while the neighbouring sites could also be adapted for housing students of up to twice that number.

Dr. Bushehri clearly was wholly convinced of the beneficial use to which the camp would be put. He was also just as convinced of the usefulness of the annual arts festival which he and his fellow directors run on behalf of Iranian television and which is financed by it. This year's festival once again brought together artists, musicians and performers from different parts of the world, from east and west, from north and south, from a variety of artistic traditions and cultural backgrounds. Shiraz, according to Dr. Bushehri, if not a melting-pot of the arts, was at least a meeting-ground for them. And so it proved.

The festival ended, as it had begun, with an open-air concert performed in the ruins of Persepolis in the presence of the Empress. The opening concert was given by the Iranian TV Symphony Orchestra under the musical direction of Farhad Meshkat, the young Iranian conductor who enjoys a considerable reputation in the USA and demonstrated his flair for expressive, if somewhat volatile, management of an orchestra in the course of a concert of works by Mozart, Bach, Ligeti and Bartok, given by the Residentie Orchestra from The Hague in a 1,500-seat open air auditorium

in one of Shiraz's many beautiful public parks. The programme of the opening concert consisted entirely of a specially commissioned work by the Greek composer, Iannis Xenakis, entitled *Persepolis* and inspired by the story of the destruction of Darius's former capital by Alexander the Great. The work was conceived as a kind of *Son et Lumière* performance, with much of the constituent *musique concrète* reproduced by batteries of speakers sprinkled in and among the ruins. The audio-visual nature of the production gave it an indelibly theatrical quality, if only because the spectators (clad in all their evening finery and compelled to remain standing or promenading in the dust-laden setting, much to the discomfiture of most of the ladies among them) were drawn into the experience by its very three-dimensional character.

Just as theatrical was the principal item in the concluding concert, in which the Dutch players, seated in front of the historic bas-reliefs of Darius's city, and performing to an audience disposed on a specially constructed *ad hoc* amphitheatre, were conducted by the Italian Bruno Maderna. This item was Maderna's so-called *Ausstrahlung* ('Transmission', in German), for female voice, flute, oboe, large orchestra and tapes. The voice of Cathy Berberian, the American Persian-born singer, had been recorded on a multitude of tapes and, as these were broadcast from a number of speakers set among the columns of the ruins, the impression of a large but unseen female chorus contributed to the unmistakable theatricality of the occasion. There were many more concerts and recitals this year, as in the preceding years, by leading exponents of the musical arts. These included the Moscow Chamber (under Rudolf Barshay) and Cracow Symphony Orchestras (the latter augmented on one occasion by the Cracow Radio Chorus and Boys' Choir for a stunning performance, on the same site as *Ausstrahlung*, of Penderecki's *St. Luke Passion*, under Jerzy Katlewicz); Ravi Shankar's sister-in-law, Lakshmi Shankar, in an irresistibly beautiful recital of Indian songs, which she gave in the bewitching surroundings of the tomb of the Persian poet Hafez; exponents of the little-known musical instruments from remote Filipino villages such as the lute-like Kudjapi and the Kulintang, a kind of xylophone that uses hollow, metal bells in place of wooden bars, and singers and instrumentalists in concerts of both modern and classical Iranian music.

On the dramatic side, there were several theatrical troupes from abroad as well as native companies. Most of the latter betrayed the relatively amateurish standards of present-day Iranian theatre. None was able to compete with the excitements of the New York production of *Alice in Wonderland*, staged by André Gregory, which had already been seen in Spoleto and at the Holland Festival, and went straight from Shiraz to win further laurels at the Edinburgh and Berlin Festivals. In Shiraz this production was notable for the fact that Gregory selected as the most suitable place for the performance of an entertainment intended to appeal both to an elitist and to a popular audience the open-ended yard of a fruit-packing factory, in which the spectators, many of them simple working-people and children from the streets outside, crowded together

on packing-cases and straw mats to enjoy the communal fun. Another popular attraction which drew the crowds to the Gymnasium of the modern University of Shiraz was Jérôme Savary's Paris-based *Grand Magic Circus* company in *Scenes from the Colonies*. This proved to be a scurrilous satire on the usual establishment targets of the younger satirical jet-set, in the form of a send-up of the colonial attitudes that died with the romantic novels of Jules Verne. The lively performance included plenty of visual gags borrowed from the conventions of the circus and vaudeville. These drew whoops of delight from the popular audience to whom they must have been largely unfamiliar, as was the prescribed modicum of stage nudity and semi-nudity, which must surely have shocked the more orthodox Moslem opinion present. At all events, it drew a scathing denunciation of the entire show as tasteless and perverse from a leading religious authority in the daily Festival magazine which printed regular reviews and previews of events. No such denunciation, however, followed the appearance of Joe Chaikin's *Open Theatre* company from New York, in two programmes, entitled *Terminal* and *Mutations*, which leaned heavily on the contemporary stylistic mannerisms of the trans-Atlantic theatre that combines a form of oblique expressionism with scatological dialogue in their effort to demolish *bourgeois* attitudes. As these were performed in the University concert-hall, which was as over-crowded as the other entertainments, but with audiences combining students and the comparatively well-to-do classes, one may conclude that the self-chosen guardians of public morals either did not attend these performances or else found them too allegorically recondite to merit official censure.

It was agreed among the numerous journalists and critics invited to Iran by a most hospitable festival committee that the dominating event was Peter Brook's Paris-based *International Centre for Theatre Research*, performing for the first time in public since it began operations less than a year ago. Brook's contribution to the festival was called *Orghast*. It was given in two parts, on separate evenings, for a handful of performances, never to be repeated, because designed to fit into the two open-air sites in and near Persepolis, where it was done. Part 1 was given on the small shelf at the foot of the tombs of Darius I and Artaxerxes I that overlook the ruins of Persepolis; Part 2 on the vast concourse situated at the foot of the tombs of Darius II and Artaxerxes II (*or* III; one can never be quite sure of such things in Iran, I was warned), at Naqsh-i-Rustam, some five miles distant. This concourse, about 300 yards by 80 yards, also contained an ancient Zoroastrian Fire-Temple in the course of being excavated and covered on one side by a mass of scaffolding.

By contrast with the unlooked-for theatricality of the opening and closing events, Peter Brook's production impressed me as being primarily a 'musical' conception, in which the sound exercised a paramountcy over the sense. The experiments begun by Brook at the National Theatre in London with Seneca's *Oedipus* and at the Round House with Shakespeare's *The Tempest* seemed to have found their logical solution in *Orghast*, for which Ted Hughes, responsible for the text, had invented a new international

language, also called *Orghast*. *Orghast* in *Orghast* means 'fire'; and the entire production is, so to speak, a play upon words. Brook has tried to invent a new kind of theatrical ritual that drew its inspiration from ancient mythology, like the story of the *Gift of Fire* and the *Theft of Fire* by Prometheus and the punishment that befel him for this act of *hubris*. And much else besides, like the parable of the incarcerated son from Calderon's *Life is a Dream* and other literary and mythological allusions, that would require a whole exegetical vademecum if one hoped to plumb the depths of the performance. Needless to say, programme notes, augmented by discussion and debate before and after the performances, helped to clear the air of a good deal of theatrical cant.

Orghast, the invented language, used vowels, consonants and syllables to express certain sensual impressions and to convey to the spectator by means other than intellectual perception something of the mythology, history or literature that underlay the theme of the drama. Partly musical and partly verbal, *Orghast* was designed to place a common vocal instrument at the disposal of the 20 players from 10 different nationalities and cultures taking part. The intention was to offer to each of them an identical opportunity of appealing to the emotions and senses of their audience without regard to their national origin or cultural background. Brook soon had to admit that *Orghast* did not meet all the needs of his conception. The players therefore were made to use three other languages, all dead ones, as it happened: the ancient ritual language of Zoroastrian fire-worship, Avesta, Greek and Latin. The effect of this, even for those with enough Greek and Latin to identify the passages from, say, Aeschylus's *The Persians*, or Seneca's *Hercules Furens*, was a conglomerate of incompatible foreign intonations. Despite this, the total effect was not unlike the performance of a classical tragedy in some foreign tongue, or a ceremonial mass conducted in accordance with some strange and unknown rite. For all the mystification and seeming hocus-pocus, there were not a few moments when the spine was chilled or the breath was stopped, when, for example, a Japanese actor re-enacted the traditional Japanese story in which a father dreams that he has slain his family one by one and awakens to find that it has really happened. The bodily and vocal virtuosity of the company, supported by the simple, rhythmic music written by Richard Peaslee, who had collaborated with Brook on his *Oedipus* and, previously, on his internationally famed production of *The Marat Sade*, was quite admirable.

In Part 1, the audience, some 200 in all, sat in cushioned rows on the ground on two sides of the acting area. As dusk fell the actors, some of them seated in stony silence in a ring inside the two banks of the audience, began to move slowly and rhythmically while intoning a muted chorus. One, apparently pinned to the rockface a hundred feet above our heads, was presumably Prometheus, while another, uttering piercing screams and dashing up and down along the mountain slope alongside, might have been the liver-devouring vulture. Suddenly a ball of fire descended from the skies, or so it seemed in the darkness—since the only lighting, except

when the performances were accompanied by a full moon, came from flares and flaming torches. Somebody rushed forward and lit a torch from it, while another player extinguished the ball of fire in a sizzling cauldron. For the next 60 minutes or so, this torch was to be carried around, to give fire, in its turn, to other torches, while the chain of connected scenes slowly unrolled to its stupefying climax. At times the sheer noise of the actors' voices and its impact on the eardrums almost achieved the aimed-at state of sonic trance. Most affecting were the piercing yells of the Japanese actor acting out his bloody nightmare. So, too, was the soothing lullaby sung by one of the company's two African actors, which seemed to stem from some distant jungle civilisation.

Part 2 had a very different impact on the audience, which, this time, was almost twice as large. They behaved with a docile suspension of disbelief throughout the goings-on, as though Peter Brook had patiently rehearsed them, which, of course, he had not! The very mobility of this part, ranging, as it did, from end to end and from side to side of the concourse and even had the actors moving across the perilous cliff face to one side of it, ensured that the audience would have to keep moving with them. In this way Brook's experiments in actor-spectator relationships, which had been merely tentative in *Oedipus* and, though far bolder in *The Tempest*, proved largely 'counter-productive', because of the patent embarrassment of the spectators who suddenly found themselves propelled on their mobile rostrum into the middle of the acting area, succeeded most spectacularly in *Orghast*, Part 2. Towards the end, making a virtue of necessity, he had his players performing unimaginable acrobatic feats on the scaffolding of the Fire-Temple. And here, Irene Worth, who had played Jocasta in Brook's *Oedipus*, came into her own as she knelt beside a giant flaming cauldron in the engulfing pit and howled her heartfelt lamentations in Greek, as the widowed Persian Queen Atossa. This moving moment was followed by the becalming spectacle of a sacred cow, symbolising no doubt the renascence of the human spirit, led by an Iranian herdsman across the concourse and into the blinding rays of the distant, rising sun—the hour-long performance having begun in darkness and been timed to end at break of day.

Orghast was never intended to be more than an experiment, begun in Paris, and continued for three months in Iran, where the original nucleus of players was joined by a small contingent of Iranian actors, under the guidance of the Iranian-born Armenian director, Arby Ovanessian. Its purpose was avowedly to discover a catalyst which would amalgamate some of the features of the remote cultures and artistic experiences of the past and the present. It was for this very reason that Dr. Bushehri, acting on a suggestion of Andrew Porter, music critic of *The Financial Times*, had asked Brook to come to Iran a year before to see whether the Shiraz-Persepolis Festival could not provide him with just the sort of jumping-off ground his Research Centre might care to use. And it was the unique nature of the place that had caused Brook to jump at the offer. It was also because of its uniqueness and the fact that *Orghast* was, as it were, built

for Persepolis and 'tuned in to' Persepolis, to quote Brook's own expression, that it can never be seen again. Whatever reservations the visitor may have had about the final product, whatever his ideas about the efficacy of *Orghast* as an international language or musical notation, there is no doubt that the experiment was fully justified by the outcome. It certainly justified the faith Brook and his three assistants (besides Ovanessian, there were Andrei Serban from Bucharest and Geoffrey Reeves from London) had in one another and in their company. The valuable lessons learned in Iran in 1971 will no doubt be reflected when the Research Centre makes its next appearance in Paris or London.

Possibly the most rewarding aspect of the indigenous dramatic programmes at the festival was the degree of social criticism that managed to find a reflection there in a country in which a notoriously strict censorship totally prohibits a play like Shakespeare's *Hamlet* because it deals with a regicide, or permits the performance of Ionesco's *Exit the King* only after its title has been changed to *Exit the Prince*. Two plays deserve singling out on this score. The first, called *Dar Ghouzabad*, by Siros Ebrahimzade, was staged in one of the city parks. The untranslatable title has a jocular allusion in it, just as a music-hall sketch in Britain with the word 'Wigan' in its title may at one time have been calculated to raise a laugh for that reason alone. It was an allegorical drama in the expressionistic mould that owed its form to the modern American avant garde of off-off-Broadway, and directed its critical shafts at a corrupt and corrupting military and social system.

Even more paradoxical was the improvisational repertoire of the highly popular *Hafez Nau* Theatre, from one of the red-light districts of Teheran. The fact that such a theatre exists and flourishes in these surroundings, or at any rate relies on them in order to keep going, gives a strong indication of the social role which the commercial theatre in Iran has to fulfil. That it was invited to Shiraz and encouraged by Dr. Bushehri to take part 'on the fringe' of the festival is extraordinary enough. This form of theatre is dying out, and its principals have to make their living elsewhere, in television for example. All the same, it proved sensationally popular in Shiraz, despite the poverty of its technical resources and the surprisingly unremarkable — not to say incompetent — level of its acting and total absence of any elementary sense of stagecraft. What is truly remarkable about it, is the degree of *lèse-majesté* permitted to its comic protagonist, a blackamoor by tradition, whose function in the improvised plays is similar to that of the medieval jester or the Fool in Shakespeare. A singularly effective playlet staged by this company was an Iranian version of *The Marriage of Figaro*, based on a précis of the story supplied to them in English by Andrew Porter, translated in under one hour and performed without rehearsal or preparation in the round, in the large foyer of the fashionable Cyrus Hotel—where the festival guests were mostly housed—to the undisguised amusement of the assembled audience, who rejoiced in the bubbling impudence of the subversive dialogue and the comic antics of the characters of this early pre-revolutionary drama.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MORE ON THE GOLDEN AGE OF DUTCH ART

The Age of Rembrandt and Vermeer. J. M. Nash. Phaidon, £6.00.

With the plethora of existing books on this subject a new study of the period really needs to have something out of the ordinary to offer. The fact that this one comes from the House of Phaidon is sufficient guarantee that it is admirably illustrated and produced. The reader has with reason, however, come to expect more than the qualities of coffee table capability from Phaidon and particularly at this price. Like the potential buyer of a new recording of a Beethoven symphony or a Mozart opera, what should encourage him to invest in this particular case?

To take the credit side first. The plates provide a useful and in some cases an unusual anthology of Dutch painting in the seventeenth century. There is a valuable list of short biographies of the principal artists concerned though this does not make up for a bibliography which is cursory in the extreme. There are some useful pages of quotes from earlier writers such as John Evelyn, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Ruskin, Delacroix and Fromentin, although I fear that the lively nature of some of these passages only serves to show the rather pale quality of most of Mr. Nash's text.

There are probably only two successful ways in which to approach the problem of writing a short background introduction to Dutch art. One is to approach it in a highly personal way like Fromentin in *The Masters of Past Time*. The other is to do an up-to-date and generally scholarly job of describing the general background to the subject and in doing so try to answer the question as to why one of the greatest effusions of European art appeared in the northern Netherlands at this particular time. Mr. Nash, who is a lecturer at the University of Essex, seems to me to have fallen fairly badly between these two particular stools. He obviously has certain personal enthusiasm for individual artists, Pieter Saenredam and Hendrick Avercamp for instance, which are much in line with intelligent modern thinking in this field. To dedicate a chapter to the former and a paragraph of seven lines to Aelbert Cuyp, however, seems to show a lack of proportion in what is intended to be a balanced introduction, particularly in the light of the absence of an adequate study in this language on Cuyp (shortly to be put right, I hope, by the book on which Mr. Stephen Reiss is now working) and of the importance he bears to Dutch influence on English landscape painting and through this on the Barbizon and the Impressionists. What appears to be a graver flaw, however, is his failure to set the Golden Age adequately against either its historical background or its social perspective. Evelyn's famous statement about his observations in 1641 is reproduced without any real exploration as to the position in the United Provinces at the time. The assumption that Dutch Society was 'relatively democratic' in the seventeenth century seems to me to be dubious to the extreme. The key to the career of both Rembrandt and Vermeer and to a good many of the other problems of patronage of the time was very largely that it was precisely nothing of the kind. There are probably in fact few other periods of European art history to which purely historical developments are more important, and save for the somewhat oversimplified statement that '(the) foothold at Brill marked the turn of the tide' the work of Dr. Pieter Geyl seems to have passed Mr. Nash by almost

completely. Contrary to his assertions that hard fighting and the geography of the Low Countries made the provinces to the north of the Rhine free and strong, while those of the south remained subject and powerless and 'the north, where few but minor masters and occasional patriotic eccentrics had worked before (what price Lucas van Leyden?), suddenly produced, between 1609 and 1675, three generations of painters whose achievement was comparable to that of any period of the past', the relationship between the occupied and the unoccupied areas of the Netherlands remained a much more complex, tenuous and difficult one. It is as though Mr. Nash had based his analysis by turning back over a hundred years to Morley and ignoring the intervening work of Huizinga and other later historians.

The chapter on Rembrandt equally skims dangerously thinly over the surface of the subject. For instance what precisely does Mr. Nash mean when he says 'The Netherlandish literalness and the barbaric opulence between which Rembrandt seems to veer and which frequently exist together in a single work conceal the springs of his art. The richness and variety of Rembrandt's achievements are inexhaustible, but close to their centre is a curious quality of light and shadow, manifestation and concealment, matter and spirit'? The literal interpretation of the words is obvious enough but taken as a general assessment of this particular master they seem to me to be an over simplification so superficial that the general reader, for whom, presumably, this book is intended will not be able to draw much assistance. There is no analysis of his achievement as a graphic artist, which is surely of vital relevance to his development as a painter, and the controversial topics of attribution engendered by Professor Gerson's recent re-editing of Bredius are completely ignored.

With Vermeer he is on a happier footing and he makes good use of the new approach to this artist as a painter of light which were exemplified by the important recent exhibition in Holland on this subject, but his inability to come fully to grips with this painter and with *genre* painting in the United Provinces generally seems to stem from a failure to deal with the importance of *objects* generally in the society in which he lived and of the influence which the Dutch interior and developments in the applied arts had on the imaginative range of the painters of the age.

Equally irritating is the repetition in his final chapter of the old over simplification of 'the decline of Dutch painting' at the close of the seventeenth century. Dutch painting did not decline as such, it entered a new and very different 'Confucian' age, *pace* Mr. Denys Sutton's important number of *Apollo* for November 1972. Cornelis Troost was a different artist from Jan Steen, although he owed him much for all that, but it does not necessarily mean that he was a lesser one. One of these days somebody is going to produce a good book on the subject of the 'silver age of Dutch art' and it is a pity that Phaidon, with their considerable resources of taste and experience, did not go ahead with that field rather than giving us this rather commonplace volume in an already heavily overcrowded one. ERNLE MONEY

A COMPOSER'S MEMOIRS

A Goldfish Bowl. Elisabeth Lutyens. Cassell. £4.00.

Elisabeth Lutyens, possibly our most eminent female composer, is the daughter of the architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens. Her mother was the daughter of Lord Lytton, one of Disraeli's Viceroys of India, and turned her eyes back to that land during Elisabeth Lutyens' childhood and adolescence in pursuit of

transcendental meditative awakening. The family background, though highly talented and not contemptuous of intellectualism, was nevertheless discouraging to a lady composer; and Miss Lutyens draws with acerbic charm the struggles she had before it came to be accepted that that was what she intended to be.

In fact this book is not so much an autobiography as a memoir of the composer's second husband, Edward Clark. Clark, who died in 1962, was a pioneer of modern music, a friend of Schoenberg, Stravinsky and Dallapiccola, and a founder of the International Society for Contemporary Music He was an early arrival at the Music Department of the BBC, and was a crusading force in the broadcasting of contemporary music. Unhappily for him, as well as for music, he came to blows with the hierarchy of broadcasting, and was 'axed' before his time Though he seems in some respects to have been an arrogant man, and one whose qualities as a husband and parent are sometimes hard to discern, his widow writes of him with total sympathy, not to say adoration, and stresses continuously the fact of his victimisation.

That this fails to unbalance her book is a tribute to the amount of interest that her own life generates. She provides a fascinating picture of pre- and wartime musical and literary London, and goes on to show how leaden-footed really has been the advance of contemporary music in the past quarter century Herself reduced to writing innumerable film and radio scores to provide for a growing family, she writes with the utmost candour of her despair, her descent into alcoholism and its cure, and her total refusal to abandon her muse.

Lately Miss Lutyens' work has come better to be recognised. Her opera *Time Off? Not a Ghost of a Chance!* had its world première at Sadler's Wells Theatre early last year, typically perhaps, during the power cuts. It is being repeated there by The New Opera Company in April, together with the world première of another of her operas, *Infidelio,* for soprano and tenor soli and seven players, written in 1954. Her music has always trodden a path of its own, and this recognition today of a composer who has invariably refused to yield to musical convention or fashion is gratifying.

Elisabeth Lutyens may perhaps be excused a certain bitterness, even lack of objectivity, in the tone in which she writes. For in these days when so much is spoken, and so little, that is positive, done, in the name of Women's Liberation, it is pleasing to read how much Miss Lutyens, now in her late sixties, has actually achieved in pursuit of that aim, and easy to excuse the trumpeting of it which may occur from time to time in this stimulaing and sensitive book.

DAVID FINGLETON

MORE ABOUT DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

Samuel Johnson and the Life of Writing. Paul Fussell. Chatto & Windus £2.50
Samuel Johnson, his Friends and Enemies. Peter Quennell. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £3.50.

Of the several books issued during 1972 on the life and works of Doctor Johnson—one of the most copiously estimated of all English writers—the two present volumes should make a particular appeal. Mr. Quennell's *Samuel Johnson, his Friends and Enemies* treats the subject in a frankly popular way, telling the reader all that occurs to him about the great lexicographer's private and public life and connections and supplying lavish finely-reproduced illustrations which combine to make a handsome gift-book. 'My object', Mr. Quennell says in his Foreword, 'has been not so much to attempt a portrait of Johnson

himself as to produce a literary conversation-piece in which my hero stands at the centre of the picture, surrounded by his friends and enemies, against the background of his social period', and in this aim he succeeds admirably. Accordingly, the first forty pages are concerned with Streatham Place, where Hester Thrale and her rich husband Henry made Johnson feel more at home than any visiting author, poet, essayist, satirist, biographer and dictionary compiler ever deserved to be—and we, of course, from our remove in time, are heartily glad that they did, for, 'just before his death', as Mr. Fussell reminds us, their distinguished guest 'looked back and saw his existence as "a life radically wretched" . . . His troubles began from his first moment, on September 18, 1709. "I was born almost dead", he reports, "and could not cry for some time". It was soon clear that something was seriously wrong with him: he was deaf in one ear, all but blind in one eye and nearsighted in the other, and spotted with the running sores of scrofula. A visitation of smallpox helped complete the damage. As he says, "I remember my aunt told me that she would not have picked such a poor creature up in the street" . . two and a half years later, hoping that some sort of magic might be efficacious against his scrofula, his mother took him on the difficult three-day journey to London to be "touched" by Queen Anne . . . for the rest of his life he wore around his neck the gold amulet given him by the Queen on this occasion.'

Mr Quennell gives a fascinating account of the house at Streatham which came to Henry Thrale at his father's death in 1758. Hester Thrale described it then as 'but a little, tidy Brick House', a 'squeezed miserable place' but the rich brewer soon expanded it, and although theirs was a loveless marriage and Henry made no attempt to appear a faithful husband the indomitable Hester described him as 'exceedingly comfortable to live with'. In the atmosphere she created Johnson often forgot his physical torments, and his evident pleasure in Hester's company was jealously noted by Boswell when joining the Streatham Circle. All this makes good reading in these diverting pages, and through it all we trace the procession of such key figures as Fanny Burney, Mary Wollstonecraft, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke and Reynolds, also Johnson's enemies, Gibbon, Sterne and Hume.

Some readers may think Mr. Fussell's estimates of Johnson's critical powers are aimed too obviously at latter-day popular audiences, but most readers will support the publishers' quotation of Mr. Patrick Crutwell's opinion that his book is 'By quite a long distance the best book ever written on Johnson as writer'. Macaulay's denigration of Johnson, as Mr. Fussell points out, 'has had the effect of relieving most people from any obligation to consult the writings'; and this reaction has fired Mr. Fussell to examine in detail the mighty output of Johnson's writings, in which the titan displays his prodigious learning and creative understanding. How many readers of Boswell's *Life*, for example, realise that 'he worked in tragedy, biography, the periodical essay, the oriental tale, the travel book, the political tract, the critical essay, and the book review; in the oration, the sermon, the letter, the prayer, the dedication, the preface, the legal brief, and the petition to royalty; in the poetic satire, the Horatian ode, the elegy, the theatrical prologue and epilogue, the song, the Anacreontic lyric, the epigram and epitaph?' Whether he was engaged in writing *The Lives of the Poets*, the *Dictionary*, the 208 numbers of *The Rambler*, *Rasselas*, or the edition of Shakespeare, the individual tasks he set himself were approached in the spirit of a sacramental purpose, he was a *writer* of astonishing variety and superb energy.

Mr. Fussell, discussing Johnson's piety and humility, reminds the reader

how the Dictionary-maker goaded himself on. 'In 1753, most of the first volume of the *Dictionary* finished but the second volume looming depressingly before him, he writes in his *Prayers and Meditations:*

> I began the second volume of my Dictionary, room being left in the first for Preface, Grammar, and History, none of them yet begun.
>
> O God, who hast hitherto supported me, enable me so to proceed in this labor and in the whole task of my present state that when I shall tender up at the last day an account of the talent committed to me, I may receive pardon for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen

And Mr. Fussell comments: 'The part is like the whole: the dynamics of obligation in the one literary task are like the dynamics of obligation defining the whole life of writing. The making of literature, even unto the meeting of deadlines, becomes an image of the conditions and demands of the life of Christian obligation.'

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

ON CIRCUIT

Farewell to the Assizes. Sir Basil Nield. Garnstone Press. £3.95.

When, on January 1, 1972, the Courts Act 1971 took effect, the old Commissions of Assize, Oyer and Terminer, and Gaol Delivery ceased. For 805 years the judges of the High Court, originally known as Itinerant Justices or Justices in Eyre, had journeyed from the capital to preside at the assizes in all the county towns of England and Wales. At the end of 1960, an Interdepartmental Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Streatfeild, recommended that the itineraries of the judges, and the order in which assize towns were to be visited, should be reorganised for the purpose of expediting the disposal of a steadily mounting burden of criminal and civil work. Accordingly, in May 1967, a Royal Commission was set up under the chairmanship of Lord Beeching to consider the most effective measures for reorganising the system, and in September 1969 that Commission presented its Report to Parliament. It recommended that a new superior court of criminal justice—the Crown Court—should absorb the criminal jurisdiction of the courts of Assize, Quarter Sessions, and certain other courts; that the High Court should have jurisdiction throughout England and Wales to sit when and where needed; and that a new permanent bench of circuit judges be established.

Those recommendations were accepted. The old order has changed. For better or worse, we have indeed said farewell to the assizes.

Mr. Justice Nield, who has sat in all the sixty-one assize towns, thought that it might be of interest to describe the towns and the traditions and customs met with by a judge on circuit. Following in the literary footsteps of Lord Cockburn (*Circuit Journeys,* 1888), J. A. (surely 'Dusty') Foote (*Pie-Powder,* 1911), and MacKinnon, J. (*On Circuit,* 1940), Sir Basil presents us with a most admirable and highly personal itinerary of a dozen years circuiteering as a High Court judge. The author takes a wistful backward look over the milestones of legal history which, in a strange and fascinating way, have become also milestones marking the history of his legal life. He recalls the past, illumines it with a liberal twinkling of wise and witty stories of the sayings and doings of his brothers of bench and bar, and casts a judicial eye upon the future. Here is all the old pageantry, the pomp and circumstance, shrewd comments and amusing jottings about the splendours and miseries of the judges' lodgings, charming vignettes of Her Majesty's judges, robes cast

aside, taking their dignified ease over the after-dinner port. This is a delightful book, which not only instructs and diverts, but also introduces the reader to the very human being beneath the scarlet and ermine.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

NEW BOOKS ON THE CINEMA

The Pleasure Dome. Graham Greene. Secker & Warburg. £3.
The Great Movie Stars—The International Years. David Shipman. Angus & Robertson. £3.75.
The World Encyclopaedia of Film. Edited by Tim Cawkwell and John M. Smith. Studio Vista. £6.25.
Hollywood in the Sixties. John Baxter. The Tantivy Press. 90p.
The Cinema of Otto Preminger. Gerald Pratley. The Tantivy Press. 90p.

For five years in the 1930s Graham Greene doubled as an author and film critic for *The Spectator* and an ill fated magazine *Night and Day*. *The Pleasure Dome* is a collection of the pieces he wrote from the years 1935-40 and fascinating reading it makes. Firstly there is the continual pleasure of reading Mr. Greene and secondly the book provides an early example of reviews of the sound cinema, a medium with which Mr. Greene was initially not wholly in favour. The contrast between the few hundred words he was allowed in which to consider possibly half a dozen films in any one week and the thousands allowed to some critics now makes for unhappy reading. Sad too is the fact that so many of the films he has reviewed have disappeared. Gone are so many French films including ones featuring the immortal Jouvet and Von Stroheim. Gone from view are the films with William Powell and Myrna Loy. Gone from all but the film clubs are the Harlow-Gable comedies. We are left with the hope that one evening the television will show one of them and that we shall be at home that night.

Graham Greene is consistently amusing about the films he has seen and, in particular, his comments on the minor pieces such as the early Lone Ranger serials and a day in the life of Godfrey Winn are entertaining. His style changes as the years progress. Initially the reviews are little more than a synopsis of the film but in later years he deals more and more with the performance of the actors. He has written an amusing preface dealing with his relationship with Korda and Selznick. Unfortunately his version of the libel action brought by Shirley Temple which ended in a great deal of money being paid by *Night and Day* will have to wait for another day.

David Shipman's *The Great Movie Stars—The International Years* takes the form of a dictionary or biography of almost every well known star since the war and indeed some from pre-war days. Of all the books on the cinema I have read recently this is the one which has given me the most pleasure. The comments on the stars and their performances are highly entertaining and idiosyncratic; some might say his style is ragged but that is carping. Every page contains some sort of an incisive gem. For example: 'There is not much to be said about James Dean beyond the fact that, like Queen Anne, he is dead'. The overall impression is, however, of a man who loves the cinema and is able to communicate his enthusiasm for it to a wide audience.

Mr. Shipman writes in his preface that since so many have written about directors, genres, etc., all that is left to him are the stars, and from Anouk Aimee to Susanah York he treats them handsomely. He is particularly strong on the French actors, a rare find in English books on the film. Without doubt

he has spent many happy hours in the cinema on the Left Bank and his comments whilst critical are always fair. This is a book to which one can return again and again not only for information but also for entertainment.

Unfortunately the same cannot be said for *The World Encyclopaedia of Film*. The tone of this book is set by the introduction. 'The book's centre is in its choice of directors . . . Exceptions are self explanatory.' The introduction also modestly points out that the book is 'the most comprehensive film encyclopaedia in any language'.

It is without doubt a vast book but there are so many niggling errors that its worth is somewhat dubious. Future editions are promised when there will be corrections and addenda. Some omissions are explicable, some can only be regarded as oversights. Where is Alan Bates? Where is Albicocco? Those two qualify for entry in any less pretentious book on the cinema. On minor matters there are numerous inaccuracies. For example an effort is made to give the real names of the actors in brackets. This leaves us to suppose that Audrey Hepburn's real name is Hepburn and not Van Heemstra. The selection of photographs which accompany the text is arbitrary. There is no effort at providing any critical assessment of the work of the directors and actors.

Hollywood in the Sixties by John Baxter is, for the time being at any rate, the last in the series which has taken us through the decades from the 'twenties onwards.

The tone of this book is clearly autumnal. Baxter considers that Hollywood of the great days is gone and probably lost forever. Some of the most interesting parts are on the films which, by their losses, destroyed the monster. He takes us chapter by chapter through the genres; the western, the epic, the musical, the horror film are each considered with a caustic but by no means unfair eye. Hollywood is now muted and the style is elegiac. This is a good farewell to one of the arbiters of public taste.

Otto Preminger has lasted through the happier decades of Hollywood and there is every indication that he will survive the cataclysmic changes of the past few years. *The Cinema of Otto Preminger* begins with a filmography and one recognises the names of the films with which he has been associated. Many of them flawed, a considerable number were failures either artistically or in many ways worse, at the box office. The book is compiled of interviews with Preminger and his comments on his films and the filming of them. There is also a 'day in the life of Otto Preminger' in a style reminiscent of Hotchner's life and times with Hemingway. There is little in the way of penetrating critical assessment, perhaps because Preminger is not one of those directors about whom one can be critically assessing.

JAMES MORTON

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Alien Invasion (Heinemann. (£3.50). 'The origins of the Aliens Act of 1905' is the subtitle of this well documented study by Bernard Gainer. It falls naturally into two parts, both closely linked. In the 1870s Russian and Polish Jews began to flee from anti-semitic persecution; and the trickle became a flood as the century neared its close. Most of those who emigrated to England settled in London's East End, already a poverty area. Mr. Gainer deals at length with the impact of their migration upon the East End, with the bitter reactions of the existing population. Comparison

by the reader with the effects of the post-war colour immigration is inevitable. The immigrant Jews were accused of employing sweated labour and creating unemployment. There was much truth in these allegations, which are in contrast with current immigration. On the other hand the cries of the 1880s and 1890s have been familiar in recent years in relation to the immigrant landlord, high rents, insecurity and squalid conditions. 'Whatever the sins of the English landlord, however, the bitterest execrations were reserved for the "Jew landlords with the money bags". These house farmers felt no compunction at all about grinding the faces even of their co-religionists'. As to education, 'there was some truth in the charge that aliens had captured the schools'. For example, 'Sixteen Board schools in the East End . . . were "practically run as Jewish schools", as the supervisor of schools for East London put it'. No doubt there was much exaggeration and exceptions; and Mr. Gainer points out that East European immigrants were 'notoriously law abiding'. The deep dislike of immigration led inevitably to anti-alien organisations and to the long parliamentary struggle for legislation, starting in the late eighties. The author deals in detail with this lengthy process, in which there was as much intra-party dispute as have characterised the post-war colour immigration legislative debates. Mr. Gainer concludes that, like the Irish, the Russian and Polish immigrants in the long run have become integrated in the wider community, with only small exceptions. Will the West Indians, Pakistanis and Indians here follow a similar pattern? The author is hopeful.

Encyclopaedia of Espionage (New English Library. £5). For more than twenty-five years, Ronald Seth has been accumulating information upon espionage and has written extensively on the subject. Now in this Who's Who of Spies, he has aimed to 'make available . . . in a handy form for reference purposes, the facts about this subject which has been of perennial interest since the beginning of recorded history'. At the end of each entry, he adds a bibliography, if possible. Most of his material appears to have come from published sources, although he also relies upon oral information. The bibliographies are certainly not always exhaustive. It is remarkable for example that there are no book references in the article on Russian Intelligence Organisation. The entries go back through history to classical times, although the post-war spy cases are of particular interest. The precise nature of the information sought or obtained is still secret in many cases. The most detailed account is that of the U-2 spy case, Francis Powers. It absorbs nearly 24 pages, while, for example, Philby has nine. In the Powers article, Mr. Seth has relied 'in considerable part on the Russian transcript' of the trial. The book as a whole makes fascinating reading.

Radicals and Reformers (Batsford. £1.30.) This latest addition to the Past-into-Present series has been contributed by Peter Lane. It is concerned with radical movements and their leaders from Wilkes to CND and Bertrand Russell, and not forgetting the anti-apartheid campaign. Oswald Mosley and 'right-wing radicalism' are given a chapter. Treatment is brief, inevitably superficial in the space allowed and somewhat sketchy. It is fully illustrated with contemporary drawings, photographs and sketches. Indeed they are particularly valuable and expressive in a book which is most suitable for schools. The short bibliography is quite inadequate.

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OKINAWA: REVERSION OF AN ISLAND CHAIN

by Raymond Lamont Brown

FOR a long time before actual reversion, the people of the island of Okinawa, where so much blood was spilled during World War II, had been preparing for the formal transfer of their territory to Japanese sovereignty. Recently, as nearly two thousand Japanese policemen stood by watchfully, shiploads of crisp new *yen* currency arrived in Naha harbour to replace the American dollar. Telephones too, have been converted to accept 10-*yen* coins instead of American nickels. Before their eyes a transformation had taken place, but the average Okinawan did not seem to care. Indeed most people were more interested in stocking up with British whisky, in anticipation of the steep rise in prices once Japanese customs' dues go into effect, than in contemplating constitutional changes.

The culmination of this activity was the departure of the U.S. High Commissioner and the substitution of the *Hinomaru* (Japan's national flag) for the Stars and Stripes. In Tokyo, however, the atmosphere was more heady with triumph. One man settled back in his chair at the reversion ceremony in Tokyo's Hall of Martial Arts with satisfaction: 71-year-old Japanese Premier, Eisaku Sato, beamed on all who approached to shake his hand, for he has made the resumption of Japanese sovereignty over Okinawa the 'long-sought goal' of his career, and one of the primary objectives of his administration. Representing President Richard Nixon, Vice-President Spiro Agnew completed the proceedings with, 'In a very personal way this ceremony . . . resolves the last major issue of the war.'

Long one of the world's little-known island groups, the Ryukyu archipelago (*Liu Ch'iu*, to the Chinese), and its main island of Okinawa, have a geographic location which, despite their apparent insignificance, has destined them to play an increasingly important part in world history. This gangling chain of small mountainous islands (more than half are uninhabited), lying between Japan's southernmost main island of Kyushu and Taiwan, early became embroiled in the rivalries of its powerful neighbours.

The Japanese historic annals first record notice of the people of Okinawa (Southern Islands people) in 616 AD, but it is probable that some sort of communication with these southern islands had taken place a long time be-

fore that. Certainly the discovery of the knife-shaped coins known as *mei-to-sen* at Gusuku-dake, near the modern prosperous capital of Naha, would suggest contact with the Chinese mainland as early as the 3rd century BC.

According to the Chinese chronicle *Shan Hai Ching*, the Kingdom of Yen (which ended with a great revolution) had relations with people living in the islands south east of Korea. But exploration was not possible at this time. For many years China had been torn by dynastic wars; but in 581 AD, a powerful general named Yang Chien siezed the throne through treachery and declared himself first emperor of the Sui dynasty. Under him China was unified after decades of turmoil.

Chinese influences had long since penetrated the Japanese islands through outlying Chinese colonies and the small kingdoms of the Korean Peninsula. But under Sui, explorers undoubtedly reached Okinawa more directly. Throughout history Okinawa and its people, who originated in prehistoric times from the three-pronged (wanderers from northern China; migrants from the tropical islands; and adventurers from Mongolia and Manchuria) migrations from continental Asia, came under the influence conjointly of China, Japan and Korea, although China was predominant. The diverse cultural and political influences of these power structures have, down the centuries, created a unique (but never 'free' or 'independent') people in Okinawa and an unusual situation.

Okinawa left her 'legendary past' in the 13th century. Until the 13th century, Okinawans continued to live in a shadowy, primitive border region, known to the Japanese government simply as *Nanto* ('southern islands'). By the late 1300s, however, Chinese supremacy was established and for the next five centuries the whole of the Ryukyus paid tribute to China. It was to the Chinese that the Ryukyuans owed the introduction of their staple crops, sugar cane and the sweet potato. By the seventeenth century, the islanders were exporting sugar to Kagoshima, now the southernmost prefecture of modern Japan.

It was not until the 8th century that Japanese influence began to make itself felt outside the main islands, and only in 1607 that Japan invaded the islands and joined China in exacting tribute from the people. In 1872 the Ryukyuan king became one of Japan's 'feudal lords', which established complete Japanese supremacy. With the abolition of feudalism in 1879, however, the Ryukyus became Okinawa Prefecture and the king was pensioned off. At the close of the Sino-Japanese War in 1892 China *formally* recognised Japanese sovereignty of these islands.

By and large, from 1372 Okinawa was in a state of steady decline. As they did in Taiwan and Korea, the Japanese developed and exploited Okinawa's economy, suppressed its culture and traditions, and reduced its people to objects of racial and social prejudice. When, nearly six hundred years later, war was declared by Japan in the Pacific, Okinawa was unable to disassociate herself, and was invaded on Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945 by several American divisions.

The selection of little-known Okinawa as a target in World War II

stemmed almost directly from decisions reached at the Sextant Conference in Cairo in 1943. Here President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill established a programme and timetable for the prosecution of the war in the Pacific. In accordance with these decisions, a coordinated, converging, two-pronged attack was made across the Central Pacific, and up from the South West Pacific. This was designed to gain bases from which further operations could be undertaken against Taiwan, Luzon and the China coast in the spring of 1945.

For more than eighty agonising days American troops, intent on taking craggy Okinawa for use as a staging base for the eventual invasion of Japan, fought it out with Japanese defenders; the latter fiercely defending the ground from house to house and from knoll and cave. At the end of the *taifù no kòtetsu* (typhoon of steel), as the struggle was euphemistically called by the Okinawans, more than 12,000 Americans lay dead and 110,000 Japanese. On September 7, 1945 nine docile Japanese officers signed unconditional surrender documents representing the complete capitulation of 105,000 Japanese Army and Navy forces in the 60-plus islands of the armed Ryukyu group.

Caught in the middle of a holocaust of war, at least 75,000 Okinawan civilians died. Those who remained were almost totally dependent on the American invaders for food, clothing and shelter. In this atmosphere of despair, devastation and humiliation for the native population, the U.S. occupation of Okinawa began.

Assessed overall, the U.S. occupation of Okinawa (control of the Amami Gunto—the northern group of islands in the Ryukyu chain—was given back to Japan in 1953) has been beneficial for the native population. The United States introduced a large degree of democratic self-government, including the popular election of a 'Chief Executive' and a 32-seat Assembly. American presence in Okinawa was by no means repressive and parasitic as the 'occupation' by Japan had been pre-1945. The tremendous proliferation of U.S. bases (the largest network of American military installations outside the U.S.A.), moreover pumped incredible amounts of money into the once moribund economy. Consequently the Okinawan G.N.P. rose steeply (15% per annum since 1962) and wages rocketed. In short, America has rebuilt an island 94% destroyed by war in a way which Japan proper would have been unable, to say nothing of unwilling, to achieve.

Even so, reversion of Okinawa (and the Sakishima group) to Japan has been met with mixed feelings by Okinawans. Many were resentful that the Americans appropriated the best farmland (for bases like the C-141 jet base at Kadena), the best houses, schools and office buildings. The Americans also brought all that is distasteful (to orientals) in their modern society, sexual violence, hamburger stands, honky-tonk bars and the ubiquitous military whorehouse. On the whole the American attitude to Okinawans has been one of arrogance and superiority. Yet, there has been little friction between American and Okinawan: although U.S. military courts, in which all cases have been tried, were considered 'bent' by the average Okinawan; and the use of Okinawa as a staging area for Vietnam

was always a bone of contention (aggravated by pro-Mao sympathisers and the leftist political idealists from such centres as the University of the Ryukyus).

Certainly the Okinawans are a little afraid of Japanese government. In the past they were second-class citizens under the Japanese flag. They were brutally treated by the Imperial Nipponese Army during World War II and they have a fear that Japan will drain Okinawan resources. To try to dispel these fears the Japanese govemment in Tokyo have been stepping up grants and loans to Okinawa and promise a further billion yen. Tokyo also plans economic development programmes and tax benefits for Okinawan investment, with a possible development of water and power resources.

Now that the Americans no longer rule Okinawa there has not been a rush to get rid of them. The dollar still speaks loudly in this part of the world. Wage earners fear the impact of higher Japanese prices and the stiff opposition of Japanese firms. But what seems most disturbing to Okinawans is that the U.S. base will remain essentially intact, even though all nuclear weapons (America has never admitted that there are nuclear weapons on Okinawa) will be forbidden.

All in all the reversion of Okinawa to Japan will give the United States some advantages. They claim a saving of $10,000,000 in land rents. The Japanese are to build up their forces (within the Security Treaty) to a point where the U.S. will be able to limit its bases and troop concentrations. This increased Japanese military strength will benefit America in two ways: the defence budget is reduced and fewer dollars will be spent overseas.

For various reasons Japan has embarked on an expansionist policy, ostensibly by peaceful means. She has regained Okinawa, seized other small island groups and currently disputes sovereignty with Red China over the Senkaku Islands (Nansei Shoto). With a population in excess of 128,000,000 by the year 2000, Japan must have *lebensraum;* a prelude, as historians never fail to point out, to precipitating war in the 1930s. The way in which Japan achieves this expansion by peaceful means will be the test of her position in the future in the Far East.

BRAZIL'S REAL CRIME

by Henry Bacon

BRAZIL'S real crime is that in 1964 the nation, through massive demonstrations of hundreds of thousands of people in the industrial centres, prevented the country from being taken over by a violent minority. It is largely forgotten today that in March-April 1964 it was not a unilateral take-over by the Armed Forces that happened in Brazil. Demonstrations everywhere, culminating in the march by half-a-million people down the Anhangabau, S. Paulo's widest central avenue, protested against the anarchy the country was slipping into, with the President and his communist mentors recklessly destroying the currency and breaking down discipline in the Armed Forces. The plum that President Goulart hoped to pull out of the pie was personal dictatorship; but his allies, far cleverer than he, and thick as flies around him, were after other fruits; and if Brazil were to have had a Castro, it is plain to see it would not have been Goulart but his brother-in-law, Leonel Brizola, made of sterner ideological stuff. However, the civil demonstrations gave the Forces their cue, the armies marched, and the *Revolution* took over. The Government admit that the country is still in a revolutionary phase but, by words and actions, they have made plain that they want to get back to democracy. At the same time they are determined to make the moral and political impact of 1964 stick permanently.

Has there really been a moral impact? Just one case will suffice. A Federal deputy was one of the richest men in the country's third largest city. He had friends close to the revolutionary government, his interest as a deputy being the personal influence thus achieved, and the salary with its extras, which in the old days were not to be sneezed at even by a millionaire. Politically he was entirely innocuous. As soon as the Revolution formed its own party, he joined it. But he had won his election as a deputy, before the Revolution, with the aid of an agent seated at a table loaded with paper money in the central square of his home town, buying votes openly at fifty pence a time. (Strangely enough, people are faithful to this sort of bargain, in spite of secret voting.) When the case had been established against him, in one of the last of the government's 'long lists' of punished citizens, this man had his deputy's mandate cancelled, and his civil rights suspended for ten years. He will never be back in politics. To show the sort of world this gentleman represents, a world that Brazil wants to leave behind her;—on one occasion I had interviews with him at his headquarters building, which houses some of his properties, viz., a flourishing hotel, and the premises of a bank that went broke. My identity was checked. I had to pass two private bodyguards, before the great man was finally encountered in an isolated office at the end of a corridor where no-one was allowed to loiter. He has many enemies. For obvious reasons, I do not give his name.

What about the reports of torture in Brazil? People should realise that in no other country in the world are police methods so mild as in Britain. Even so, 'getting the third degree' is the interpretation an American journalist

(reported in *The Times*) puts on the English expression 'helping the police with their enquiries'. In Brazil, mention of the DOPS, the Department of Political and Social Order, has always had a slightly sinister ring. Rough police methods have from time to time made news throughout my stay of twenty years in the country. They made internal news, but only since the revolution have they made international news. The reason for this change is a cogent one, but has nothing to do with any deterioration in police codes of behaviour. The Communist Party has long been outlawed in Brazil, but pre-Revolution Presidents always had secret electoral pacts with its leaders. The communist-commanded vote was a small but significant minority, and since the legal parties were evenly balanced, it is thought to have turned the scales more than once. In return, a quota of communist candidates could stand for Congress under legal party tickets, and a number were always elected. Now the Revolution has ended all that, and the people has declared itself anti-communist. So there must be revenge (as the kidnapping of the Swiss ambassador is revenge because Switzerland exercised her sovereign right to expel Brazilian guerrillas). And so the word is passed to various religious bodies of innocents to raise the cry of 'Torture', and the Lutheran churches worldwide make themselves foolish in the eyes of 90,000,000 Brazilians by the insult offered to their President, the gathering the Lutherans scheduled for Brazil being cancelled to avoid his presence and greeting at the opening ceremony.

Of course, there have been excesses locally by police interrogators; and there have been some tragic mistakes. But to allege a policy of torture is something only malicious detractors would do. It must be remembered that the police and armed forces of Brazil have had a formidable task before them; the dismantling of secret organisations, small but well-knit, of desperate men, waging a war without rules, and spread over a country bigger than Europe. To a large extent, they have been successful, without upsetting the tranquillity of the nation. A guerrilla training-ground was located in a swampy, hillocky stretch of the S. Paulo coastland, just sixty miles from the biggest industrial complex in South America, and was flushed out by troops. With this success, it was thought the back of the Cuba-inspired movement was broken. Possibly it was; but those who remain at large have recently succeeded in making another thrust, though it may be their swan-song.

No-one should imagine that compassion for their colleagues suffering in prison is the motive behind the kidnappings. If this appears as the justification for the blackmail practised over the life of the Swiss ambassador, for example, who was heard to murmur, during the attack on his car: 'Why should anyone do this to me? I've never harmed a person in my life'—it should be known that of the last batch of prisoners to be sent abroad from Brazil in exchange for the life of a diplomat, at least one went in tears from prison to the plane. He was old, white-haired Gregório Bezerra, Communist ex-deputy, due to finish his prison-term within a few months. He said plainly that he did not want to be 'liberated'. But at that stage he and the government had no option. Freed by the Revolution, retiring to an old-age spent among his personal friends, he would have been lost to the subversive cam-

paign. Exiled, uprooted, he is a tool available if wanted. The lists of political prisoners demanded for ransom against the lives of diplomats are simply a demonstration of power against the government.

A few days after the Swiss ambassador was kidnapped, an old friend of mine came to see me, very worried. His son had been in prison for over a year, was an associate of Carlos Marighela, a communist killed in a fracas with the police a year earlier. My old friend's worry was that his son might figure in the list of prisoners whose release would be demanded by the kidnappers. 'Liberation' into exile would be disaster for him, for his wife, and for his father, who knew that in that case he would never see his son again.

While government in Brazil today is self-authorised and maintained by the power of the armed forces, it is serious government, and that is what matters. The last government before the Revolution can only be described as frivolous. For example, by March 1964 the national currency, the *cruzeiro*, had sunk to one-tenth of the value it had in January 1960. Owing to the state of the country, preposterously saddled with debts dating from that period, devaluation had to go on, but in six years, to the end of 1969, the *cruzeiro* only halved its value. However, during these years, the Finance Department worked to get a surplus in the balance of payments, and achieved this for three consecutive years.

It is an open question whether the economic recovery would have been possible, even with a serious, percipient President, under the old, easy-going democratic regime. The Brazilian press of that period has been described as 'one of the liveliest in S. America', but it was also one of the least responsible. Time and time again, Federal ministers were hounded out of office because they adopted unpopular measures, or policies that would pay off only in the long term. One thinks of the fate of Eugênio Gudin, whom the late President, Café Filho, brought in to check the inflation that had already begun in 1954. For the best part of a year, Gudin held the *cruzeiro* steady, but the Press pack were out for his blood, and eventually Café Filho (who had not been elected President, but stepped up from being Vice-President), reluctantly had to let him go. As evidence that newspaper criticism today is not stifled entirely, Gudin has a feature in a leading Rio daily, in which he wrote a series on the country's transport development, severely criticising Mário Andreazza, the Transport Minister, comparing him variously with a little boy playing at motors and a contractor's foreman. It so happens that Andreazza, a Colonel in the Army, is considered by many people to have been one of the 'strong men' who moved things at the time of the Revolution, but his response to the broadsides was not to get the newspaper censored or house arrest for Gudin, but simply to put his demurely sad, though calmly reasoned, answer in the same paper. The effect of the censorship on responsible papers, such as the *O Estado de S.Paulo*, is that they criticise the government and the 'regime of exception' much as they did before. But whereas the criticisms would formerly come in the first leader, with a headline of three columns' width, the first is now given to foreign affairs, and the bite of the home set-up is put unpretentiously in one-column

width in the second leader, or in the political notes. But the bite is still there!

The truth is that most Brazilians are as tired of professional politicians as are the army. Some years ago the President appointed new State governors by his personal invitation. The prefects—mayors—of Brazil's biggest cities have been government nominees in the last few years. In the case of Belo Horizante, to take one example, the last elected prefect, in the months before the Revolution, had a strike of his city dustmen on his hands; not for more pay, but for arrears of pay, while at the same time the funds that should have paid them were being applied to laying out gardens and children's playgrounds in various towns through the State of Minas Gerais. The reason: winning recognition throughout the State is a necessary step for the prefect who wants to stand for governor. In contrast, his successor not only had no troubles with labour, but embarked on an ambitious programme of public works in the town, long crying out to be done.

The Federal government is not behind in public works. An underground railway for S. Paulo, and the bridge across Rio Harbour, have been politicians' talk for half-a-century. Today both of these are going ahead, and are half-way to completion. Again, all administrations have talked about developing the 'droughtlands', the North-East, and the Amazon basin to the West. During the past few years, industry has at last begun to move into the North, with government financing and a trans-amazonic highway—a tremendously difficult and costly project. A second highway, to the north of the Amazon, is now planned.

But these are show-pieces. The really interesting fact is that they are operations as radical in outlook as Brasília cornucopia-in-reverse. Brazil's economic position is improving because officialdom has created reasonable conditions for exporting firms. In 1963, conditions were so impossible in Brazilian ports, with the turn-round of ships so slow and costly, that many cargo lines cancelled scheduled calls. The dockers' union in Santos had a racket such as we can hardly imagine; they were striking repeatedly, forcing up special rates for different kinds of cargo, 'messy', 'dangerous', and so on; but the union members did not actually do the work! They paid other men, non-union, unskilled, and with no rights, to do the work for them. After the cleaning of the Augean stables, the export drive began in earnest. Brazil had reduced her coffee crop and cut down her dependence on this one commodity. Instead, she began varying her exports, and exploring markets in finished products, rather than relying only on the income from raw materials. Thus, in the year July 1969 to July 1970, Brazil sold 70 million square yards of textiles to the United States, in the teeth of the Japanese campaign to dominate the market, and the American protectionist reaction. Sales of textiles were also made to Canada, South Africa and Australia, and they are preparing to attack the markets in Hong Kong, and Japan itself.[1] A Brazilian firm has just won a contract worth £7,600,000 to build and equip a paper factory in Thailand, against tenders from German, French, Italian, Finnish and Japanese firms.[2] A small item, but one the Brazilians are particularly proud of, is the sale of 10,000 alarm clocks to Switzerland—they are expecting repeat orders. Total exports of Brazil which were the equiva-

lent of £510,000,000 in 1964 rose to £800 million in 1968, and to just about £1 billion in 1969, this in spite of the planned reduction in coffee exports over the same period. Late in 1970 figures were running at 23 per cent above those of 1969.[3]

The present government of Brazil is often called right-wing. In this context it is good to notice the measures it has taken in favour of the workers and the small man. Only since the Revolution have the trade unions elected their own officers instead of having government nominees; the sick-pay and medical care schemes through national insurance for the first time work with some degree of efficiency; there is a new fund for unemployment benefits so arranged that it gives long-standing employees better security of tenure in their jobs. For the first time there is a national housing scheme. In the field of land reform, to go back to pre-1964 again, President Goulart's only achievement, apart from much ranting, was to allow armed squatters to invade estates, preferably those with foreign owners around the Rio area, in order to create confusion. (He himself was the biggest landowner, but well away from Rio.) The present government has a land-reform agency. So far it has completed a detailed aerial-photography survey of the whole country and is making up its register of landowners. We have yet to see how far it will break up the large fallow estates which especially mark the north of the country.

To appreciate the problems of governing Brazil, we must note that her population has doubled in thirty years. Today it stands at 92,000,000 (1970 census figures) and continues to grow at nearly 3% per annum. Although income tax evasion has been effectively cut down, thus greatly increasing funds available to the government, if we compare the cost of merely the Health Service in Britain for a population of 55,000,000, this is more than the whole of Brazil's annual budget! To solve the health problem, or the housing problem, would involve the entire government income. In these circumstances the only solution is an expanding economy, the creation of new jobs in industry and, among other projects, the taming and harnessing of the vast Amazon wilderness.

Notes:

1 *Veja*, 9/12/70, p. 36.
2 *Visao*, 10/10/70, p. 71.
3 *Mundo Economico*, Nov. 70, p. 100.

[Henry Bacon has spent twenty years in Brazil on Missionary work, mainly lecturing in Bible Institutes. He is at present living in Belo Horizonte.]

THE NATURE AND PURPOSE OF SHARE INCENTIVE SCHEMES

by Oliver Stanley

ALTHOUGH 'Share Incentive Scheme' has been granted the accolade of English legal definition, nothing very precise emerges. According to the statute, it means a scheme in pursuance of which shares in a limited liability corporation may be acquired according to a complex set of rules, enumerated in twelve sub-sections. There are multiple tests needed to obtain the full approval of the United Kingdom Inland Revenue—tests relating to the nature and authorisation of the scheme itself, the type of shares to be issued and who are to be the participants. That approval secures tax privileges so that at first glance this appears to be one small piece amongst many others in the tax jig-saw, only important if, as a taxpayer, you fall within its area. Similar rules have existed in the U.S. Internal Revenue Code since 1950. They were re-enacted in 1954, 1964 and in the Tax Reform Act of 1969.

On the other hand, a book recently published by a leading British authority* claims that schemes of this kind represent an apparatus with enormous potential: a new social and economic tool available and necessary to Western Democracy; a method of bringing about a reconciliation between the forces of capitalism and labour, a valid reply to communism. Dr. Copeman's conclusion has not been hastily reached. He has written two books on this theme, with an interval of fourteen years between them for reflection, during which his central doctrine has remained unchanged—that there is here a means by which the State can promote a free and open society—the tendering of new business opportunities to non-business owners. That will carry us—he claims—into a golden future together.

That Copeman's case is a strong one is proved by the long lists of major U.S. and British companies whose schemes he has studied. The 152 companies (half U.K. and half U.S.) contain leaders in the respective industrial sectors, from A.T.T. to I.C.I. Amongst them are all the staid old blue-chips, Courtaulds and P. & O., together with the new young thrusters. All the 76 British company schemes were introduced in the three years from 1968 to 1971. When the statute regulating the conduct of schemes was enacted in April, 1972, one estimate was that over 1,000 top companies were introducing schemes. Until recently, ordinary shareholders in Britain have been receiving a deluge of Chairmen's letters announcing the introduction of a scheme—'in the best interests' of the company and seeking shareholders' approval. It is difficult to find a major corporation which does not claim to be contemplating the introduction of a scheme. Why the sudden burst of enthusiasm?

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* *Capital As An Incentive*, by G. Copeman and A. Rumble. Leviathan House, 1972. £4.80.

It is true that, in recent years, techniques of incentive remuneration have been developing rapidly in Britain. Management consultants have been offering professional advice upon the scale and ingredients in a pay package. Detailed criteria have been put forward for pay systems designed to motivate executives towards business efficiency. One conclusion has been that what we need is 'Performance Related Remuneration' (P.R.R.); that is, remuneration which is substantially related to the year-by-year performance of an individual manager's department. This means the setting of sales profits or other targets, and the payment or withholding of cash bonuses in so far as those targets are hit or missed. The outcome—so it is claimed—will not only be additional voluntary effort, but the acceptance of 'a high standard of corporate discipline'. More bluntly, it is claimed that the result of P.R.R. is the power to recruit and retain able men, and generally to get the right man in the right job.

These doctrines may have had some secondary effect on the development of share incentive schemes, but have suffered from the weakness of producing additional payments of *cash*, in Britain a highly taxed commodity. It is the tax avoidance urge which until now has been the biggest single influence in stimulating share incentive schemes in Britain—a motive which compares unhappily with Dr. Copeman's profound idealism. Any device which produces fringe benefits in tax sheltered form tends to acquire an impetus, which carries it into every commercial sector, and which is exploited so widely, that it is in due course declared to be an abuse and crushed by what in Britain is called 'remedial legislation'. The question now is whether share incentive schemes will take that course or the happier one predicted by Dr. Copeman.

Incentive schemes blossomed during the period from 1965 to 1970, when the last Labour government was in office, and tax rates and the urge to avoid surtax rose to new levels. In 1966, unauthorised share *options* were lucrative and popular. The decision in *Abbott v. Philbin* meant that a company could grant selected employees the right to be allotted shares, requiring payment only of a nominal sum for the privilege. If the company's share price rose, the employee exercised his option, bought his shares and sold them in the market to make a certain tax free profit. If the company's share price fell, employees allowed their options to lapse and lost nothing.

That was a tax situation capable of exploitation. After one or two nasty scandals in which the real losers were ordinary shareholders, not the national exchequer, the Labour Chancellor, Mr. James Callaghan, changed the law so as to make the paper profit on taking up shares fully taxable. Immediate sale became necessary to find the cash to pay the tax bill. All options then outstanding lost their value overnight, to the delight of government supporters, who regarded all forms of share incentives merely as another Big Business abuse.

However, the urge to find capital participation machinery remained, and share incentives were invented as a substitute. In place of options, employees bought their shares outright, but immediate payment of the allotment price was deferred by either lending the employee the cash

needed, or by using the device of a partly paid share. Either way, the 1966 anti-avoidance law was itself comprehensively avoided.

When the Conservative government took office, it decided that share incentives were not as such an abuse, and that capital participation schemes should be tolerated and controlled. Gains upon options or shares are now to be subject to capital gains tax—maximum rate 30%, instead of full income taxation, rising to 75%. Terms and conditions were enacted in an obvious effort to be fair to all the parties involved, the ordinary shareholders of the company whose interest is diluted, the employees who become shareholders via the scheme, and the ordinary taxpayers, who are inevitably involved when any tax privileges are granted. The U.S. Internal Revenue Code served as a source book.

Most of these rules relate to quantum. The total number of shares issued must not exceed 5% of a company's share capital, and no individual employee may be allotted a parcel which exceeds in value four times his taxable emoluments. The initial price of the shares must not be lower than their current value at the time the scheme starts, so that it is only growth in value after the commencement of the scheme that participants are to enjoy. Above all, schemes are intended to create a continuing relationship between the individual employee and his corporation. Participants may not realise their gains until a minimum of three years have elapsed if they are to enjoy the tax privileges which the rule book offers.

This feature—a minimum retention period—distinguishes the new generation of capital participation schemes from an older one, as typified by the 1954 I.C.I. scheme. The basis of the older type of British scheme was that when dividends to ordinary shareholders reached a stipulated level, a share of profits was paid to trustees, who invested the cash in the company's shares and handed over those shares to employees. No special rights or obligations attached to the shares when issued. Recipients were free to sell them in the market, and usually did so at the earliest opportunity. To manual workers payment in the currency of shares seemed less attractive than the more familiar currency of cash. The justification for this method was that employees became shareholders on precisely the same terms as ordinary shareholders. However, in most cases they remained shareholders for so short a period of time as hardly to create any new relationship. In such terms, the I.C.I. and all similar schemes must rank as abject failures.

To be locked in for three years—as a minimum—with seven years as a maximum implies a partnership capable of satisfying the 'Owner's Eye' test, attributed to Crawford Greenewalt, former President of the Du Pont Corporation. The claim is that a manager who is made into an owner—albeit a very small part-owner—learns to look on the business enterprise he manages in a new light. He feels a sense of identification and commitment. The successes of the corporation are also his, and its failures may affect his own pocket, subject, that is, to the risk limitations, inherent in the option machinery. With no danger of substantial losses, the employee is not offered the same role as an ordinary shareholder but is being awarded additional pay, deferred for a period and conditional upon the success of the

corporation using its share price as a yardstick of success. The cost of this additional pay is borne by the ordinary shareholders in the dilution of their existing interest in the corporation. There is no charge to the corporation's own Profit and Loss account, and the only actual costs paid are the administrative ones of running the scheme—modest in relation to the benefits obtained.

So far all British schemes within the new wave have been limited to the top echelons of companies, the Board of Directors, directors of subsidiary companies, and senior line managers. In one scheme, S. Pearson and Sons, participants must be receiving salaries of £5,000 per annum before qualifying for inclusion. In Cadbury Schweppes the maximum *individual* holding was 100,000 shares, Burtons 150,000, Plessey Co. 70,000 shares, Unigate 100,000 shares, Smith and Nephew 150,000 shares. It by no means follows that share issues have been made up to these individual maxima, but it is clear that, so far, it is British Boardrooms which have had the benefit of the motivation—the most successful executives, who, one might have supposed to have been adequately motivated anyway. That they are in the top job bracket is itself evidence of commitment and enthusiasm.

The case for motivating workers lower down the scale of corporate hierarchies seems a much stronger one. Major groups of skilled, semi-skilled and manual workers in the private sector in Britain regularly express themselves as dissatisfied with the terms and conditions of their employments in an inflationary era. Wage demands have been repeatedly presented despite the strongest possible evidence that the wages-prices spiral will within a short period move up and destroy any temporary advantage gained. The Trades Union movement has not succeeded in exerting any firm restraining influence upon fragmentary and sporadic out-bursts of industrial action. The right to withhold labour has been exercised almost to a point at which the effect of the withholding is eroded by familiarity. Neither a Labour nor a Conservative government has succeeded in finding any political strategy to prevent rising industrial costs and the consequent depreciation of the currency. Temporary prices and wages standstills are normally succeeded by an accelerated advance which destroys the short-term benefits obtained.

It appears that, since the decline of nineteenth century paternalism, very little attempt has been made to encourage British workers at the shop-floor level to identify themselves with their companies. In Germany, Japan and the U.S. relationships between employer and employee are closer. If, as alleged, it is unhealthy to permit the existence of a managerial class with no stake in the companies for which they work, there seems an equally plausible case at shop-floor level.

In his 1973 Budget speech, the Chancellor, Mr. A. Barber, announced plans for new shop-floor workers' schemes based upon cash contributions of up to £20 per month over a maximum period of seven years. An important safeguard against losses has been conceived, in that, if the share price falls, employees may take instead of shares their original cash investment

plus interest under the government 'Save As You Earn' scheme. It has been urged that whilst it may be reasonable to invite an executive with some savings and credit at his bank to take an investment risk it is wrong to tender a similar invitation to a weekly wage earner who spends as he goes. That the mechanics can eliminate all such risk seems a sufficient answer. The fact that production line workers in a car plant feel themselves remote from the shareholders and the overall performance of the company may be true, but is hardly a situation to be preserved. In practice, it appears that becoming a shareholder can be a distinctly educative experience. Those working in branches, departments or subsidiary companies have their sights raised to the broader success of the whole enterprise. They come to recognise the effect of industrial events upon share prices. They see their companies' financial reports in a new and more personal light.

In a less positive sense, the strongest argument for extension of the incentive range is that in the hands of a privileged few—as at present—capital incentives could serve as a socially divisive rather than as a socially unifying force. If the tender of share ownership is to be valid it can hardly be confined to those earning £5,000 per annum. That would be a signal discrimination against all workers earning up to £4,999, and it is unlikely they will accept such a minimum level of management decision making. In Copeman's view the well-spread investments of pension funds give better protection against the risks of business. Once again, this anxiety about the risks involved appears to overlook the commercial fact that those risks can be—and in most Board level schemes are—wholly eliminated.

Perhaps shop-floor type incentive schemes should permit some diversification of the investment to be made. An employee who is committed to his company for salary, pension and widow's sickness benefit does have a lot of eggs in one basket, so that any holding in his company's shares will be less valuable an investment than one in some unrelated industry. Against that, once Save As You Earn or some similar gilt-edged backing is introduced as 'diversification' the incentive element is weakened and the relationship between the success of the investment and a worker's own efforts is made more remote. Whether that is a price worth paying will depend upon the circumstances of a particular company, particularly the investment quality of its shares. In a single product industry, vulnerable to the winds of economic change, there will be more justification for a spread. When the economic climate is generally chill there will be more need for SAYE.

One distinct school of thought favours *target* incentive schemes, those where the ultimate gain (or even inclusion in the scheme at the outset) is contingent upon some initial test of management performance. An obvious example is the attainment—or maintenance—of some specified profit-level, either in an enterprise as a whole or in a particular department, where the commercial results can be seen as the product of an individual's efforts and abilities. But so far, it has not been proved that specified profit targets represent a better measure of performance than the price of a company's shares in the Stock Market. That at least is what motivates ordinary share-

holders at large. Also, it is not easy to devise profit targets which are not in practice too inflexible. Corporate performance depends upon a number of factors apart from the ability of managers. The only real attraction of profit targets is that they help to transfer capital participation schemes out of the field of tax mitigation and into the area of business efficiency.

This dependence upon benevolent fiscal law may prove a weakness of the share incentive approach. It is unfortunate that the regulating code of behaviour has been incorporated into a taxing statute. Tax law in Britain has become a political weapon to be successfully 'reformed' by alternative governments to underwrite their respective versions of the economic and social order in Britain. Share incentive schemes conform happily with the political doctrine of Conservatism representing a means of injecting into British business some of the dynamism of the Victorian owner-manager. For that very reason, their chances of survival under Labour are doubtful. The one declared supporter, Mr. Dick Taverne, M.P., hardly represents the mainstream of party thought. Moreover, some method needs to be found of tendering equivalent incentives to employees within the public sector, where profitability is not a single critical element. To institute a wide ranging method of reward for one sector which is incapable of application to the other seems both socially and politically misguided. Under Labour, the public sector tends to be favoured.

Lastly, there is in such incentive schemes reliance upon pecuniary reward, at a time when as a motivating factor this is declining in importance in relation to other motivations. Job satisfaction as induced by positive job enrichment now seems both more efficient and more benign. This may be because, in an affluent society with higher incomes, there is lessened dependence upon one particular employment, and a smaller element of economic compulsion to work, so paving the way for personal identification and adaption—that is the alignment of the corporation with the individual's own personal goals. More generally, the recognition of the individual worker by the whole working community and the fulfilment of his personality at work seem to offer more scope as ideals for the labour relations reformer. By these standards share incentive schemes seem crude.

Yet there is no underlying conflict. This is a modest piece of legal machinery which can be readily assimilated into a more progressive and sophisticated social order. The danger lies in promoting share incentives as a panacea, a recipe for putting the industrial world in order, of bridging the gap between the social classes. This is a naïve overstatement which in the end will not help.

[Oliver Stanley, merchant banker and formerly H.M. Inspector of Taxes, is the author of *Taxology* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1972) and *A Guide to Taxation* (Methuen, 1967).]

THE ECONOMIC SITUATION IN THE COMMUNITY AT THE BEGINNING OF 1973

MR. WILHELM HAFERKAMP TO THE EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT IN STRASBOURG, 16 JANUARY, 1973

THE economic situation in the Community and the outlook for 1973 have already been discussed on several occasions in the European Parliament and its Economic Affairs Committee last year. Let us now look particularly at 1972. All in all, the year 1972 must be given the mark 'average' from the angle of the Community's economy. Despite a distinct pick-up at the beginning of the year, the growth in real gross Community product, at just under 4%, was only slightly up on 1971, when it had been 3.5%. In addition, the trend varied quite sharply from one country to another. In France, growth remained strong and real GNP went up by almost 6%. In Germany and the Benelux countries, activity accelerated appreciably in the first six months and then slowed down towards the end of the year. Taking the average for the year, growth rates were therefore of much the same order as in 1971, namely 3% for Germany, 3.5% for the Netherlands and a good 4% for Belgium; only in Luxembourg did growth accelerate appreciably, from 0.7% in 1971 to 3% in 1972, thanks mainly to the improvement in demand for steel. In Italy, the growth of real gross national product continued to fall considerably short of expansion potential, but a slight pick-up in the course of the year enabled the growth rate for 1972 to rise to 3%, compared with 1.5% in 1971.

Let me also give you the rates for the three countries which have been members of the Community only since 1 January, 1973. Real GNP in 1972 grew by some 3% in the United Kingdom and Ireland and by 4.5% in Denmark.

One unsatisfactory point is that total employment in the Community again declined slightly, taking the average for the whole year, and that the number of unemployed continued to rise in all member countries. In the second half of the year, however, the situation on the labour market showed signs of improving everywhere.

The most unsatisfactory feature, however, is the strong upward thrust of consumer prices. Towards the end of 1972, these prices were climbing at an annual rate of between 6.5 and 7%, a pace without precedent in the Community. The upward movement of prices is all the more worrying in that it not only persists after a fairly long period of comparatively slow economic expansion, but is even tending to accelerate. The United States, on the other hand, has succeeded in appreciably curbing the upward movement of prices, with the current rate being only 3.5%.

However, the strong upward movement of prices and costs in the Community has not yet been reflected in the trend of the balance of payments on current account. In fact, the external surplus again rose slightly. One contributing factor was the improvement in the terms of trade resulting mainly from the exchange rate realignment agreed in Washington in December,

1971. The main reason why the external surplus was still comparatively high was that, while economic growth in the Community was subdued and the volume of imports rose comparatively little, enterprises in the Community countries stepped up their efforts to sell abroad.

What, then, is the outlook for 1973? Already, in the annual report on the economic situation in the Community, on which the Parliament stated its views in October, it has been pointed out that all major industrialised countries of the western world were likely to register a lively upswing of economic activity in 1973. The latest indicators confirm this expectation both for the non-member countries and for the countries of the enlarged Community.

In the United States, real gross national product is likely to increase at much the same pace as in 1972, that is to say by some 6%. The situation in Canada is similar. In Japan economic expansion is expected to accelerate and real gross national product will probably go up by some 10%. In the enlarged Community, economic growth can be expected to accelerate. The rise in the real gross Community product will probably be somewhere between 4½ and 5½%. The speed-up of expansion will be sharpest in Germany, but the pace will accelerate appreciably in the other member countries, with the exception of France, where growth is, however, likely to stabilise at the high level reached in 1972.

Given this outlook for growth, the employment situation can be expected to improve. But as most member countries are still in a relatively early phase of the economic upswing, unemployment will initially fall only slightly and be higher in almost all member countries than the figures forecast for the medium term. Especially in Italy, the United Kingdom, Ireland and the Netherlands, the unemployment rate will still be running at a level that must be considered much too high. If satisfactory full employment is to be achieved in the Community, greater efforts must be made at both national and Community level to improve skills and reduce the regional disparities in the distribution of manpower and plant capacities.

There is reason to fear that, under the influence of the economic expansion which will be shared by practically all industrialised countries, world market prices will harden appreciably. Furthermore, the easing of import prices, which the exchange rate realignment agreed in Washington in December 1971 brought for most member countries, will no longer be felt in 1973. Nor can the possibility be excluded that, in view of the improvement in the business climate, some manufacturers may make price increases, which could lead to new wage demands.

In October the Community decided to reduce the rise in consumer prices between December 1972 and the end of 1973 to a rate of 4%. In its Resolution of 5 December, 1972 on the measures to be taken to combat inflation, the Council laid down the economic policy moves to be made. In doing so it largely followed the Commission's proposals. In the meantime, all member countries have taken measures to curb the upward movement of prices.

In the coming months the work of the Community's institutions will have to be focused on the establishment of economic and monetary union.

Here, crucial importance attaches to the programme of Community work constituted by the Council decisions under the plan for the establishment by stages of economic and monetary union, and by the guidelines laid down by the Conference of Heads of State or Government. This programme contains specific deadlines for 1973.

In the area for which I am responsible in the Commission it has been decided to set up the European Monetary Cooperation Fund by 1 April. A Commission proposal on this point will shortly be submitted to the Council. The proposal will enable the rules for the Fund to be kept as flexible as possible, so that they can be developed further in the light of the requirements arising as economic and monetary union is being established. In the first stage, the Fund's task will be to facilitate the settlement of balances arising from intervention in Community currencies, and to enable the system of intra-Community settlements to be put on a multilateral basis. The Fund is to manage the common system of very short-term financing of balances, provided for under the narrower margins scheme, and the Community's system for short-term monetary support agreed among the Member States' central banks. A European unit of account will be used for this purpose.

Referring to the future of this enterprise, I should like to express the hope that the efforts by the Government of the United Kingdom to restore economic stability and return to a durable parity for sterling will soon be successful.

In July 1972 the London conference of the Ministers of Economics and Finance of the enlarged Community laid down guidelines for a common position on the reform of the system to be adopted by the representatives of the Member States at the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund. The Conference of the Heads of State or Government in Paris confirmed these guidelines. The proposed reform of the international monetary system will be directed towards the introduction of an equitable and durable monetary order, based on the convertibility of currencies and on fixed but adjustable exchange rate parities. It is essential that the discipline necessary under such a system shall apply to all participating countries, whether large or small, whether creditor or debtor. Such discipline is necessary to avoid the emergence of sharp balance-of-payment disequilibria.

At the end of 1973 the first stage under the plan for the establishment of economic and monetary union will have to be completed. A concept should now be evolved for the second stage. Already the Resolution of the Council and of the Representatives of the Governments of the Member States of 22 March, 1971 provides that the Commission will submit two reports to this end by 1 May, 1973.

The first is to be a memorandum on the progress made during the first stage, due account being taken of the parallelism which must be observed between the coordination of economic policies and progress in the monetary field in the Community.

The second report, to be drawn up in cooperation with the relative Consultative Committees, is to be on the distribution of powers and responsibilities between the Community institutions and the Member States as

required, particularly in the fields of short-term economic policy, monetary and credit policy and budget policy, for the smooth running of an economic and monetary union.

I do not think it is necessary to stress that this will raise very difficult conceptual, institutional and political problems. It is too early yet to discuss them in detail. The Commission will keep the Parliament and its appropriate Committees informed on the progress of its work to establish economic and monetary union.

The European Parliament at Work

The European Parliament is free to discuss any aspect of Community affairs it wishes, since it has complete control of its own order paper. In practice, some national parliaments must largely accept an order paper drawn up for them by the executive (i.e. government). Every MP or political group in the European Parliament can raise any point thought to merit the attention of the Parliament, the Commission or the Council of Ministers. Discussion need not be limited to matters specifically covered by the Treaties.

Individual European MPs can submit written questions to the European Commission and to the Council of Ministers and can draft resolutions for discussion in full session or by the relevant parliamentary committee.

Subject to the putting down of the question being approved by the Bureau, a guiding committee consisting of the heads of the political groups and other senior parliamentarians, members can also address oral questions to the Commission or the Council whose representatives attend the Parliament for the purpose. Oral questions may be followed by a debate by the house as a whole.

Points raised in committee can, after discussion, result in the committee itself deciding to put down an oral question, with or without a debate, to the Commission or the Council. Or the committee, with the approval of the Bureau, may report to the full Parliament. After consulting the political groups, the committee appoints a rapporteur to prepare each report.

The Council must consult the Parliament on many subjects specifically laid down in the treaties. In practice, the Council consults the Parliament on all important matters. Consultation may be called for even before the Commission has made formal proposals.

The question of consultation is referred to the appropriate committee or committees, which may then hold hearings and/or visit any places, buildings etc. concerned. The committees then report to the full house in the usual way, adding a draft resolution and an explanatory statement. This includes, on occasion, a 'minority opinion'.

Committee reports are discussed by each of the political groups, which put forward spokesmen to represent the group at the full debate and if necessary to move amendments.

Plenary 'part-sessions' are held once a month except in August, normally

in Strasbourg but sometimes in Luxembourg (where the Parliament's administrative offices are situated). These sittings last from two to five days. A draft order paper is settled about ten days beforehand by the Bureau, in the presence of representatives of the Commission and the Council. At the opening of the full sitting, the President submits the draft order paper for the approval of the house as a whole.

The political groups normally nominate spokesmen for each debate. Other individual MPs speak as called, normally in the order in which they appear on a list of speakers prepared by the Clerk's Office. Debates are normally opened by the rapporteur concerned. He may be followed by rapporteurs from committees that have been asked to add their opinion on the subject under discussion. Then come the spokesmen of the political groups and, lastly, individual members.

The European Commission and the Council answer any questions raised, and the last word is usually given to the rapporteur to sum up. There is then a vote on the resolution. Speeches are limited as follows: the opening speech and the first spokesman from each political group, 15 minutes, 10 minutes for other speeches, with five minutes for the mover of an amendment. Every member may speak twice in a debate, the rapporteur, the Commission and the Council being heard on request. The chairman of the parliamentary committee concerned can intervene as often as he feels necessary but he must wait his turn on the speaker's list unless he represents the rapporteur.

Debates are published verbatim within a day with each speech reported in the language in which it was delivered. Within a month final editions in all the official languages of the Community are published in special issues of the Official Journal.

Apart from the frequent presence of representatives of the Commission and the Council at debates, as described above, the Parliament and the Commission have agreed that the latter should give early notice as to whether or not it agrees with any Parliamentary amendments to its proposals. A debate can then follow at which the Commission can be put under pressure to explain its viewpoint.

The Parliament has no direct power to compel the Council to explain its decisions but in cases where the Parliament's opinions are not accepted the Council has agreed to give explanations. These are normally contained in a letter written by the acting President of the Council to the President of the European Parliament.

NOTE: The above outline of procedure is based on material supplied by the Information Service of the European Parliament, 23 Chesham Street, London, S.W.1. See also: *Industrial Policy and the European Community*, published by Official Publications of the European Communities, Case Postale 1003, Luxembourg 1.—*Editor*.

[Mr. Wilhelm Haferkamp is Vice-President of the Commission of the European Communities.]

REDUNDANT CHURCHES

by the Very Rev. Robert Milburn, Master of the Temple

MOST of the threats to our environment arise from the inexorable pressure of population or because economic reasons are allowed to triumph over what may be described, according to choice, as aesthetic or spiritual values, and it is within the category of economic and social causes that the possible loss of a number of ancient churches may be seen to lie. When, in the year 1924, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse wrote his story *The Great Sermon Handicap*, he was able, with a very fair measure of truth, to maintain that 'each hamlet has a church and each church has a parson.' Since those days, however, many things have altered. There are fewer parsons, while the cost of maintaining and repairing churches has vastly increased and the mobility which the motor-car brings has weakened the individual's sense of being rooted in a particular place. Not surprisingly the authorities have held it appropriate to follow commercial practice and merge the small units in large, combined groups with activities concentrated at a central point. Hence redundant churches and hence the desire, whether hesitant or accompanied by iconoclastic gusto, to close and then demolish buildings deemed to be superfluous.

There has been a cyclic rhythm in such matters. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, churches in remote areas like the Norfolk Breckland were allowed quietly to sink into decay. Then, in a flurry of High Victorian confidence, it became the fashion, as many a parson's diary bears witness, to restore, to enlarge, and, if need be, to Gothicise according to principles laid down by John Ruskin and Sir Gilbert Scott, while, in the ever-widening fringes of the towns, the new church and rectory, no less than the school, were felt to be an essential element making for civilisation. Assistance from the State, whether in church-building or in management of the schools, was viewed askance and accepted only when the scale of operation was clearly so great that no source less powerful than the National Exchequer could possibly meet the urgent needs.

Religion enjoyed the patronage of public funds rather earlier than education since the sum of a million pounds was voted by the Parliament of 1818 for the building of churches while the first grant to aid the schools was £20,000 assigned in 1833. Thereafter, and for a variety of reasons, a national system of education, organised and financed by the Government, became inevitable and was rapidly brought into effect whereas churchmen hardly dreamed of State help for the buildings entrusted to their care.

When the Ancient Monuments Bill, one of the earliest essays in the field of town and country planning, was debated in the House of Lords during the month of July, 1913, all 'ecclesiastical buildings now used for ecclesiastical purposes' were exempted from its provisions in deference to the vigorous opposition of clerics who disliked the thought of any State control. The apprehension then was not that churches would be declared redundant and pulled down but that they might be renovated in an over-zealous and

harmful manner. Archbishop Davidson summed the matter up with his customary moderation. 'I am very far from saying,' he put it, 'that buildings which are subject to the control of ecclesiastical authorities have always and invariably been protected in the most ideally perfect way' but, while recognising that 'these ancient buildings have historic and aesthetic value beyond all words,' Davidson felt that 'the authority which at present controls these matters is the authority which can best control them in the years to come.' The authority here referred to is the 'faculty jurisdiction' exercised by the diocesan chancellor, a law officer acting as bishop's delegate, who presides in an ecclesiastical court and decides on the suitability of alterations proposed to a particular church.

The last sixty years have, however, brought changes that point towards a fuller national involvement in whatever affects an ancient, or artistically distinguished, building. Pressures arise from two sides. From clergymen of extrovert temper the cry goes up 'It's the people that matter and not the buildings,' regardless of the fact that, if the quality of a people's life is to be preserved, this end will be achieved by such enrichment as results from art, of which the churches provide the most obvious and widely dispersed examples in England. Some, on the other hand, would stress the idea of guardianship along lines laid down by William Morris: 'These old buildings do not belong to us only. They belonged to our forefathers and they will belong to our descendants unless we play them false. They are not in any sense our property to do as we like with them. We are only trustees for those that come after us.' In other words, a national heritage may not be diminished to suit ecclesiastical fashions, while the State has a duty to preserve its treasures and a corresponding obligation to provide the finance with which to do so. Such indeed is the practice of most European countries. In France, for instance, a burst of anti-clerical legislation in the year 1905 caused the fabric of cathedrals to pass into the custody of the nation and parish churches to become the property of local government. This arrangement has on the whole worked extremely well though, among the smaller communities, enthusiasm and the flow of funds have naturally varied from place to place and certain valuable buildings, such as the Romanesque church of St. Léon-sur-Vezère, in the Dordogne, have been saved from utter neglect and collapse only through the timely intervention of the *Monuments historiques*.

In England procedures are governed by the Pastoral Measure of 1968, which superseded a number of miscellaneous enactments running from the first year of Queen Victoria's reign down to 1965. The Pastoral Measure touches on many themes but the sections which concern redundant churches follow closely on the detailed advice of the Archbishop's Commission set up in 1958, with Lord Bridges as chairman, to investigate the whole subject. This Report, and the legislation based on it, recognise three facts. First it is noted that more churches exist than are today needed for pastoral and social purposes. Secondly it is held that the Church may not disclaim its responsibility as a trustee by casually demolishing churches with a view to administrative ease or financial advantage since, in the third

place, the matter reaches beyond ecclesiastical interest into the realm of national policy. The arrangements based on principles such as these are marked by extreme care as also by a certain slowness bound up inevitably with democratic workings when everyone concerned is entitled to have his say.

The local voice is first heard when a bishop and his officers in any diocese produce a scheme for the revision of parish boundaries which makes a particular church redundant. Those who live within the parish may view proceedings with satisfaction or unconcern but sometimes there is vigorous opposition which can be expressed when the scheme goes before the central executive body, the Church Commissioners. Even before this happens something in the nature of wide, expert advice will have been received since the diocesan authorities are obliged, before declaring a church redundant, to invoke, though not necessarily to follow, opinions given by the Council for the Care of Churches concerning the historic and aesthetic value of building and contents alike. After consideration, and perhaps amendment, of the redundancy proposals, the Commissioners put the whole matter before an Advisory Board consisting of about ten members appointed by the Archbishops after consultation with the Prime Minister. Members of this Board are required first to consider whether a building is or is not of such historical or architectural value that its demolition would be objectionable. Then, if they should decide that in the national interest the building ought to be preserved, they may be called upon, at a later stage, to consider proposals for alternative use in order to see whether the intended changes in the structure of the building are satisfactory. Suggestions about alternative use, however, emanate in the first place not from the Advisory Board but from the Commissioners or from the Dioceses, each of which is required to appoint a committee which 'shall make every endeavour to find a suitable use for the redundant building'.

In the nature of things the Advisory Board has no exact yardstick by which to measure the value of churches submitted to its scrutiny. Some buildings at first glance display their charm and interest while others prove to be poorish nineteenth-century structures or so blighted by roadworks and industrial development that their beauty is extinguished. More difficult are the borderline cases: medieval buildings in remote countryside which have suffered from neglect and vandalism to the point where effective restoration is barely possible or churches of the inner suburbs which offer, perhaps, a certain point of interest amid monotonous surroundings but lack distinction and all too soon acquire a forlorn, decrepit air. If the Advisory Board raises no voice on behalf of a redundant church, the Commissioners may proceed immediately to sanction a scheme for pulling it down. When, however, a church is declared to be redundant but at the same time valuable, it normally falls into a type of cold storage for at least a year while the question of re-use is examined, the Parochial Church Council being freed from all responsibility beyond 'reasonable supervision' and the Diocesan Board of Finance charged with the task of care and maintenance. The so-called 'waiting-period' has its importance as giving

time for a careful survey of possibilities but Diocesan Boards of Finance tend to interpret their duties with varying degrees of rigour and buildings sometimes emerge at the end of their year of waiting in a far more bedraggled state than when they entered upon it.

Opinions differ sharply concerning the uses to which a redundant church may appropriately be put. Some there are who hold that, unless a church continues in use for worship, the best course is to destroy it lest it should remain as a symbol of failure and defeat. Others however recall that the nave of a medieval church was often used for what might be termed secular transactions and that it is preferable to keep the exterior of a church in good repair as part of the landscape than lose it by refusing to countenance changes within. They may even go further and maintain that, anyhow in towns, churches of no exceptional beauty are better used for some definite purpose than kept as a sequence of empty shells or museum pieces. The French led the way in finding a diversity of uses for redundant churches: not only a gallery of ancient sculpture at Arles but a dispensary at Sarlat, a market at Senlis, a town hall at Souillac and so on. This pattern, now being copied in England, includes the conversion of churches into houses, a process not likely to go very far since few churches can be turned over to residential uses without drastic change to the exterior and there is often the difficult complication of the graveyard.

When no alternative use can be suggested for a redundant church it falls to be cared for 'in the interests of the nation and the Church of England' by a body of trustees described as the Redundant Churches Fund. Here again the members of the Fund owe their appointment to Church and State combined, names being submitted to the Queen by the Prime Minister acting after consultation with the Archbishops. The duties imposed upon the Fund are financial and administrative, money being provided by a grant of £200,000, during the first five year period, from the Church Commissioners, an exactly similar amount assigned by Parliament, and a smaller sum derived from the sale of unwanted sites. The Fund is required, so far as this income allows, to carry out the necessary works of maintenance and repair, but it may delegate these to such local bodies as are sufficiently enterprising to undertake them.

In this respect the Corporation of Norwich has set a splendid example. This City Council, though by no means remarkable for conservative temper, has for some years past shown the keenest appreciation of its exceptional wealth of ancient buildings. The effort at preservation which saved the life and usefulness of sixteenth-century houses on Elm Hill, and the earliest example of an agreed civic scheme for brightening up less ancient shopping quarters, has now been followed by care for the group of medieval churches which, possibly allowing for some rival murmurings from York, may be claimed as unique. There are thirty such churches in the central part of Norwich, nearly all examples of superb craftsmanship and, incidentally, with a great tradition of religious and social zeal. But populations have shifted and the diocesan authorities desire to keep no more than half a dozen in hand. This has led the Council to act and, con-

fident of the robust support of local patriotism, start on the negotiations for taking over the remainder which will thus continue as monuments of medieval artistry and twentieth century enterprise alike.

The workings of the Pastoral Measure have yet to be seen in their fullness since the number of churches likely to be declared redundant by, say, the year 1980 can be but roughly guessed. The Archbishops' Commission reckoned that it might be in the order of eight hundred but the processes already obvious when that Commission was sitting have speeded up and the total will probably be rather higher than was then estimated. The procedures laid down in the Pastoral Measure to deal with the present emergency have so far been justified. It has, in the first place, become impossible, anyhow in theory, for a church to be closed in any way other than after a cautious scrutiny that allows for both national and local interests to be considered. Again the Fund has been well able, with money yet in hand, to accept responsibility for all the churches entrusted to it. Clearly, however, as the number of buildings to be looked after increases, so will a larger allocation of funds become needful.

The grave weakness in the whole affair is that, while it should be possible to deal according to their deserts with churches formally declared redundant, those still in use remain outside the range of any financial assistance. The natural inclination, then, of a small congregation daunted by the problem of maintaining its church will be to give up the struggle and accept a redundancy scheme, whereas, with a little help from outside, the church might be kept alive and open if only for occasional services. The rural deanery of Bolingbroke in Lincolnshire, for example, consists mainly of small villages with, in all, forty-seven churches. Twenty-one of these are said to be in need of repair but they are buildings of modest size and, in the case of as many as fifteen, the bill is unlikely to exceed a thousand pounds each. Neglected roofs or gutters, however, will soon treble and quadruple the amount required and hasten a willingness to declare the buildings redundant and thus taken off the hands of Parochial Church Councils which find the task of conservation too much for them.

While the Cathedrals and greater parish churches can count on the vigour of local support to sustain them, thousands of other buildings are at risk. Either they will be pressed into redundancy and place an overpowering burden on the Fund or they will be maintained, as on the Continent, with State help reinforcing local affection. It is already possible, under the Historic Buildings Act of 1953, for churches to be drawn within the scope of governmental aid but, perhaps as a hangover from Archbishop Davidson's plea, these have to be disused as well as 'of outstanding historic or architectural interest'. At some point the nineteenth century pattern of educational development will have to be followed whereby the Church, no doubt with appropriate expostulations, resigns to the ample coffers of the State some part of a task which it is unable and perhaps unwilling to discharge in full. Readiness on the part of the Church to forego its exemption from all planning and control of buildings might well have the same effect as did, a century or so ago, abandonment of like privilege with regard to

schools. Such action might be expected to impel any Government to accept a much fuller share in preserving not houses only but also the churches which are a part of the nation's inheritance.

Church and State alike would then be able to take as their motto the poet's words

> I love all beauteous things,
> I seek and adore them.
> God hath no better praise,
> And man in his hasty days
> Is honoured for them.

The May issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Vital Importance of Population Day* by Dr. John A. Loraine, *The Absorption of the Baltic States by the U.S.S.R. in 1940* by Lionel King, *Technology and the Labour Government, 1964–70* by Arthur Palmer, M.P. and *Jules Romains—A Last Look* by Phyllis Schraeder.

THE DEATH OF BYRON
According to *The Bucks Gazette* 1824

by Julian Ennis

DESPITE the loss of his earlier high reputation with the critics, and the decline of his fame into notoriety, Byron's death came as a shock to most people, and the time-honoured process of forgiveness and regret was set in motion. For the time being, and until his posthumous reputation — itself mixed and fluctuating — began to be built, his private misdemeanours (whatever they really had or had not been) and his more recent poems, all of them scandalous and providing evidence of personal and artistic degeneration, were almost forgotten in the sheer thrill of the news.

Thus *The Bucks Gazette* opened its report on May 15, 1824: 'It is with unmingled feelings of sadness that we announce the death of this eminent person.'

Byron was, the writer agreed, 'the most remarkable man of his age.' Still, the *caveat* had to be entered — for what he had become could not, even now, be wholly ignored — that he was not 'the most to be envied or admired.' He had had undoubted genius, but had ceased to give it 'its legitimate employment,' so that his admirers could only be disappointed that 'his literary career had not terminated earlier,' before 'his intellect had been enfeebled and corrupted.' Perhaps, had he lived, he might have redeemed himself through 'the excitement of an active employment, in a noble cause'; but this was a reluctant admission. The writer was obviously glad that the virtue which Byron had once shown could no longer be 'assailed'.

The report then gives some details of the event:—

> A courier arrived in town on Friday morning, with the distressing intelligence of the decease of Lord Byron, at Missolonghi, on April 19, after an illness of ten days. A cold, attended with inflammation, was the cause of the fatal result. Lord Sidney Osborne's letters from Corfu are dated April 27. His Lordship was about to proceed immediately to Zante, where the body had arrived.
>
> Lord Byron had perfectly recovered from his illness in February, which was of quite a different nature from that under which he died.

These details are followed by a translation of the proclamation which had been issued by the Greek authorities in Missolonghi:—

> PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF GREECE
>
> The present days of festivity (the Easter celebrations) are converted into days of bitter lamentation for all.
>
> Lord Noel Byron departed this life today, about eleven o'clock in the evening, in consequence of a rheumatic inflammatory fever, which had lasted for ten days.
>
> During the time of his illness, your general anxiety evinced the profound sorrow that pervaded your hearts. All classes, without distinction of age or sex, oppressed by grief, entirely forgot the days of Easter.

The death of this illustrious personage is certainly a calamitous event for all Greece, and still more lamentable for this city, to which he was eminently partial, of which he became a citizen, and of the dangers of which he was determined personally to partake when circumstances should require it.

His munificent donations to this community are before the eyes of everyone, and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him, with the purest and most grateful sentiments, our benefactor.

Until the dispositions of the National Government regarding this most calamitous event be known, by virtue of a decree of the Legislature, No. 314, of date October 15, it is ordered,

1. Tomorrow, by sun-rise, thirty-seven minute-guns shall be fired from the batteries of this town, equal to the number of years of the deceased personage.
2. All public offices, including all Courts of Justice, shall be shut for three following days.
3. All shops, except those for provisions and medicines, shall also be kept shut; and all sorts of musical instruments, all dances customary in these days, all sorts of festivities and merriment in the public taverns, and every other sort of public amusement, shall cease during the above named period.
4. A general mourning shall take place for twenty-one days.
5. Funeral ceremonies shall be performed in all the churches.

A. MAVROCORDATO.
GIORGIO PRAIDI (Secretary)

Missolonghi, April 19, 1824.

The report closes with Mavrocordato's letter to John Bowring, the Secretary of the Greek Committee in England:—

Sir, and my very dear friend, — It is with the greatest affliction that I fulfil the duty of giving you the sad news of the death of Lord Byron, after an illness of ten days. Our loss is irreparable, and it is with justice that we abandon ourselves to inconsolable sorrow. Notwithstanding the difficult circumstances in which I am placed, I shall attempt to perform my duty towards this great man: the eternal gratitude of my country will perhaps be the only true tribute to his memory. The deputies will communicate to you the details of this melancholy event, on which the grief which I feel will not allow me to dwell longer. You will excuse — you will justify, my being overwhelmed with sorrow, and accept the assurances of my devotion and the high consideration with which I have the honour to be, sir,

Your very humble and very obedient servant,
A. MAVROCORDATO

The paper's readers had to wait nearly two months for further news, as it was not until the issue of July 10 that they were told that 'the remains of Lord Byron' had arrived at the Nore from Greece and, when transferred to the coffin, 'were found to retain exactly the same appearance as when they were first embalmed.' But where should they go? Byron's 'near relations and representatives' wanted them to be 'interred' in the family vault at Hucknall, but John Cam Hobhouse and other friends 'very naturally thought' that they should be laid in Westminster Abbey. The wishes of the near relations and representatives prevailed, of course.

A week later the paper published a long account of the funeral procession from Great George Street, Westminster, to 'the Pancras-turnpike,' the first stage of its journey to Nottinghamshire and the vault 'where the remains of this distinguished nobleman are to be deposited.'

The procession of thirty-five carriages, 'nearly all of which bore the armorial insignia of the nobility,' was headed by 'Mr. Lee, the High Constable of Westminster, in full mourning, A Constable of St. Margaret's parish, A Page, Plume, A Page, Six attendants on horseback, The State Horse, caparisoned; and led by two Pages, the rider bare-headed, and carrying the Coronet of the deceased Lord on a cushion of splendid crimson velvet.' The hearse, which was 'not ornamented, having neither escutcheons nor armorial bearings,' was drawn by six horses and flanked by two pages. Other pages walked on each side of the four mourning coaches, in the first of which was 'the Urn containing the Heart of his Lordship, covered by a small Pall, ornamented with escutcheons'. Among the 'noblemen and gentlemen' in the following coaches were Hobhouse, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Moore and Samuel Rogers.

The bell of the Abbey tolled as the procession moved away past the crowds lining the streets, sometimes in such numbers that the coaches had to stop so that a passage could be made for them. Once at St. James's Chapel, Frederick's-Place, however, whose bells took up the lament, only the hearse and mourning coaches 'passed through towards the north road', though 'the pedestrian crowd still congregated and moved onward with the funeral.' And 'the utmost order prevailed throughout,' which 'bespoke a sympathy suited to the solemn occasion, and the public respect which was due to the memory of Lord Byron.'

The account ends with this excellent little paragraph, for which, we can be sure, Byron himself would have forgone all the rest of the flourishing:—

> A fine-looking honest tar was observed to walk near the hearse, uncovered, throughout the morning; and, on being asked by a stranger whether he formed any part of the funeral cortège, he replied that he came there to pay his respect to the deceased, with whom he had served for two years and a half in the Levant, when he made his tour of the Grecian Islands. This poor fellow was kindly offered a place by some of the servants who were behind the carriages, but he said he was strong, and had rather walk near the hearse.

The last report was published a week later, on July 24. No mourners accompanied the hearse on the journey from London to Hucknall, but only 'the undertaker and his assistants.' The route was by 'what is called the high Leeds road, and not the more general and better road through Leicester.' Night halts were made at Welwyn, Higham Ferrars and Oakham, and the procession reached Nottingham at five o'clock on the fourth day, the Thursday.

Nottingham gave 'the remains' no less of a hero's welcome and send-off than London had. Church bells tolled, most of the shops were shut, and a huge crowd, many of the people having come in 'from all the neighbouring villages,' lined the route along which 'the mournful cavalcade was to move.'

The report continues:—

> At a quarter before eleven o'clock, the hearse, adorned with twelve large sable plumes, drawn by six beautiful black horses, each having a plume of feathers on his head, was ordered to the front of the Blackmoor's Head Inn, for the purpose of receiving the body of his lordship, which, on being brought out and

> placed therein, the first mourning coach and six came up, in which was put the urn, containing the heart etc., covered with a rich black silk velvet pall, ornamented with escutcheons of the Byron arms on a white ground. The utmost silence prevailed during the ceremony, and considering the prodigious concourse of people that filled the streets, windows, and roofs of the houses, the decorum preserved on the occasion reflected the highest credit on the inhabitants.

The new procession was headed by 'two Constables on horseback, two Bailiffs on horseback and two Mutes on horseback.' Then came 'a large Plume of black Feathers, borne on a man's head' and flanked by two pages, 'six Horsemen in cloaks, riding two by two', two more mounted Mutes, 'the State Horse, richly caparisoned, and led by two Pages, the rider carrying on his arms the Coronet of the deceased Lord on a crimson velvet cushion, ornamented with gold tassels and fringe.' Other pages walked alongside the horse, the hearse, and the first two mourning coaches. Among those in the coaches were the ever-faithful Hobhouse, the Mayor of Nottingham, two Aldermen, the Sheriffs, the Town Clerk and 'the remainder of the deputation from the corporate body.'

Several 'private carriages, and 40 or 50 gentlemen in full mourning, upon horseback' came next, and after them 'the great body of the people on foot followed to the outskirts of the liberties of the town.'

By now the vault in Hucknall Church had been opened and was being 'inspected' by the crowd waiting for the arrival of the procession.

> The vault is but small, and will not hold more than three coffins abreast upon the floor. Those which were already there spoke loudly of the vanity of worldly grandeur. Scarcely a bit of wood or velvet was visible. Nothing but six or seven leaden coffins remained, of all the grandeur which had been deposited in that lonely habitation.

The undertaker's men arrived well ahead of the procession to clothe the pulpit and reading-desk with black drapes and hang an escutcheon with the motto *Crede Byron* in front of the pulpit. And so the 'little village, crowded to excess,' waited, though how patiently the paper does not, of course, disclose. It does say that the journey from Nottingham to Hucknall, only eight miles, took four and a half hours.

At long last, however, the Rev. Mr. Nixon, the vicar, was able to conduct the service, and soon the coffin was being:

> gradually lowered, and placed on an old leaden coffin, said to be that of Richard Lord Byron who so greatly distinguished himself during the civil wars. The original intention was, that it should have been laid upon his mother's coffin, but the mutilated and decayed state of the latter rendered that impossible.

Yet the story was still not quite at an end, for the paper was later to report that 'The night after the funeral of Lord Byron, some thieves broke into the church of Hucknall Torkard, and carried off a large quantity of black cloth, with which the pulpit and reading desk had been hung, as a mark of respect to the memory of his Lordship.' The author of *Don Juan* would surely have revelled in the ambiguity of the report no less than in the contempt for convention of the intruders.

But, of course, the world had heard anything but the last of Byron. His writings remained, in any case. Then there were to be the memoirs and biographies, the letters, the discoveries, the explanations and the theories; with many more to come. There was the recent acknowledgment that Westminster Abbey was, after all, not an inappropriate place for recognition of one who was, among other things, a poet.

It is inconceivable that any writer, least of all any poet, will ever again be given such a funeral. But Byron's was of this nature, not merely because he was a notorious man — 'the most remarkable man of his age.' His poems had been best-sellers, and they were even more widely read when 'pirated' and re-issued. And there must have been many contemporary readers who realised that his latest verses were his best. The Greeks were not alone in paying him a true tribute. Besides, how could such a man and such an artist not be as wonderful in death as he had been in life? Did not everything in his life become him like the leaving it?

NOTE: The first issue of the *Byron Journal*, published by the *Byron Society*, to mark the 149th anniversary of the poet's death on April 19, 1824, will include previously unpublished letters and inscriptions. *Editor.*

BIRTHDAY
A Short Story

by Muriel Box

MARY sighed, turned over in bed and was awake. The room was still dark and deliciously cool. A cock crew. Presently a pale primrose light crept slowly over the walls; soon it would reach the pitcher hidden in the shadow of the doorway and when that came to pass she knew it was the signal for her to rise. Until then her thoughts were free to wander in the secret places of the heart, the oases of the past or dreams of the future. Mary put her hands behind her head and, schooling herself to ignore the stentorian breathing of Joseph who lay as usual on his back, she closed her eyes.

It was no ordinary day. She knew it would pass like any other in petty tasks fulfilled or half-fulfilled, in friendly gossip with the neighbours, in the dull routine of meals, with perhaps a trip to the market-place, yet for her it was his birthday and therefore different. To-day he would have been thirty-five years old, her son, her darling son. A smile trembled upon her lips and was gone.

She knew he was an exceptional baby from the very beginning, he had such beautiful hands and feet. A real craftsman's hands, Joseph had declared, and so they proved to be. And then the way he had of listening when she told him a story, rapt and quiet, with his big solemn eyes fixed on her in an unwinking stare until the end. How he loved those stories! By the time he was four she had exhausted her limited store and he had begun to invent his own. Quaint they were, full of strange quirks and vivid little pictures that you remembered long after you had forgotten exactly what the story was about.

There never was a more amusing child, with his gay infectious laugh, always catching you unawares. The day they went down to the sea and he saw the water for the first time he threw himself into the waves, shouting with delight. And when she pulled him out, fearing he would drown, he answered her scolding with a glowing smile, saying that one day the waves would obey him and he would walk upon them. None of the other children came out with such original notions. Elizabeth always said he was *too* original, that was his trouble. But that was only jealousy on her part, since John, her little one, never took to the water till he was a grown man, and then nobody could keep him out of it.

Maybe her cousin was right, though. Perhaps he *was* too original. She never quite understood him from the time he ran away, he must have been getting on for twelve then. Whatever made him do it? The anxiety and trouble he caused them, she would never forget, never! Three whole days searching for him, tramping from one neighbour's house to the next, all in vain. And then to hear by accident that he had stayed behind in Jerusalem! The weary journey back to discover him in the temple, of all places, talking to the doctors. It was astonishing the number of questions

they asked him for which he had a ready answer. They were so interesting they even made her forget her anger, and by the time she caught his eye, all she could do was to reproach him mildly for causing them so much worry and trouble. Then, without turning a hair, he calmly raised his eyes to Joseph and asked him why we bothered to look for him. Surely we knew he was about his father's business? Which was odd, to say the least! Everyone knew Joseph was a carpenter.

Of course he came back with them eventually, but it was never quite the same after that. Perhaps if he had kept to his work as Joseph had wanted, he would have made a fine craftsman, but he lost interest. It was a great disappointment to them. After all, a carpenter's trade is a good one, solid and respectable, and they were building a nice little business in Nazareth, which would all come to him, their only son. But no, he would have none of it. He must go his own way. Very self-willed he was and she knew it at the time, but there was nothing one could do about it, since he was so quiet and determined. If only they had realised what he wanted to do things would have been quite different, but their questions always brought forth vague answers that led nowhere. They should have stopped him when he began to study those foreign tongues, then he would not have been tempted to read such strange books—books that ordinary folk could make neither head nor tail of. No wonder Joseph said that was where the trouble started. Nothing would have gone wrong but for them. A little learning is a dangerous thing, but a lot of learning is a downright tragedy. . . .

Joseph stirred in his sleep and his heavy breathing stopped for a moment. Mafy opened her eyes and glanced towards the pitcher. The light was halfway across the lip and would soon reach the handle. She threw back the coverlet, rose from her bed and began to dress. In a few moments she was busy in the next room preparing their first meal of the day.

Taking the pitcher, she went down to the well to draw water. While she was waiting her turn with the other women, she saw her son again as a little lad of seven. She had just sent him down to this same well and he had come running home a while later, out of breath and red in the face. 'Mother,' he had cried, lifting up the broken handle, all that was left of her fine, earthenware jar. 'Look what the well did to our pitcher!' She never could be angry with him when he said things like that.

Mary drew her water and returned to the house. On passing through the small courtyard, she paused to gather the few remaining figs from the tree in the corner, and then went inside. How angry he had been when there was no fruit one season! He loved figs and was very fond of picking them the moment they were ripe. He had shaken his small fist at the barren branches and she had tried to explain that a tree, like a woman, sometimes needs a rest from bearing fruit. Even so, he was scarcely mollified and continued to stare at it with an angry frown.

Having piled the figs onto a dish, broken the bread and put out the salt, Mary crossed to the open window and sat down to await Joseph. She watched the sparrows pecking daintily in the yard and yet she never really saw them. Why was her son different from other men? The thought torment-

ed her. She wanted an answer to so many questions, but there was no one to whom she could turn for help.

How could anyone else understand how she felt about him. She had watched him grow from a babe into a full grown man and then into a stranger. The first time she realised that he was a stranger was the day of the wedding in Cana. He had arrived late with several of his friends. At first she thought he would not be there at all, for though he had received an invitation, he had been away from home for some weeks and no word had come from him. The feast had been a good one, with plenty of rich food and excellent company, but half way through the wine had run out. It was at this moment she saw him enter at the door and she hurried over to tell him of the unfortunate situation which had arisen. To her astonishment, he had looked right through her, for all the world as if they had never set eyes on each other and, addressing her as 'Woman', asked what he had to do with her. His own mother, mark you! Of course, she had pretended to take no notice at the time. Nevertheless, she was deeply hurt inside. The wedding was a great success, for somehow he had miraculously produced some wine for the guests and the bridegroom was complimented on the vintage. But the pleasure had gone out of it for her.

She would have forgotten the incident and the words he used to her (for she never was one to nurse a grievance) if he had not failed to remind her of them once again.

For months he had been away, preaching and teaching from one end of Galilee to the other, and she had a deep longing to see him. Hearing that he had arrived at a small village by the sea, she and a few friends set off at dawn and journeyed all day until they reached the outskirts of the place, where they saw a knot of people talking together. She knew them to be some of his followers and at once inquired for him. They led the way to a huge crowd gathered about a house overlooking the sea. It was then she heard his voice, faintly and in snatches, for a high wind was blowing and carrying away his words even as he spoke them. She tried to elbow her way to the front of the crowd, but the press of humanity was too strong for her, so she sent a message by a thin, wiry lad, telling him that she wished to speak to her son. He darted into the listening throng and they stood waiting impatiently until he returned some minutes later.

'Did you give the message?' In reply to her question the boy nodded mutely. 'Well, what did he answer?'

'He said: "Who is my mother? And who are my brethren?" '

'Is that all?'

'No. He stretched out his hand towards his followers and said *they* were his mother and his brethren. So I came back.'

The words had affected her cruelly, cutting across her heart like an icy wind. She turned away and made no further effort to approach him.

Mary shivered silently. She felt once more the chilliness of the scene and tried to shake off the memories it evoked: the weary journey back to Nazareth, the painful explanation to Joseph, who failed to understand, and the sleepless nights which inevitably followed.

With overwhelming force a tide of emotion swept her forward, as it had done a hundred times before, to the end. Joseph had been seriously ill and she feared he was dying. He called continually for his son, but though many messages were sent no answer was forthcoming. She finally decided there was only one thing to be done and she must do it. She would go to Jerusalem herself, seek him out and bring him home to his father.

Leaving Joseph in the care of Elizabeth she made the long pilgrimage to the city, arriving on the evening of the passover. As she entered in through the gates wondering how she would be able to find him, she suddenly caught sight of a familiar figure hurrying past and her spirits rose. It was Mary Magdalen. At last she would have news of him, but when Mary turned and saw her, she wept and could scarcely speak.

Together they went up to Golgotha where she said they had taken him and as they reached the place, the crowds were so dense they had difficultly in getting through. The soldiers reluctantly made way for them; then, for the last time she saw her son. She scarcely recognised him and had not John been there to assure her it was really he, she would have denied all knowledge of him. But even as she gazed, transfixed with horror at the hideous spectacle, he looked down and spoke and then she knew.

'Woman, behold thy son!'

But she could not look upon him. A blinding wave of shame swept over her, shame for him, for herself and for Joseph. She closed her eyes. It was too much to ask of any mother and she loved him. Her body turned to stone. He spoke again but this time she could not hear the words, they seemed to come from a distant place. A blackness engulfed her and she felt herself falling as in a dream. Then John's arms encircled her and she was safe.

The blue line of the hills beyond Nazareth came slowly into focus as Mary heard footsteps behind her. She turned and saw Joseph had come in and was standing by the table. He looked up and then came towards her, smiling. Without a word he wiped away her tears and sitting beside her, held out something for her to see. It was a small wooden boat, delicately carved and smoothly finished. He touched the polished surface with loving fingers.

'Even as a lad he knew how to handle a piece of wood — none better. He was a good son, Mary. He went his own way, but maybe it was the right way after all. Who knows?'

She nodded, quietly content.

POEMS

A CHINESE DANCER, LONDON, 1971

Swan necked
she glides
smooth as silk.

A peacock fan
protects the fragile
porcelain of her smile.

A thousand years ago,
the delicate hands
poured cool wine
into crystal glasses
in the Jade Pavilion.

The almond eyes
conjure a fragrance
of trees flowering
under the moon.

They search,
beyond the footlights,
in the dark auditorium,
for Tartar hosts
on the road to Kokonor.

JOHN WARD

RETREAT

Here are serene mountains,
mantled in age and olives.
Sculptured boles lean in the wind;
Sappho's flowers sprinkle
chromatic poems on green slopes
to the sea. 'I have come here,'
you say, 'to discover if I have
a soul, or if it was consumed
by the God-playing Computer.'

I observe you enviously,
admiring your courage, wishing
I could discard reservations,
fears, return tickets that burn
in the pocket and warn
like the writing on the wall:

There is no return, you and everything
change!

Sappho's island drifts
out of sight like a vision.
Have I been there at all
to seek this myth of a soul,
lost, found and lost again
like some Holy Grail?

CECILY LAMBERT

ALBRECHT DURER

No comment,
he seems to say,
I am merely recording.
I am a student of how, not why.
I regard with equal dispassion
the damned
taking a header downwards into hell
keen as high divers springing from a ledge,
old Grin-and-Bones straddling his scrawny nag
and the torturer turning a screw in somebody's eyeball.

The Fall has soured this world
past hope of saving.
With whistling swords and arrows they strike to kill,
not even a rictus of anger or will contorting:
but see how that killer's bicep swells,
how this tendoned heel grows tense in such a way,
how the folds fall,
how a hat's long feather curls.

His eyes feed in a cold rage of looking.
Clinical, exact, his hand records.
Appearances possess him,
take him by the throat
until he buys release with likenesses.
On the dour block he scores because he must,
detail by detail, intricate as hair.

Nothing escapes his eye, his ruthless hand,
the stark refusal of his neutral heart,
except the animals: pig, horse or hare,
free of the curse of Eden, go in peace.

There in the woodcut where St. Catherine kneels
beside the wheel that is to break her body
a horse bends his head low.
A man, trampled by crowds perhaps
in trying to save her,
flat on his back looks the horse in the eye;
and such a deep gaze goes between and joins them
as makes a stillness in the midst of violence.
No comment,
only a kind of reconciling.

JOAN MURRAY SIMPSON

ECHOES IN BELFAST

A distant dog
Barks,
Wakened
From soft, canine sleep
By the sharp crack
Of sniper's bullet.
Another dog
Replies.
Rifle returns the fire;
Link on link
Of disturbed dog's
Chain-echo
In the bowl
Of city's night.
My neighbour's dogs
Take up the cry—
Why?
Why can't they let us
Sleep in peace?
Dog echoes dog.
Until a new dawn
Breaks.
Snipers and dog alike
Crawl back
Into their warm
Daytime beds.
Policemen,
Soldiers,
Stay on 'Red Alert',
Waiting for the next night dog
To bark.

GEORGE SAUNDERS-ROBINSON

FATHER

I lean back through the weather of many years
to colour in his shade.
I go towards the safety of his valley,
though there was war.
Grey ships I can remember, and grey fears,
yet summer swung naked in those apple days.

He seemed so huge, omnipotent and calm,
all calculations proven.
Sometimes the maniac house raved in the midnight storm;
ghost-monsters clawed my eiderdown
but vanished when they heard him playing Beethoven.

How could I know what tension stretched him then?
He was authority and trust,
letting me paddle where cows paused in the hidden stream
running through growing mysteries of bracken.
My tadpole happiness was greatly his gift.

But later I found the eagle mind he flew
made his strong eyrie bleak and sheep afraid.
At times he had a lion's sarcastic roar
that made tame people rabbits;
he never growled at me. I knew
I was a part of his pride.

Then he died.
My monsters came at night
and sour grief-apples loaded the branching days.
There was no childhood safety any more
unless my own hands built it
as he taught.

KATHERINE KNIGHT

THE NATURE OF RESPONSIBILITY

by Margaret Rooke

THE period succeeding the Industrial Revolution has seen the growth of mass communities in advanced countries. Each such community is in practice divided into segments and their interdependence is only brought home when the abnormal behaviour of one segment shakes the whole structure. The link between cause and effect and between decision and responsibility for the consequences tends to become less apparent in a complex community. Mass error means a slighter individual sense of responsibility for it. The less direct the chain of events and the greater the number of people involved, the less seem legal responsibility and moral guilt or credit. This brings opportunities for self-deception. It also encourages greater fluidity of opinion, the indulgence of emotion and a reluctance to judge by reason and act on that judgement. Modern European history provides some graphic illustrations of the consequences of yielding to these tendencies. A really large community with all the weapons of technology at its command can easily tolerate and preserve a permanent state of latent hysteria in which the most obvious facts can be ignored or distorted. In short, mass communities often have all the faults of small communities—on a positively obliterating scale.

What we have seen in recent years is the application of this to the academic community. The financial autonomy of universities protects their inmates from the harsh laws of cause and effect. Thus there is no urgent reason for staff to resist waves of hysteria and irrationality among students. Therefore concessions, often thought by the conceders to be pointless, dangerous or ridiculous, are made. The wave sweeps on and no memory of the futility of the most recent concessions discourages universities from making more. The qualities that make people dons do not make them able to lead a university community in a time of crisis. People do not necessarily carry scholarly regard for cause and effect from the archive or the laboratory to the debating-chamber, particularly as the debating-chamber has become such a noisy and violent place.

Each extension of illiberal behaviour and hysterical demands is the fault not only of its perpetrators but of those dons whose previous weakness has given their students every reason to suppose that, to provoke the authorities to reaction, ever more violent action is necessary—and that such action will eventually be tolerated. The Extreme Left knows that virtually nothing it does will bring moral condemnation from certain University authorities. Tactful silence is the best policy for many dons.

Some university teachers close their eyes to the erosion of freedom of speech and variety of opinion. They tell themselves that each concession does not touch the essential nature of the university and does not affect the acquisition and extension of knowledge. No doubt these delusions are comforting. They protect dons from making the effort of telling students a few home truths about their political demands. These home truths are the

following; most students, even militants, do not take a serious and consistent interest in university government; student 'grievances' are usually unreal and always quickly forgotten; promises of solidarity with 'victimised' colleagues are as brittle as lovers' vows; most 'activists' are in fact passive and never initiate or speak for the actions they support; and, finally, graduation kills the revolutionary urge. The most notable instance of this reluctance to state the obvious and unpalatable occurred during the Files Controversy. The entire matter was a mare's nest; an incredible amount of hysteria was generated over the alleged Establishment Conspiracy. Few dons pointed out that if revolutionary students really did intend revolution in the immediate future it did not matter what was in the Files as they would all be destroyed in the convulsions from which a new and better world was to spring. Nor did they insist that students should accept responsibility for their actions or that people who deliberately get themselves into situations which predispose mass hysteria must take the consequences. Instead, university authorities denounced political files, said they kept none and refrained from taking tactless disciplinary action against those who had caused disruption in vain searches for files of a political nature. Excessive tact and a reluctance to distribute home truths are characteristic of some dons. Thus, they have failed our liberal but intellectually exacting academic traditions in their hour of need.

The fundamental reason for this moral and intellectual failure is the fear some dons have of being unloved and alone, or nearly so, in an opinion. Some university staffs do not abound with the spirit praised by Horace:

> *Iustum ac tenacem propositi virum*
> *Non civium ardor prava iubentium*
> *Non voltis instantis tyranni*
> *Mente quatit solida. . . .*

The desire to be loved can be more corrupting than the desire for power. Many dons seem to be morally sucked under by the currents of emotion and to use their intelligence merely to justify their surrender. They see their duty, not as bringing reason to academic communities shaken by emotions akin to those aroused in the Witches of Salem episode, but as rationalising their silence and inactivity. To compromise thus with what is clearly wrong is not moderation but cowardice.

Dons, are, of course, divided on these matters and some university authorities are more hard-line than others. Sussex, Warwick and Essex staff are more reticent about their problem charges than LSE staff are about theirs. Senior common rooms are divided among the traditionalists, the 'progressives' (of varying shades) and the apathetic, most of whom follow the minority group inclined to make most effort.

A few dons are ageing *enfants terribles* who try to refuse to be responsible —either legally or morally—for their actions. In these pretensions they are supported by a larger minority of dons who fear that to apply the processes of reason to issues of responsibility is to be 'illiberal'. The fear of being thought right-wing Macarthyites drives the muddleheaded into being the halfconscious assistants of left-wing Macarthyites. Some dons rush to con-

demn hard-line liberal university authorities, while tactfully refraining from criticising amateur totalitarians among students.

It is not difficult to foresee the consequences of the indifference of many dons to recent student extremism. Demands that committees appointing staff should include students will be renewed—a demand that some dons will be willing to concede.[1] This will introduce political criteria into the selection of staff; and nobody can deceive himself about the result.

Inevitably, the range of tolerated political opinion will be narrowed. Universities will become places where knowledge is contracted instead of extended and suppressed instead of disseminated. Political persecution will spread to the most unlikely departments. Who would have thought that Lysenko's views on biology could have survived uncriticised for 30 years in Soviet universities? This was made possible by the intervention of the Soviet state which, under Stalin, silenced Lysenko's critics. Similar pressure was put on university departments in Germany between 1933 and 1935. In a sense, revelation gained a position in universities which it had not held previously —even in Spanish universities in the 16th century. Once hysteria gets a hold and even those unconvinced have not the courage to oppose it, facts become distorted, disappear, are invented and the basis of knowledge and interpretation is lost. The responsibility for supporting an argument, a demand or a concession with clear and logical chains of reasoning based on empirically verifiable fact is being extinguished in some of our universities. Certain dons seem to view this slide with apathy. They must bear responsibility for the consequences.

Society as a whole will suffer if the quality of our universities deteriorates. 'Graduates'—or, rather, 'sub-graduates'—incapable of either running or overturning society, will be imposed on the public.

There are more important implications for society. The present weakening of the sense of the link between cause and effect, which has done such great damage to academic communities, has been apparent in society in general, or rather some sections of it. Where the universities have led, the Hampstead liberals have followed. There have been three episodes recently which illustrate this.

Firstly, there was the proposal of one political party that British entry into the EEC should depend on the result of a national referendum. I shall not go into this matter in detail, as most of what I would say has already been expounded in the letter of resignation of the deputy leader of this party. One of my most vivid political memories is that of the effect of the first speech on immigration by a now well-known MP. The favourable reaction to this speech was totally unreasoning. If a referendum had been held to decide on these matters, 75% of the population would have approved a scheme of massive repatriation and the repeal of the Race Relations Acts. This, of course, was what some of the 'Far Right' suggested. It was only the constant pressure of the more sensible members of all three parties that wore down racial prejudice to a level where progress seems possible. Governments must rest in the hands of those who are prepared to take the responsibility for their own actions in the knowledge that the laws of cause and effect are

sometimes seen in election results.

The second episode—though saga would be a more appropriate word—is that of Northern Ireland. In the eyes of those who wish to be thought 'liberal' and 'progressive', the double standard of morality is applied to murder. By some, the atrocities of the IRA (both Provisional and Official) are tactfully ignored, explained away or attributed to the British Army or Protestant organisations. The most notable military victories of the IRA include blowing the arms and legs off Belfast shoppers and putting bombs in such dangerous centres of oppression as public lavatories. The British Extreme Left, supported by many of its admirers, prefers to ignore these inconvenient facts. In this display of tact it is given a lead by student activists. Lancaster, York and De La Salle students held marches for Londonderry but remained silent on Aldershot and Donegal St. Murder is only murder when it is killing in defence of a democratically elected government. The condonation or tactful ignoring of the IRA's activities gives to some the sense of being really 'progressive' and others that of enjoying, safely and vicariously, the deaths of others. Northern Ireland provides an ominous precedent of large-scale political murder in the United Kingdom; and those who have condoned it will share in the moral responsibility if it is followed.[2]

The third episode is that of the struggle between public opinion and trade union bureaucracies about whether organised labour should be effectively subject to the law. Some people think it 'progressive' to maintain that organised labour should be above the law.

Connecting these three episodes and many similar ones is a belief that violence, irrationality, demagogy and irresponsibility are never the fault of their ostensible perpetrators or causes (unless these are right-wing). There is a whole mythology about this on the Extreme Left. If, for instance, there is a scuffle between police and demonstrators, the Extreme Left and its apologists say: 'The police attacked the demonstrators'. This was usually the line taken during the Springboks' Tour. If it is too clear that this was not the case the line is: 'The incident was an isolated one and much exaggerated in the right-wing press'. This was the stand taken after the 1968 Vietnam March about the policeman who was held by one demonstrator and kicked in the neck by another. If the violence is totally meaningless, as when skinheads beat up a meths-drinker, the suggestion is: 'It is all the fault of society. We are all guilty'. If the mindless violence is right-wing it can sometimes be explained in left-wing terms. During a spate of Paki-bashing the Extreme Left claimed that the conditions and propaganda of capitalism stirred up racial feeling—a view not shared by the Far Right which claimed that it was silenced by the press and the governing classes who were influenced by foreign reds. What the Extreme Left and its apologists refuse to admit is the possibility that some people, particularly dense and insecure adolescent males, like hitting people and breaking things up. The actual pretexts are often immaterial. What the 'progressives' have done is to lift the responsibility from those committing acts of violence.

Some sections, though not most, of the press have an ambivalent and

muddled attitude towards violence. They show a willingness to shift responsibility for violence from its perpetrators to some abstraction called 'society'. The link between cause and effect is obliterated in the minds of those who 'know' that it is the latent violence of the System which is the cause of the overt violence perpetrated by its 'victims'—even when these victims are equipped with full civil and legal rights.

Thus it seems that the sense of responsibility for the consequences of one's actions and decisions is seriously threatened and nowhere more so than in the universities which should be the defenders of reason and attempt to divest themselves of passion and prejudice and examine facts impartially. Universities ought to provide intellectual leadership and dons should make sure that it is provided. They must not abdicate their responsibility. There are sobering precedents for such abdications. In Weimar Germany many dons, though not National Socialists, hesitated to oppose Nazi students and lecturers. They did not wish to be called unpatriotic or supporters of Weimar. After 1933 they accommodated themselves to the regime. Thus, they failed in their duty. It is as well to remember that fascism comes in many different forms.

Is it too much to expect university teachers to do the right thing, rather than the immediately popular or expedient one?

NOTES:

[1] Shortly after this article was accepted for publication, the National Union of Students demanded places for students on staff-selection committees.

[2] The IRA's tactics have since been adopted by some of their Protestant opponents.

[Margaret Anne Rooke, a graduate of the University of Sussex and the London School of Economics and Political Science, is the author of *Anarchy and Apathy* (Hamish Hamilton, 1971. £2.50).]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

There Will be a Short Interval. Storm Jameson. Harvill Press, London. £2.25.
Daughter Buffalo. Janet Frame. W. H. Allen. £2.
The Eagles Depart. John Gloag. Cassell. £2.25.
The Mallam Streak. Catherine Cookson. Heinemann. £2.10.
The Cousins. Pauline Neville. Hamish Hamilton. £2.25.
The Dilemma of Love. Andrea Giovene. Collins. £2.50.
Rites of Passage. Joanne Greenberg. Victor Gollancz. £2.10.
Inkling. Dan Jacobson, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.25.

To reconsider quite commonplace situations, highlighted by the novelist's creative selection, is an exhilarating experience.

The late Elizabeth Bowen rejoiced in the ability to gather up the knotted threads of human behaviour and to weave from them a pattern of highly individual and concentrated comment. Storm Jameson also possesses this quality to a marked degree, while her range is far wider. In her latest novel, *There Will be a Short Interval,* she seems to have reviewed, with a cool glance of assessment, the themes of more than twenty novels (not all are listed in the frontispiece) and to have drawn deliberately on some part of most of them. The result, considerably less claustrophobic and intense, is a novel with no particular hobby-horse to ride. The basic situation is quite general in application. Sergeant Jebb, who in view of his fantastic first name understandably prefers to be known simply as 'S.J.', learns that he must undergo a surgical operation which may kill him, or face certain death in the immediate future if he refuses to face up to the fifty-fifty risk. Within the tormented mind of a man to whom all avenues of escape are barred, he relives a kaleidoscope of events while at the same time continuing the routine contacts with friends, relatives and uncongenial professional associates, all of whom pursue their own self-centred course. Frustrated ambition, disillusionment in love, violent tragedy —his son's mistress commits suicide and his abominable mother is found dead from heart failure in circumstances which suggest 'foul play' — contribute to his disenchantment with life. Yet eventually S.J. submits to the surgeon's ministrations, burdened by the knowledge that it was he who caused his mother's death, although unintentionally. Whether he survives the operation, whether he even wishes to, is not finally revealed.

If death stalks benevolently on the perimeter of *There Will be a Short Interval,* it displays no such well mannered consideration for the squeamish in *Daughter Buffalo,* the latest novel by Janet Frame, an American writer of outstanding originality. Here the theme is unequivocably preoccupation with necropsy; which unambiguous approach robs the macabre theme of much of its nastiness. The narration is divided between Talbot Edelman, a young medical doctor for whom the demise of the human or animal species holds an irresistible fascination, and Torlung, a failed writer of no fixed abode, who shares the younger man's grisly obsession. Together and separately they indulge in sepulchral anecdotes of funerals and untimely 'passings' which are at times frankly comic. Nonetheless, the bizarre theme would inevitably have become tedious but for the unerring humanity with which the various episodes are imparted. The 'dark horseman' stalks in turn a young girl who falls dead

on a crowded beach; an electrician crucified on electricity pylons and, perhaps most poignantly of all, Talbot Edelman's elderly aunt, who clings to life with every shred of energy left in her rheumatic hands. Finally, as is to be expected, Talbot and Tornlung themselves shuffle off the mortal coil, unknown and unmourned, their only epitaph a host of recorded memories.

In these two novels death is an occurrence to be tilted at, or at best regarded with a wholesome awe. In other more remote and brutal eras it was a permanent companion. Such is the realistic attitude of the Roman-Briton Centurian, Marcus Geladius, hero of *The Eagles Depart,* who persued a storm-threatened Army career during the final phases of the Roman Occupation. John Gloag, author of an earlier novel on a similar theme, *Caesar of the Narrow Seas,* has drawn upon a long-lost document purporting to be the intrepid soldier's autobiography. 'Translated' into a racy vernacular, it provides for a well documented account of the decades preceding the collapse of Roman occupation. As a boy, Geladius, while still in the guardianship of his distinguished grandmother, Aurelia, had been successful in eliminating a party of coastal raiders in a brutal but effective manner. The fame of this incident both bedevilled and progressed his military career. Life as it was lived by Marcus Geladius was uncouth and bestial: the corridors of power riddled with spies and weakened by corrupt practices. Torture, mutilation and the sale of slaves were accepted unquestioningly and dispel even a lingering illusion that life in Roman Britain had anything to recommend it. Even members of the influential Geladius' clan, as they journeyed between their estates on 'military' roads —forerunners of our modern 'motor-ways'—went in habitual fear of assassination.

Whatever degrees of violence or obscenity are admissable ingredients of modern fiction, there remains a sizeable, dedicated public for the 'domestic' novel. *The Mallam Streak* by Catherine Cookson, first part of a trilogy, and *The Cousins* by Pauline Neville are both excellent examples, well qualified to please the 'family' story devotees. The hazard is that a plot concerned exclusively with the controversies and confrontations of members of the same 'kin' tends to become monotonous. This, unfortunately, is the overall impression of *The Cousins,* an otherwise artistically motivated saga of four young people who, as children, form themselves into a kind of 'club', of which they are the sole members. Frequent references to the unconstitutionalised group, which binds them together in mutual loyalty and concern, constantly impedes the narrative, although the setting, Northern Ireland at the outbreak of the 1939-45 War, provides an interesting background in view of the present emergency, serving as reminder of how long ago the seeds of disaster were sown. Against a backcloth of the famous Mourne Mountains the scenic setting is etched effectively. Attitudes appear less authentic. A 'daring' decision by one of the girls to enter the Women's Services rather suggests emancipation in World War 1, as does the visit of a snobbish yet well meaning grandmother to the school speech day. Paradoxically, it is the parents of the cousins, and other rural, local characters who provide the more memorable portraits and impressions.

There are young people, also, in *The Mallam Streak* who appear to be far more vigorous and enterprising, although the period is nearly a hundred years earlier. Barbara and Constance, wards of the notorious, high-spending Thomas Mallam, lead a sequestered existence in the school-room, although beset by all the usual puzzles and problems of adolescence; intensified by the fortuitous discovery that their adored governess is 'Uncle' Thomas's mistress. The Mallams

are known to be violent and capricious and so there is no shortage of dramatic and testing situations. A financial crash threatens to destroy their way of life; a nephew beats up and nearly murders one of the bailiffs. Constance and Barbara are seduced by Uncle Thomas's illigitimate son and Uncle himself respectively. Tragedy follows closely upon tragedy; yet melodrama and bathos are avoided by a brisk, sensible style and the interesting portrayal of life in an isolated mansion a century ago.

That a close-knit community need not technically be a 'family' one is conveyed by Andrea Giovene in *The Dilemma of Love*, admirably translated by Bernard Wall. Andrea Giovene takes Lucidi, a primitive South Italian hamlet, as a setting for his study of villagers whose mutual loyalty and affection are equalled by jealousy and intrigue. To this outward Paradise yet inwardly seething cauldron comes a wealthy young Italian, Giuliano Sansevero, who desires above all else to possess a handsome, newly built house set high above picturesque Licudi. The work is undertaken by a kind of Master Builder or village 'headman', who juggles shamelessly with the available labour and resources. Thus, the 'house of houses' seems to belong to the entire village almost as much as to the man who is paying for it. It could fairly be argued that there is far too much paternalism in the attitude of the wealthy Italian—that he chooses to patronise Licudi as though it were his toy, disregarding the emigration of so many of the able bodied, and the fact that their dependants subsist on the cash allowances sent home. Whatever the more serious undertones, the idyll of rural life is conveyed with infinite humour and charm. Yet, for Licudi, the writing is on the wall. The period is the late 'thirties and already Italy has seen the generation of fascism. Unexpectedly, the village becomes famous as a result of some important archeological discoveries. And then, slicing into the villagers' new found sense of their own potential, comes the penetration of the Nazis. Thus, in common with so many enterprises at the end of that traumatic decade, the project of the House explodes within itself and Giuliano Sansevero's fantasy of life amid the olive groves dies with it.

Joanne Greenberg is yet another writer whose special talent is to convey unobtrusively quite ordinary events which, through her own interpretation, acquire a particular significance. In *Rites of Passage* there are twelve stories, all interesting. Some are frankly intended as comedy, although bitter comedy at that, such as *The Lucero Requiem*, a study of a group of musicians playing not only on their instruments but on each other's nerves! Or *Upon the Waters* — a briskly humorous exposé of an American Welfare department. But by far the most arresting is *And Sarah Laughed*, on a theme similar to the best known of Joanne Greenberg's novels, *The Sign*. At the opening, Sarah is awaiting the arrival of her son and his bride, who is a stranger to her. A commonplace enough situation—yet with this difference. The young couple are deaf, as are Sarah's husband, Matthew, and three other children. Thus, Sarah has existed all the years of her married life half smothered by a great blanket of silence, penetrated only occasionally by Matthew's semi-literate notes . . . 'I love you, derest wife Sarah. I pray you have happy day all day of your life. . . .'

Despite their terrible affliction, the family have apparently eschewed such aids to conversation as lip-reading might offer. But the young bride, Janice, is as nimble as a squirrel with her 'finger-work'. Sarah recoils violently from the silent 'chattering' which she cannot follow and regards as somehow obscene. She forbids her sons to emulate it. 'I don't like to see people waving their hands about like monkeys in the Zoo. . . .' Her bitterness and instinctive hostility to Janice threaten to disrupt the family circle and only when she is

reminded by a chance comment from an unhappily married neighbour of the inestimable value of 'communication' does she relent and beg to be initiated into the mysteries of 'sign language'.

There are equal, if not graver tensions in another collection of short stories, *Inklings* by Dan Jacobson. It is tempting to bracket him with Joanne Greenberg for the stories of both of them are marked by an ability to write about a situation rather than an anecdote. Thus, there is none of the jerkiness or abrupt termination in a slick ending that spoils the work of so many present day short story writers. Dan Jacobson in particular manages to suggest that he has all the time in the world to work each human and personal predicament towards a logical rather than a dramatic conclusion. Born and brought up in Johannesburg yet having lived in England for a number of years, he is equally at home with characters on either Continent. A study of a Zulu servant in *The Zulu and the Zeide* is perhaps the most effective of the African stories; beside this and *A Way of Life* the Western orientated stories may seem a little pale. But *Led Astray*, the experience of a young couple 'living in sin' in a scabrous lodging house, brought to the point of wishing to marry by the birth of an unwanted baby on the floor above them, is particularly notable for its accuracy of outward description and perceptive revealation of altered viewpoints. Dan Jacobson, whose novels and previous short stories have been widely praised, has added an 'Afterword' at the end of the present volume.

ALSO RECEIVED:

The Ledge. Gertrude Schweitzer. Macdonald, £1.95.

A 'Gothic' style American thriller likened on the dust jacket to *Jane Eyre*. Having recently suffered a severe mental breakdown a young secretary accepts a post with a notorious recluse who is suspected of having murdered his first wife. It makes compulsive reading but would have been strengthened by a less hurried and more convincing explanation and denouement.

Winter's Tales. Macmillan, £2.25.

A distinguished selection of eighteen short stories all accomplished and unusual. Outstanding is Brian Aldiss's *Manuscript Found in a Police State*.

A New Dominion. R. Prawer Jhabvale. John Murray, £2.50.

An unusual novel by an Indian writer set in the rapidly changing Continent. It could be described as a study in what may be hoped for rather than what has actually been achieved. Divided into three sections, each devoted to separate characters, it covers a wide range, always with perception and charm.

A Portion of Foxes. Jane McIlvaine McClary. New English Library, £2.50.

A striking story by an American novelist set in Virginia, concerning a young exile who returns to the scene of her youth, without the financial means to pursue either the leisure of self-advancement.

NON-FICTION

LORD REITH THE TITAN

Only the Wind will Listen — Reith of the B.B.C. Andrew Boyle. Hutchinson. £4.50.

This must be regarded as one of the most satisfying biographies of recent times. Lord Reith is usually, and rightly, referred to as a titan. His physique makes the appellation inevitable. But that apart, his conceptions, including his

conception of himself and his destiny, were indeed gigantic. And in the B.B.C. he has left a monument more likely to endure than anything his contemporaries can point to.

Andrew Boyle had already established himself as a first-class biographer, with authoritative lives of Cheshire, Trenchard and Montague Norman, the last a far from flattering, though not unsympathetic interpretation. He came to know Lord Reith extremely well in his last years and has portrayed with striking discernment the man as I myself knew him during the same period. Andrew Boyle's style has been criticised by at least one reviewer as unduly rhetorical. I disagree totally. I consider it exceptionally eloquent, with a most careful choice of words. Take this passage near the end, for example:

> 'John Reith was a remarkable man cast in no common mould. Greatness had not been thrust upon him by destiny entirely; through the impetus of that messianic force, he had achieved it by his own single-minded efforts before the age of forty. The flaws in his character, in the superstitious marrow of his bones, gradually led to his undoing after that. Like Jonah, he was too easily swallowed by the whale of the establishment; and as a captive in the darkness of the whale's belly, he voyaged helplessly, no longer the master of his destiny, for the next forty years.'

That sums up much of Andrew Boyle's assessment. Yet it is not the whole story as he tells it, or as I believe it to have been.

The extraordinary thing about Reith was that in spite of his self-imposed air of failure, he never seemed a spent force. There are references here, most surprising references, to his penchant for young women which we must somehow fit into our picture. Otherwise there were few signs of senility. When I approached Lord Attlee, still Prime Minister (I am not sure of the exact year), and asked whether employment was not available for Reith, he commented in his laconic fashion, 'John Reith should have one more good job in him.' To the end of his life, I always felt that there was 'one more good job in John Reith'. I accepted right up to the end his own lament that he had never been fully stretched. Reference is made in Andrew Boyle's biography to Reith's enquiry when I was Leader of the House of Lords, whether his position in the Peerage could not be improved. I need hardly say perhaps that nothing would have given me greater pleasure if it had been remotely feasible.

Unfortunately, in England, when a man becomes 'great', there is a real danger that he becomes unusable, or at least that no one in a position of power feels equal to using him. It was so with Beveridge, for example, after he had become a world figure with the publication of his Report at the end of 1942. Lord Mountbatten may be thought of as a rare exception. Though Reith held many positions after his departure from the B.B.C., he always felt and made it plain that he was descending and on those terms he was not an attractive proposition.

For sheer drama and, for that matter, personal hostility in the House of Lords, I have never seen the equal of his virulent assault on Lord Woolton, whom he regarded as the evil genius behind the triumph of commercial television. He denounced Woolton with unbridled vehemence and infinite scorn standing about three feet away from his victim. Next day, though Reith rather than Woolton was my friend, I felt that I ought to say something sympathetic when I ran into the latter. 'It doesn't signify', replied Woolton. 'I have just been told that I have got cancer. It doesn't matter to me all that

much what John Reith says about me.' Reith of course had no knowledge of Woolton's fatal illness. I don't know whether the fact, if he had been aware of it, would have swayed him. I should somewhat doubt it. Causes with him always came before personalities, although he was capable as seen on this occasion of extraordinary personal bitterness and of arousing intense devotion in myself and many others.

Of Churchill, he had this to say to Andrew Boyle, while the body of Winston Churchill still lay in state on its catafalque in Westminster Hall not many yards away, 'It will be a hundred years at least before Britain gets over the malign influence of that unscrupulous man.' But here, admittedly, personal feelings of intense disappointment swept aside any possibility of an objective judgment. The accounts of his dealings with Churchill are among the most vivid things in the book.

No one else but Reith perhaps, on being moved from the Ministry of Transport to the Ministry of Works, would have burst out, as Boyle puts it, 'recklessly': 'Of course I fully appreciate that you don't like me.' The remark certainly did not help his cause. The awful moment arrived when a despatch rider roared up to his country home and handed him his personal dismissal. His service in the R.N.V.R., in the later part of the war seemed peculiar at the time, but altogether noble in retrospect.

Reith's reaction to Churchill reminds me of Beveridge's indignation when Churchill refused to see him, at the moment of Beveridge's greatest glory. But Beveridge on a worldly plane had deeper reserves of self-confidence than Reith, based perhaps on his superlative academic achievements as a young man. He could easily persuade himself that Churchill was misguided and childish. Reith, with his particular form of religion, concluded all too easily that he was sinister.

There are so many fine passages in Andrew Boyle's book that one hardly knows which further ones to quote from:

> 'The qualities', writes Boyle, 'in his make-up were many and conflicting: with the inexhaustible vigour went a native shrewdness, with the towering arrogance a touching humility; and if his courage sometimes bordered on recklessness, his ambition for worldly fame was offset by the deadweight of a progressive and almost pathological despair.'

But for a veracious estimate of another side of his character, let us turn to Browning:

> 'Lofty designs must close in like effects
> Loftily lying,
> Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
> Living and dying.'

FRANK LONGFORD

TORIES AND TRADE UNIONS

The English Sickness. Maureen Tomison. Tom Stacey. £2.80.

As I write, the central heating is about to go off because of the gas workers' go slow, the railways are to stop for a one-day strike, and the airports, hospitals, schools, and other government departments have greater or lesser industrial action on their hands. Ford workers, miners, dustmen, electricity workers, farmers and a host of other different groups have each established themselves as a 'special case' to be considered outside of the government's pay freeze, for one reason or another. The sad part about this spectacle is

that their various reasons seldom emerge in the press. So, one is left with a general impression of uncertainty, both about the reliability of our services, and about the government's and trade unions' abilities to behave in a manner likely to restore confidence in either.

Judging from the accounts of industrial relations during the past 200 years, deftly sketched by Maureen Tomison in *The English Sickness,* this is a fairly common state of affairs. Apart from rare moments of prosperity, hostilities between the working classes and their employers have been so consistently great that government intervention to 'keep the peace' has been a frequent necessity, though seldom with any improvement in the basic relationship that caused the problems. Indeed, Miss Tomison correctly describes the Industrial Relations Act as the first major attempt at adjusting dealings between management and labour. But it too seems to have been the source of yet more industrial unrest.

Why should such well-intended legislation have such a counter-productive effect? I was doing research for a film on industrial relations during the preparation of the Bill, and had occasion to hear reactions from both sides of industry. Not surprisingly, managements knew a great deal more about the Bill than workers, but more of a surprise was that many managers were against it. Indeed, many workers favoured the industrial peace its authors promised. The managers simply felt it would not redress day-to-day shop floor problems, and might shake the fragile channels of arbitration that had developed in various parts of British industry. As the Bill became law, it was our consistent perception that it was galvanising and uniting the British labour movement in a way that the T.U.C. or the Labour Party itself for decades had failed to do, as Miss Tomison's book effectively describes. Nevertheless, the I.R.B. only provoked action by a portion of workers, according to the figures for the protest strikes. Indeed, of the 24,000,000 workers in Britain, less than half—only ten million—belong to a union at all. Thus, to a certain extent, the problem with British unions may be that they are *too weak,* rather than too strong—too weak to cover sufficient numbers of workers to be truly their representatives in the employer-employee axis.

There are so many factors affecting labour-management relations—ranging from personalities in the factory, to the fluctuations of the pound, dollar and mark—that any effort to analyse the cause of difficulty must either be complicated or fail. Miss Tomison wisely attempts to describe industrial relations over two centuries, rather than analyse them. She achieves a brisk, readable style despite the number of important and necessary names and dates to wade through. The earlier part of the book contains lively excerpts from texts of the period that make one regret the publisher's decision not to supplement them with photographs and cartoons. Miss Tomison has a good journalist's gift of evoking an attitude with a few words, that allows her to cover a good deal of ground in 245 pages—a refreshingly short book for a history.

Despite its attractions for the ordinary reader, this brevity is something of a mixed blessing. For it leads the author to rely on the verbal shorthand of industrial relations that often bypasses explanations. Her history is essentially one in which 'moderates' are set against 'militants' and 'extremists', in a way that often leaves the reader to deduce for himself what the various labels imply. 'Extremists' wanted to overthrow the government—and, presumably, law and order with it, while 'moderates' put industrial peace above their sectional interests. All the strikes cited were unfortunate, and all by moderates lucky for trade unionism and the country as a whole. The difficulty with the

neatness of this system is that it lumps a host of strange bedfellows together over the decades, without always informing us of the contexts in which their attitudes were formed. For instance, apart from recent percentages, at no point in the book are there details of contemporary cost of living in relation to any specific wage or wage claim. The one cash figure is for the Dock Strike of 1889 which is stated to have been fought to 'increase overtime from 6 pence per hour to 8 pence', but the T.U.C. History says the strike for the 'Dockers' Tanner' was to establish a *minimum wage* of sixpence per hour. Either way, the size of the weekly wage in relation to living costs and other incomes, would contribute to an understanding of the decision to take action. To those not directly involved in them, striking always seems such risky and self-destructive behaviour (after all, apart from the lost pay, workers use trains, gas and electricity too). Since there are dozens of strikes and disputes cited in the book, it would have been helpful to have this data.

Perhaps the most serious compression relates to one of her main points (as so stated on the dust jacket)—that 'too often Communist agitation has been at the bottom of disputes'. Although she quotes government leaders of both parties to support this, it is odd for a book specifically about the politics of industrial relations not to contain a fuller account of the C.P's history in Britain, or attempt to explain its appeal, or *lack* of it. Indeed, considering workers' attitudes to Communism in Italy and France, the remarkable thing about Britain seems to me to be its almost total rejection of the C.P. (and the far left groups like the International Socialists and Socialist Labour League as well)—despite its legal status, and trade union machinations.

The most striking feature of the book is its choice of points for emphasis. The title is somewhat misleading in this respect. Rather than giving an account of The English Sickness (which I had always thought was homosexuality, anyway), the book is really about the Tories and the Trade Unions. Right from the introduction by Robert Carr, it clearly sets out the theme of the Conservative approach to industrial relations being both practical and reasonable, and concerned to keep the peace. In many of the 19th century chapters, Miss Tomison throws down the gauntlet to other historians, like Cole and Postgate, with her assertion that it was radical Tories like Shaftesbury, Peel, Richard Oastler and Disraeli who did most to improve conditions for the working classes. And in her vivid account of the Labour Party's rise to power she is clearly on the side of Bevin and Gaitskell. It is a passionate, committed and controversial book in this respect, and well worth reading as part of the ongoing debate. The author makes no bones about her views within the text itself, where the good faith of governments and union moderates and radical Tories is presented at face value. While not questioning that faith myself, I do feel the present difficulties in maintaining good relations with 'moderates' like the N.U.G.M.W., the Post Office workers and the now *anti*-Communist E.T.U. requires more explanation. Even if we have to read it by candlelight to keep warm.

ROGER GRAEF

T. E. LAWRENCE AND "THE MINT"

The Mint. T. E. Lawrence. Jonathan Cape. £3.50 net.
T. E. Lawrence: a Reader's Guide. Frank Clements. David & Charles. £3.50.

I well remember the stir of excitement in the literary world when rumours spread of the day-to-day account of his life in the R.A.F. which T. E.

Lawrence wrote after he enlisted as an Aircraftman in 1922 in the assumed name of John Hulme Ross. Under the title *The Mint* a few copies were printed for private distribution but it was not until 1955 that the book was published in an expurgated edition. The present edition, with complete unexpurgated text, reveals the complex physical and mental state he was in after his extraordinary experiences with the Arabs. The book appears now with a Prefatory Note by his brother and a Dedication to Edward Garnett which reads: 'You dreamed I came one night with this book crying, "Here's a masterpiece. Burn it" Well, as you please.' The title page of the original manuscript read: 'THE MINT. A day book of the R.A.F. Depot between August and December 1922 with later notes by 352087 A/C Ross'. The first paragraph reveals Lawrence's mental state:

> 'God, this is awful. Hesitating for two hours up and down a filthy street, lips and hands and knees tremulously out of control, my heart pounding in fear of that little door through which I must go to join up. Try sitting a moment in the churchyard? That's caused it. The nearest lavatory, now. Oh yes, of course, under the church. . . . One reason that taught me I wasn't a man of action was this routine melting of bowels before a crisis. However, now we end it. I'm going straight up and in.'

What happened during his five months of ego-suppression and square-bashing at the Uxbridge Depot is told unflinchingly in direct prose plastered with foul barrack-room language. We see A/C Ross masochistically adapting himself to life in the 50-bedded hut, pounded into submission on the Drill Square, his keen restless eyes taking in everything for noting on scraps of paper 'in bed from roll-call till lights out'. There were the endless fatigues, spade-work on the incinerators. 'Then to bed but not, in my case to sleep. Partly the smell of swill and refuse oozed slowly from my soiled things and stagnated into a pool over me. I lay staring into the black roof for hours, trying to forget the five days that must pass before my laundry went.'

In a brief review it is impossible to summarise adequately this shrinking, courageous, brave and bitter book. It is the realism of an artist, and any recruit of the First World War and the early twenties will be able to vouch for its truth. What interests us fifty years later is the testimony of the complex individual caught in the stress of circumstance, mistrustful of himself.

Mr. Frank Clements' *Reader's Guide* covers the whole range of publications relating to the life and writings of Lawrence of Arabia. In his perceptive Introduction he suggests that the life falls into three main parts. The first comprises Lawrence's archaeological work which began with his thesis 'Crusader Castles', followed by his work at Carchemish. The second takes in the Arab Revolt and its immediate aftermath, beginning with Lawence's work with the Arab Bureau and concluding with his connection with the Colonial Office. The last phase covers his period of service in the R.A.F. and in the Tank Corps, concluding with his death in a road accident in 1935. The *Guide* is invaluable both biographically and as a full bibliography. As an indication of the scope of the contents, the comment made by Lord Trenchard after reading *The Mint* in 1928 may be quoted, 'I read every word of it. And I seemed to know what was coming each line, and I felt no soreness, no sadness, about your writing, and yet again I feel all of a tremble in case it gets out and into the hands of people who do not know life as it is.'

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

OLD CONJURING BOOKS

Old Conjuring Books: a Bibliographical and Historical Study with a Supplementary Check-List. Trevor H. Hall. Duckworth. £12.

This handsome volume is published in a limited edition of 1,000 numbered copies, signed by the author (of which 250 have been simultaneously published in New York by St. Martin's Press). The standard of production is high, making it a pleasure to read and to possess. *Old Conjuring Books* is destined rapidly to become a collector's item.

The excellence of the text, supported by a frontispiece and eight illustrations, fully justifies the care lavished on producing the book. Readers of Dr. Trevor Hall's earlier works — including as they do bibliographical, literary and historical studies—will expect *Old Conjuring Books* to combine meticulous scholarship with a pellucid and lively style, and they will not be disappointed. The book is certain to establish itself as the standard work in a complex field. It is also a model in the technique of critical bibliography. As Mr. John Horden, Director of the Institute of Bibliography and Textual Criticism at the University of Leeds, remarks in his foreword: 'Dr. Hall deploys his learning with ease, lightness and a manifest humanity': the author has that rare gift for combining the rigorous demands of scholarship with an urbane and invigorating narrative.

The history of books is often a miniature of the society that produced them. Dr. Hall limits his investigations to books published on the art of conjuring before 1850. The titles of the works he discusses have in themselves a strange fascination: Thomas Hill's *A briefe and pleasaunt treatise, entituled, Naturall and Artificiall conclusions;* Thomas Johnson's *Dainty Conceits, with a number of rare and witty inventions . . . Made and invented for honest recreation, to passe away idle hours; Hocus Pocus Junior, The Anatomie of Legerdemain, Or, The Art of Jugling.* In subjecting the history of such books to minute analysis, Dr. Hall not only teaches us much about the development of conjuring, but also throws light on matters of social importance. Reginald Scot, whose *The discoverie of witchcraft* is the subject of a fascinating chapter, is to be remembered as a man who, by making public details about the art of conjuring, sought to expose the ignorance and superstition that led to the persecution of supposed witches in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Scot was a remarkable figure, a precursor of the enlightenment, a scholar and a humanist. One of his imitators, Thomas Ady, with symbolic aptness, entitled his book *A Candle in the Dark.* Conjuring is admitted deception. When men deceive themselves, as Dr. Hall has shown in earlier works on Sir William Crookes and Edmund Gurney, the consequences are often more tragic. Scot was, as Dr. Hall remarks, notable for 'the unwavering steadiness of his leanings to the side of humanity and justice'. At a time when occultism is the fashion, Scot has still a message for us.

Dr. Hall is as unflinching as Reginald Scot in his exposure of ignorance and pretence in scholarship—and of the follies of bibliomania, as his cautionary tale of the late Stanley Collins reveals. His chapters on *Mathematicall Recreations* and *Hocus Pocus Junior* stand out in particular as tours-de-force of scholarly exactitude. For the bibliographer and the collector of old books on conjuring, this volume will be a permanent delight. For all its readers, it will be a lesson in methodology, and a source of intellectual and aesthetic pleasure.

D. W. THOMSON VESSEY

A GHOSTLY COMMENTARY

A Gallery of Ghosts. Andrew Mackenzie. Arthur Barker, £1.85.

Despite a century's best endeavours to reduce its sprawling subject matter to some sort of, at least theoretic, scientific order, the field of psychical research remains a remarkably elusive territory, in which the improbable ceaselessly jostles the intangible, and perplexity fills the interstices. Understandably, the resulting confusion imports a mandatory duty of care in scrutinising the credentials of any author of what purports to be a serious contribution to psychical literature.

To those who are already familiar with the published work of Mr. Andrew Mackenzie, no such caveat is necessary. His reputation for careful research, clear and cautious reasoning, clinical detachment and unimpeachable integrity stands high. As a practical investigator of the paranormal, a particular virtue is the concern which he displays for the seer as well as the seen. In other words, the importance which he consistently attaches to the psychology of the percipient.

In *A Gallery of Ghosts* many of the percipients are people of some importance in their own, non-psychic, rights — Dr. Margaret Murray, George Russell, C. G. Jung, Cesare Lombroso, W. H. Hudson, and Sir Osbert Sitwell among them — and the twenty or so principal cases which make up this anthology are taken in the main from biographies and autobiographies.

Mr. Mackenzie's method of dealing with his material is simple and extremely effective. Having presented the percipient's ghostly or visionary experience in the percipient's own words, he proceeds to 'frame' the central incident under consideration in a wider commentary, classifying it, comparing it with other incidents of a similar kind, and drawing significant conclusions from the comparisons. So that, what begins as an apparently heterogeneous assemblage of isolated paranormal *aperçus*, ends up as a coherent and correlated study in psychical research. What particularly struck Mr. Mackenzie when evaluating his material, and cannot fail to strike the reader of his excellent book, is that so many of the cases reported in this anthology, viewed in the wider perspective afforded by knowledgeable comparison, cease to be just isolated incidents to be regarded with suspicion or misapprehension, but conform to a plainly recognisable pattern. Mr. Mackenzie is too conscientious an investigator to put them forward as evidential material, but he does suggest that these illustrious testimonies may be allowed *some* weight, that they may possess a dimension beyond that of the mere diverting anecdote enlivening the pages of otherwise sober biographies.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Neil M. Gunn: the Man and the Writer (Blackwood & Sons Ltd. £4). In this votive volume of essays proper, homage is paid to the author who is generally acclaimed as Scotland's greatest living novelist. The editors, Alexander Scott and Douglas Gifford, have collected twenty biographical and critical tributes, ranging from Mr. Gunn's place in Scottish Fiction to the part he has played in the Scottish Renaissance (a trenchant contribution by Hugh MacDiarmid, who declares that Neil Gunn's body of work—greater than Gibbon's—is the 'greatest achievement of its kind in modern Scottish literature, and since Sir Walter Scott'). Neil Gunn was born in

Dunbeath, on the Caithness coast, on the 8th of November, 1891. He now lives in Kessock with a view of the Firth and Inverness, and in George Mackay Brown's biographical account written for his eightieth birthday, Scotland's premier novelist comes very much alive.

In many ways, Mr. Alan Hobson's **Full Circle: Shakespeare and Moral Development** (Chatto & Windus, £2.75) is a delightful thought-provoking book. Like many other studies of the 'myriad-minded' genius it seeks to establish that Shakespeare aimed in all his plays to inculcate moral lessons—which, even allowing for the fact that they follow historically on a long period of Morality Plays, is a viewpoint that cannot be sustained. Discussing *Lear*, Mr. Hobson comments in general that 'Every play, and every scene in a play, is an extended image made up of a complex of images; each character too is an image of some single grouping of human qualities'; but, while this is true, it is more probable that Shakespeare in selecting the ancient tale of King Lear for treatment was motivated more by its dramatic possibilities than by any thought of teaching a moral lesson. As to the book's point, that *The Tempest* 'is a dramatic exposition of the central moral imperative, "love one another",' this hardly seems tenable in our reading of Shakespear's final dramatic statement.

In Fiction and the Colonial Experience, Mr. Jeffery Meyers (Boydell Press, Ipswich, £3) considers five novelists and their reaction to the British Empire and the Colonies—Rudyard Kipling, E. M. Forster, Joseph Conrad, Joyce Cary and Graham Greene. He looks at Kipling's romantic adventure stories and traces the changes that occurred in the subject matter and treatment as 20th century novelists took over and explored different values and ways of life. The book is equipped with valuable notes and bibliographies.

Two volumes in the Island Guidebook Series (New English Library, £1.75 each) which will attract holidaymakers are **The Western Isles of Scotland** by Arlene Sobel, and **The Balearics** (Majorca, Minorca and Ibiza), by James Russell. The books are handsomely produced, with maps and photographic colour plates and contain (in the case of the Balearics) all necessary travel and tourist information and particulars regarding the three islands; and (in the case of the Western Isles) a general description of the group and detailed chapters on Skye, Coll and Tiree, Mull and the other Inner Isles, Iona, Staffa and the Treshnish Isles, Islay, Jura, Colonsay and Oronsay, and Gigha, Handa and the Summer Isles, Lewis and Harris, North Uist and South Uist, Barra and the Barra Isles, and St. Kilda. Magnificent colour photographs match the text.

County Author Today Series (Eddison Press. £2.50). Recent additions to this series include *Yorkshire Authors Today, Authors of Wales Today* and *Cheshire, Derbyshire and Staffordshire Authors Today*. Each volume provides names and addresses and in some cases career particulars. Names are listed in particular categories: authors born and still resident in Wales, Yorkshire or one of the three counties in the Cheshire, Derbyshire and Staffordshire volume, authors born in those areas but now resident outside in the United Kingdom or abroad, and authors resident but not born in those areas. In the case of the three county volume, authors' titles relevant to the region concerned are included. It is understood that this practice is to be followed in future volumes.

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THE WORK OF THE UGANDA RESETTLEMENT BOARD

by Sir Charles Cunningham

WHEN President Amin, on August 4, 1972, ordered all Asians who were not citizens to leave Uganda within three months it was obvious that most of them would hold, or would be entitled to hold, United Kingdom passports and would wish to come to this country. The British Government immediately decided to admit them. To assist them in resettling here the Uganda Resettlement Board was appointed in the last week of August. A similar step had been taken in 1957 when, after the Suez incident, the Anglo-Egyptian Resettlement Board was appointed to help British subjects who had to leave Egypt.

The Board consists of eleven members. Three — Sir Ronald Ironmonger, Sir Frank Marshall and Mr. Brian Wilson — have wide experience of local government. Mrs. Frances Clode is the national Chairman of the W.R.V.S. Mr. Douglas Tilbe, of the British Council of Churches, is the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Co-ordinating Committee for the Welfare of Evacuees from Uganda, a body with which more than sixty voluntary organisations with an interest in helping the expelled Asians are associated. Mr. Mark Bonham Carter is Chairman of the Community Relations Commission. Mr. Praful Patel is well known for his work among the Asian communities in this country. Sir Walter Coutts — a former Governor-General of Uganda — and Lord Thorneycroft — a former Chancellor of the Exchequer — have extensive business interests. All of these members are serving in a voluntary capacity. There is one full-time member — Mr. Tom Critchley — who has been seconded by the Home Office to act as the Board's Director. The Chairman was appointed on a part-time basis but has hitherto, in practice, given most of his time to the Board's work.

The Board's powers are derived from a Deed of Trust made between the Home Secretary, its members, and the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. Broadly, they enable it to help those United Kingdom passport holders and their families who were living in Uganda at the time of the expulsion order. The Board's own funds are provided through the Home Office vote. In the period up to March 31, 1973 Parliament has granted a sum of £5,551,000. In the year 1973-4 it is being asked to vote £2,746,000.

But the expelled Asians are of course entitled to receive supplementary benefits and other help in the same way as any other citizen. The cost of this assistance falls on the Central Departments and on the local and other authorities concerned.

The Board did not know, when it was appointed, with what numbers or with what sort of people it would have to deal. Estimates were made of an influx of as many as 50,000 or 60,000 Asians: these estimates the Board knew to be excessive. The British Government made great efforts to persuade other countries to help by accepting United Kingdom passport holders as immigrants. Some responded generously; but it was necessarily a matter of guess-work how many families would be acceptable, and would be prepared to go, to other countries within the three months available. For planning purposes some figure of probable arrivals had to be adopted. The Board decided to use a figure of 30,000. In fact, up to March 31, approximately 28,000 had passed through the reception centres arranged by the Board at the various points of arrival.

Nor did the Board know what the make-up would be of those coming to the United Kingdom. Early information about this was, however, obtained through the British High Commission in Kampala which necessarily had to interview and document those who did not already hold entry certificates enabling them to come here. This information — which subsequent complete analysis has confirmed — showed that the family unit would consist, on average, of nearly five persons (though there are, of course, wide variations from the average); that about a third of those coming here would be under school-leaving age; that there were relatively few old people; and that among the breadwinners there would be a wide range of skills. The number of professional workers was small, and not all of them were qualified to practise their profession in this country. Perhaps a quarter were small shopkeepers or people who had run their own businesses. Nearly a fifth had been office workers or had held managerial jobs of various kinds. Most of the others were craftsmen of one kind or another — engineers, mechanics, building workers. Very few were classified as labourers.

The Board's first priority was to make arrangements for meeting the Asian families as they arrived at the airports. It was agreed that those who travelled by special flights would be landed at Stansted in Essex. Those travelling by scheduled flights arrived, for the most part, at Heathrow; a smaller number came to Gatwick. Reception points were established at these three airports, and contingency plans made to meet any who might travel by flights ending at — or being diverted to — Manchester or Prestwick. Each of these reception points was put in the charge of a member of the Board's staff — all of them members of the Immigration Service placed at the Board's disposal by the Home Office. They were supported by large numbers of volunteers — from the W.R.V.S., the Red Cross and the St. John Ambulance Brigade and from the bodies associated with the Co-ordinating Committee. The statutory medical services carried out a medical check (including a chest X-ray) of all those going straight from the airport

to live in the community. Staff of the Supplementary Benefits Commission were available to provide financial help as necessary. Some families arrived penniless; few had more than £50. Many had been deprived of such valuable personal possessions as they had tried to bring with them. Heavy luggage arrived, if at all, long afterwards.

The Board had decided actively to discourage families from going to areas like Leicester and the inner London boroughs where the social services were already known to be under stress and where houses would be difficult to get. Advice was given in Uganda, through the Press and by personal contacts made by a representative of the Board, that houses and school places would be much easier to find in less crowded areas. This advice was reinforced in the course of interviews with all heads of families on arrival. Nevertheless, as had been expected, considerable numbers of people — about 6,000, especially among the early arrivals — decided to go to areas in which relatives or friends were already living. Most of them went to the Greater London area — largely, though by no means exclusively, to Barnet, Brent, Ealing, Harrow, Hounslow, Newham and Wandsworth — or to Birmingham and Leicester. No financial assistance was given them to do so except in cases in which it had been confirmed that adequate accommodation was available.

As a second, but complementary, priority the Board organised resettlement centres in which it offered accommodation to those who had not made their own arrangements or who agreed to take time to reflect and to listen to advice about the best course to follow. Of the 28,000 who arrived, approximately 21,800 made use of these centres. Sixteen were opened, mostly in vacant Army or Air Force camps which were, through the efforts of the Department of the Environment, rapidly refurbished. The first — at Stradishall in Suffolk — was ready in time to receive the first arrivals on September 18; others were opened in quick succession to cope with the steady influx between then and November 8. Two — at Hemswell and Faldingworth — were in Lincolnshire. One — at Tonfanau — was in Merioneth. Five were in the West Country — at Doniford and Houndstone in Somerset, at Heathfield and Plasterdown in Devon and at Piddlehinton in Dorset. With the generous co-operation of the United States authorities, a large part of the Air Force station at Greenham Common in Berkshire was made available. The other centres were opened at Gaydon in Warwickshire, Raleigh Hall in Staffordshire, West Malling in Kent, Hobbs Barracks in Surrey and Maresfield in Sussex. A small amount of accommodation was also made available by the Student Centre in Kensington.

The standard of accommodation in the centres generally was not high, but it has proved adequate for a temporary stay. Some dormitory accommodation had to be used; but families were kept together and in the main family privacy was ensured. Everyone was given a medical examination (including a chest X-ray) on arrival. Catering arrangements were made under contract with commercial caterers or by the Civil Service Catering Department. Schools and adult education classes — especially in the English language — were immediately organised by the education authorities. Social

and personal support was provided by the same bodies who had helped with the reception work at the airports, as well as by many organisations and individuals living in the neighbourhood. Overall responsibility was delegated by the Board to administrators appointed for each centre — each assisted by a small staff of full-time officers.

Already, eleven of the sixteen centres have been closed. This has been made possible by the fact that of the 21,800 people who went temporarily to the centres all but 3,400 had, by the end of March, made their way into the community. Many had done so without help — other than by way of guidance and financial support — from the Board or the Departments working with it. But a substantial number—over 8,000—have been placed by the Board in houses made available by local authorities or with private individuals who have generously offered temporary accommodation, usually in their own homes.

This leads to consideration of the Board's third — and most important — priority, the arrangements for organised resettlement.

The Board were encouraged at the very beginning of their work by evidence of a widespread desire to help them to do their job quickly and humanely. More than 2,200 people offered temporary housing, with about 8,300 beds; and more than 1,600 employers offered 5,697 jobs. Not all of these offers, unhappily, could be used. Much of the housing was in remote areas where the chances of successful resettlement were poor, or in units too small for the families in the Board's care. Many of the jobs were in places where no houses were available or were of a kind for which the Asian breadwinners were unsuitable. The early ideal of resettling families in an area in which both houses and jobs had first been found for them proved impossible to achieve. The Board therefore decided to concentrate on finding houses in areas outside those which were already known to be under stress and to place in these houses families whose head, even if a job were not immediately available for him, was not likely to have undue difficulty in finding one.

To this end an approach was made to all local authorities in England, Wales and Scotland. This approach was followed up both by the Board directly and through the Department of the Environment, which asked its regional offices to help, by the Scottish Development Department and by the Welsh Office. As a result local authorities generously offered to make over 2,000 houses available; and Asian families have now been placed in more than half of them. Together with accommodation provided privately these houses have enabled the Board to establish over 8,000 Uganda Asians in three hundred different localities. In this way new points of Asian settlement have been created which it is hoped will, with time, promote a wider dispersal of East African and other Asians now too much concentrated in a few centres in the Midlands and the South.

The work of settling the remaining families continues. Some of them, because of their size, present special difficulty: and efforts are being made to secure larger units of accommodation. Others — families which include very old or very handicapped members — have also special accommodation

needs. And there is a number—happily a small number—of individuals who are the subject of special study and for whom exceptional arrangements will be needed. But the movement out of the centres is well advanced and will continue. The Board aim to complete their work as quickly as they can. It is not in the interests of the Asians themselves to remain longer than is absolutely necessary in the artificial conditions of these centres; and it is to their credit that almost all of them have been anxious to get a house and a job in the community and to re-establish themselves, in spite of many obvious difficulties, in the new and different environment into which their expulsion from Uganda has brought them.

From the beginning the Board have, of course, realised that to place an Asian family in living accommodation does not in itself amount to resettlement. The breadwinner needs a job; school places have to be found for the children; the family has to become accustomed to a new way of life. The resettlement teams, each led by a senior civil servant, which have operated in every resettlement centre have therefore worked closely with the Department of Employment and the Supplementary Benefits Commmission so that all possible help can be given in finding jobs for the men and women who want them and so that immediate material needs can be met. They have also worked closely with the local authorities in the receiving areas, so as to ensure that houses are ready for occupation and that local contacts with schools and other services can be quickly and easily made. Voluntary organisations have also provided most valuable support. The W.R.V.S., have provided great quantities of warm clothing and have indeed transformed the sartorial outlook of people who are for the first time experiencing the rigours of this mildest of winters. Locally, all sorts of organisations and individuals are providing support.

To ensure that local authorities do not suffer financially from the effects of Asian resettlement until these can be taken into account in determining the rate support and other grants, the Board have agreed to reimburse, for a year from the date on which it is incurred, revenue and short-term expenditure directly attributable to the resettlement of Uganda Asians; and they have authority also to pay grant at the rate of 75 per cent on longer-term capital expenditure for which the immediate reason is Uganda Asian resettlement. The Board are also, both directly and indirectly, discussing what further temporary help may be required to ensure that these Asian families have support in learning a new way of life of a kind that cannot easily be provided by the statutory services.

It will be evident that at the reception points, in the resettlement centres and in the communities the work of welcoming, caring for, and finally resettling the Asians expelled from Uganda has been done with a degree of collaboration between statutory and voluntary bodies which has probably not been achieved on such a scale since the war. On the statutory side central departments, local authorities and the health service have spared no effort to do quickly and competently all that was asked of them. Voluntary bodies — large and small — have contributed resources and manpower unsparingly. Everyone has worked with a common desire to see the opera-

tion succeed; and no one has troubled unduly about the boundaries between central and local government and voluntary effort. Old and young, paid and unpaid, have shared the job on the simple basis of giving each part of it to the person best equipped to do it well.

There is still quite a bit to do. Resettlement is by no means complete. More houses and jobs are needed. Efforts are being made to encourage people to go — the Board can pay their fares — to other countries willing to have them. Already more than 400 have emigrated, a further 400 are preparing to leave, and many more cases are being considered. Financial arrangements with many local authorities have still to be finalised. Support in the community needs strengthening. Efforts are still necessary to persuade some of those who went, against advice, to hard pressed areas and are finding life there difficult, as they were warned it would be, to move elsewhere. But when it is remembered that it is less than eight months since the first families arrived at Stansted, it is a matter for satisfaction that all but 3,400 were, at the end of March, at least living outside the resettlement centres and that probably 60 per cent of these who want it have found work to do.

The Board's considered view is that, once a family has moved into the community, it should look for support, so far as possible, to those agencies, statutory and voluntary, which are available to give help to anyone who needs it. All of them are ready to do so. The people who have come here are citizens of this country; it is in their interest that they should as quickly as possible be treated like any other citizen. The Departments of Employment and of Health and Social Security, the local authorities' departments of social service, the Health Service and a great number of voluntary bodies and private individuals are available to assist as necessary. It would be disastrous to the achievement of full resettlement to create special machinery to support Uganda Asians and so to distinguish them from other citizens.

What the Board and all the agencies who are working with it are trying to do is to give the families who have come here a start — an opportunity of using their own skills and qualities to make a new life. They have been helped towards that new start by having temporary accommodation, care and advice in the resettlement centres; by having — in many instances — houses found for them; financial support while waiting for employment; the services of the Department of Employment in their search for work; and the educational, health and social services of the areas in which they are living. They have available, also, to supplement these services, the resources of the Uganda Asian Relief Trust, set up under Lord Sainsbury's chairmanship with a contribution from the Government of £50,000 and with generous help of more than an equivalent amount from other sources. In the circumstances in which these families came here their need was often great. It may not yet, in all cases, have been fully met. But much has been done; and it is encouraging to see how much more self-help is already doing.

[Sir Charles Cunningham, K.C.B., K.B.E., C.V.O., is Chairman of the Uganda Resettlement Board.]

THE VITAL IMPORTANCE OF POPULATION DAY

by John A. Loraine

SATURDAY, May 12, will be a unique occasion in the long and turbulent history of these islands. It will be Britain's Population Day, sponsored by a grand coalition of eight organisations which view the future with foreboding and which desperately seek governmental action to halt our growth of numbers. These organisation are the Conservation Society, the Countdown Campaign, the Doctors and Overpopulation Group, the Environmental Communicators Organisation, Population Stabilisation, the Birth Control Campaign, the Family Planning Association and Friends of the Earth.

As long ago as 1925 that great intellectual iconoclast, John Maynard Keynes, addressing the Liberal Summer School in his beloved Cambridge, proclaimed the then heretical doctrine that the state should concern itself with the size of the population just as much as with the size of the army and the amount of the budget. Forty-eight years later in 1973 we still do not have a population policy although we are one of the most densely settled areas in the world, and although the quality of our lives is being constantly and increasingly eroded as a result of population pressures.

Do not let us delude ourselves. The vast majority of contemporary politicians — whether they represent the Right, the Left or the Centre — fear overpopulation as an electoral issue; indeed they generally have as much affection for it as for a man-eating tiger athirst for their blood. When the subject is raised at the hustings the silence is so loud as to be almost deafening. These, our elected representatives, continue to live in a cloud cuckoo land; their intellectual granaries are replete with the harvests of yesteryear.

Yet there is now cogent evidence that British politicians are lagging behind the general public in their reactions to population control. Early in 1972 the *Daily Mail* conducted a National Opinion Poll on this theme. The poll showed that 54 per cent of those questioned thought that Britain was already overpopulated; 84 per cent recognised that the country had a problem in respect of overpopulation, and as many as 65 per cent took the view that the Government should take action to remedy the situation. Even more striking were the figures produced in a National Opinion Poll conducted by the Birth Control Campaign in December 1972. This showed that 71 per cent of those interviewed thought that the Government should act to slow population growth, while 64 per cent took the view that the state should provide a free birth control service for all men and women within the framework of the National Health Service. Amongst those under the age of 45, four out of five people favoured a free service of this type.

The British population dilemma is best appreciated in the setting of the global population crisis. The latter is one of the great watersheds of history; it is at the very core of our existence on this planet; it affects the entire human community. If we fail to solve it all the achievements for

which the human race has been responsible over the centuries will vanish before our eyes like sand castles before the advancing tide. Overpopulation, that bizarre and threatening malady of modern times, has the distinctive quality of being all pervasive. Indeed, like some grisly spectre it haunts our every activity, and no aspect of our existence on this planet remains unsullied by it. Overpopulation points the road to Armageddon for the human race. It is the latter-day Mephistopheles bent on our corruption and degradation; it is the hawk-nosed sheriff who, if not stopped in his tracks, will eventually ride us off the range.

The central features of the world population crisis can be simply stated. It took until 1830 AD for Spaceship Earth to acquire its first 1,000 million inhabitants. Then, due to a rapid decline in death rates without a corresponding fall in births, the tempo of population growth accelerated, and between 1830 and 1938 the next 1,000 million inhabitants were added. Since the 'thirties of this century the winds of population change have blown with well nigh hurricane force and as a result we have witnessed the greatest reproductive bonanza of all time.

By the end of 1972 the world population was approaching the 3,800 million mark. It was growing at a rate of 2 per cent per annum and was likely to double in a mere 35 years. Currently we are gaining 3 people per second, 180 each minute, 10,800 every hour, well over 200,000 every day. During 1973, barring a nuclear holocaust, some 95 million people will be added to the planet, a number much greater than the combined total killed in the First and Second World Wars.

The soothing anodyne of contemporary politics that overpopulation is a disease of the Third World countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America but does not affect developed societies should be firmly rejected. It is true that the symptomatology of the condition differs in the two areas of the planet. In the Third World grinding poverty, massive and uncontrollable urbanisation, and the sheer niggardliness of nature leading to hunger and starvation are the transcendent features, and at any time the four horsemen of the Apocalypse—war, famine, disease and death—could move from the wings, stride decisively on to the centre of the stage and extract their ineluctable toll. On the other hand, in developed countries such as Britain the malady of overpopulation manifests itself in ways more arcane and subtle. The onset is insidious and the clinical picture is slow to unfold. But the course of the disease is progressively downhill and the ultimate prognosis is bleak.

The aggregate of factors which we know collectively as the quality of life is the major sufferer from overpopulation in developed societies. There is contamination of air, water and land; there is pollution by incessant noise, especially the cacophony generated by modern forms of transport such as the motor car, the heavy lorry and the jet aircraft; there is the ugliness of urban sprawl and the psychological stresses which ensue when people are congregated together in vast featureless conurbations; there is the escalation of house prices as land becomes an increasingly scarce commodity; there is the inability to enjoy one's leisure time satisfactorily, to get

away from one's fellowmen and in quietness and tranquillity to appreciate the beauties of Nature; there is the poignant human problem of unemployment likely to be made worse in the future by the demands of a technological society, the dynamic of which increasingly places its emphasis on machines rather than on manpower.

The overpopulation of developed societies is making a significant contribution to the impending world energy crisis. This now bestrides the planet like some evil colossus; we are now incapable of preventing it, however hard we may try. The crisis is man made, and it results mainly from policies of unbridled and unselective economic growthmanship which have been pursued by politicians with increasing avidity since the end of the Second World War. Indeed, even today, it is quite extraordinary to observe the almost mesmeric effect which the two words 'economic growth' produce on our elected representatives. To them economic growth is the acme of perfection, the holy grail of Sir Galahad, the pot of gold over the rainbow, the solvent of all the social ills which afflict us in the last third of the twentieth century.

The magnitude of the energy crisis will become apparent when supplies of fossil fuels, especially oil and natural gas, have been exhausted, and this is likely to occur well before any other form of energy, for example that derived from controlled nuclear fusion, is capable of acting as a substitute. The premonitory symptoms of the crisis are already manifesting themselves in the U.S.A., that archetypal example of an acquisitive capitalist society. For example, there are recent press reports from that country that airlines are being forced to reduce their schedules, that the icy hand of winter has closed many schools in the Middle West and has thus disrupted the educational system in these areas, and that a major reason for the cessation of the onslaught of B-52 bombers on North Vietnam at the end of 1972 was not the altruism of the Nixon administration but resulted from lack of supplies of oil to power the aircraft. Inevitably the crisis will spread to other industrialised nations desperately dependent on outside sources for their fuel supplies. Soon it will be manifest in the countries constituting the European Economic Community, in Sweden, in Switzerland, in Japan and in Israel.

Britain fares badly in the population stakes. If we exclude from our calculations small islands and city states, and if we base our figures on population densities, the U.K. bats ninth in the league of overpopulated countries—after Bangladesh, Taiwan, South Korea, the Netherlands, Belgium, Federal Germany, Japan and the Lebanon. But the situation is even worse when England and Wales alone is considered; then this area moves into the third place in the league, its population density (324 persons per square kilometre) being exceeded only by those of Bangladesh and Taiwan.

No comfort can be provided for the optimists by demographic projections for the future. All such projections agree that the British population will increase rather than fall as the twentieth century grinds to its close. In November 1972 the Government Actuary produced a report on the population scene. He esimated current numbers in the U.K. to be just short

of 56 million; his projection for the year 2001 was 63 million and for 2011 AD over 66 million. Each year in recent times births have exceeded deaths by some 250,000, a figure roughly equivalent to the population of cities such as Plymouth, Sunderland, Leicester, Stoke-on-Trent and Wolverhampton.

Our overpopulation is costing us dear in a variety of ways. We are urbanising rapidly, and each year we transfer some 50,000 acres from agriculture to so-called urban development. This poses for us a serious problem because, in spite of the relative efficiency of British agricultural practice, we are still forced to import at least 50 per cent of our foodstuffs from overseas. New towns continue to proliferate; they are avid for land and they are exacerbating our problems. For example, Milton Keynes, sited in the heart of rural Buckinghamshire and destined, if the planners have their way, to house some 250,000 people by the end of the present century, will destroy 22,000 acres of farmland, while Livingston, near Edinburgh, will remove some 6,000 acres of fine farmland from the agricultural sector.

The motor car holds us in its thrall; it is pressing on our jugulars and we cannot escape from its evil influence. The Road Research Laboratory reports that in 1971 there were 15½ million motor vehicles on our roads; by 1975 there are likely to be 19 million and by 1985 over 26 million. The same laboratory predicts that by the mid-1980s a so-called 'saturation level' of 0.45 cars per person will have been attained. By that time, of course, everything will have ground ignominiously to a halt.

We are peculiarly vulnerable to the looming world energy crisis. We have few natural resources, apart from coal and iron, and we must import the vast majority of our oil and natural gas. During the Suez Crisis of 1956 our oil imports decreased by a mere 60,000 tons; yet this was enough to cause petrol rationing during the first six months of 1957. It is true that the recent strikes of North Sea oil may be of some advantage to us. But much of this invaluable material will not be used in Britain; instead it will be channelled to other Common Market countries and to the United States. Moreover, there is a growing awareness that the amounts of oil present in the North Sea may be exiguous by global standards, amounting to only 1 to 2 per cent of the total world reserves.

The issue of overpopulation has a breadth of perspective which transcends disciplines such as the practice of medicine, economics, demography, ecology and sociology. Basically the issue is *political* for, however much we may dislike the fact, to politicians is vouchsafed the decision as to whether or not the human race will survive.

What has been the record of the British political parties as far as the theme of overpopulation is concerned? It can only be described as dismal. Apart from a perfunctory reference to it at their annual conference in 1971, the Conservative Party has never debated it. The Labour Party conference has discussed birth control only twice during this century—once in 1927 and again in 1940—and on both occasions the setting for the debate was pronatalist rather than antinatalist. The saga of the Liberal Party has been more commendable, and at their conference in 1972 a somewhat

watered-down resolution indicating the need for a population policy in Britain received the stamp of approval of the delegates. The tiny British Communist Party is, of course, precluded from discussing overpopulation. This is because it is confined within the straitjacket of Marxist dogma which insists that overpopulation is an artefact of capitalist society, the latter requiring 'enormous reserves of proletarians' in order to operate its odious system. In the Communist Utopia envisaged by Marx the situation would alter radically; unemployment would be banished forever and the problem of overpopulation would cease to exist. I often wonder what the reactions of Marx would be were he to be resurrected and could glimpse the planet in 1973. I think that he might be both bewildered and confused for, in the field of population, the situation which he would observe would be in direct contrast to the dogma which he so avidly espoused. Thus the People's Republic of China—a so-called Marxist state—is claimed to have the most sophisticated family planning service in the world, while the Marxist government of Chile, led by Dr. Salvatore Allende, pursues policies with an antinatalist rather than a pronatalist flavour.

The ethos of the Scottish Nationalist Party is definitely pronatalist. It wants more Scotsmen, and it bewails the departure of our countrymen to the traditional foe, England, and to foreign climes. But the S.N.P. does not appear to appreciate that Scotland with just over five million people and with a population density only one-fifth of that of England and Wales (66 persons per square kilometre as compared with 324 persons per square kilometre) is relatively well placed amongst the comity of nations. Scotland's current population is reasonably static; it is in tune with the 'carrying capacity' of her land.

In the House of Commons with its 630 MPs two individuals deserve much credit for their forward-looking approach to population problems in the U.K. The front-runner is undoubtedly Sir David Renton, the Conservative M.P. for Huntingdonshire. As far back as 1967 Renton was in communication with the then Prime Minister, Harold Wilson, arguing cogently for governmental support in discouraging the birth of large families and strongly advocating the introduction of a population policy for the U.K. He made no progress with Wilson who flatly refused to involve the Government of the day in a matter of such intimacy and delicacy. Indeed the whole topic of Britain's overpopulation does not appear to have made much impression on the former Prime Minister, as readers of Mr. Wilson's recent book, *The Labour Government 1964-1970: a Personal Record*, will soon perceive. It is apparent that Mr. Wilson, like so many of his predecessors, rapidly became fascinated by foreign affairs, and large portions of his book are devoted to his periodic jousts with Ian Smith of Rhodesia, his abortive attempts to intervene in the Vietnam War, and his dreary dialogue with Mr. Kosygin in the Kremlin and at Chequers. To world overpopulation there is only one fleeting reference, but to overpopulation as it affects Britain there is no allusion whatsoever. Indeed throughout the 838 pages of the book the correspondence with Renton, conducted in 1967, reported at that time in the periodical, *New Horizon*, and from the historical point of

view constituting one of the most important events in the six years of Labour rule, is not even mentioned.

Douglas Houghton is the Labour M.P. for Sowerby and remains the Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party. He is a highly experienced politician and a formidable fighter for the cause of overpopulation. In 1968 he brought the wrath of the gods down upon his head by proclaiming that large families could be equated with parental irresponsibility and would in the future come to be regarded as a form of social delinquency. An uproar ensued; the conventional wisdom of society howled in anguish, and Harold Wilson rapidly intervened to stress that Houghton's opinions were personal and did not represent those of the Labour Party as a whole. Perhaps posterity will describe Douglas Houghton as one of the most percipient politicians of our time. Meanwhile he will no doubt take comfort from the fact that more often than not the wicked heresies of today become the sober commonplaces of tomorrow.

The current state of ideas in Parliamentary circles in respect of fertility control is intriguing. In May 1971 a House of Commons Select Committee on Science and Technology, chaired by Airey Neave, Conservative M.P. for Abington, produced a report which concluded that Britain was already over-populated and which requested the Government to take appropriate action to remedy the situation. The reaction of Mr. Heath's administration to the Committee's report was pusillanimous; in particular, it did not comply with the suggestion that a Special Office to report directly to the Prime Minister on population trends and their consequences should immediately be established. Instead the Government fell back on the time worn strategy of forming yet another Committee to carry out a 'careful and dispassionate analysis in depth' of the situation. This is the so-called Ross Panel on Population, named after its Chairman, Professor C. R. Ross, and the results of its deliberations were published in March of this year.

In December 1972 there was a statement in the House of Commons by Sir Keith Joseph, Secretary of State for the Social Services. Basically this was a low key, low profile presentation. It avoided mention of Britain's population problem, but allowed for the provision of a further £20 million for family planning over the next four years; it also made contraceptives freely available to those in social and financial need. Undoubtedly Sir Keith's statement was a step in the right direction; but in the opinion of many it did not go far enough, and it certainly did not provide for a comprehensive family planning service free within the framework of the National Health Service.

Then in late December a fascinating event took place. The House of Lords passed an amendment to the N.H.S. Reorganisation Bill allowing for free contraception within the National Health Service. The situation was one of sweet irony when one recalls that in the first decade of this century the saga had been quite different. This was the time when the Welsh wizard, David Lloyd George, had employed his fervent and compelling oratory, his brilliant flourish of invective and his mordant wit to inveigh against the House of Lords which he described as the apotheosis

of reaction, the bulwark of a fossilised traditionalism. But now in 1972 and on the subject of birth control the Lords, far from being reactionary, were the proud bearers of the torch of liberalism, whilst the Commons—irresolute and ineffectual—were much less in tune with the tides of contemporary history. Eventually in March 1973 the Government compromised. It permitted contraceptives to become available under the N.H.S., still retaining the prescription charge for these materials.

Some years ago that prestigious and most Anglophile of American Secretaries of State, Dean Acheson, upbraided Britain for having lost an Empire and having failed to find a role in the world of the second half of the 20th century. His remarks were resented; indeed, they caused a furore amongst the contemporary politicians still at that time clinging to the outdated belief that a so-called 'special relationship' existed between Britain and the U.S.A.

I would also disagree with Mr. Acheson, but it would be for reasons quite different from those invoked by the politicians of the day. I believe that our country still has a most important role to play on the international stage. But the role is no longer one based on imperial glory or on the unity of purpose of the English-speaking nations. Nor is it in my opinion necessarily based on a closer association with Europe, especially as long as the whole ethos of the E.E.C. is directed towards the philosophy of economic growthmanship which, in a finite planet with fast diminishing natural resources, simply cannot be sustained for much longer. Rather do I see the role of Britain as one of setting an example to the rest of the world on the transcendent issue of the last third of the twentieth century. In this connection the introduction of a realistic population policy by the U.K. Government would be an event of profound significance at the international level. For it would indicate that at least one country in the world was prepared to tackle the supreme dilemma of our time and, even more importantly, it would absolve us from the accusation, all too frequently levelled at us by the countries of the Third World, that we are quite happy to see *their* populations reduced without making any attempt to put our own house in order.

What action can we as individuals take to mitigate the ills of our troubled planet? Our immediate course is crystal clear. We must support the activities of Population Day on May 12, 1973 to the utmost of our abilities. After all, the hinge of history is moving in our direction, and the eyes of posterity are upon us. Let it never be said that at this, the grand climacteric of human existence, we were found wanting.

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THE ABSORPTION OF THE BALTIC STATES INTO THE USSR IN 1940

by Lionel King

A COMMON euphemism employed to describe the non-Russian territories of the Soviet Union is 'the other Russias'. For all its violent denunciations of colonialism, the USSR is a colonial power preserving, virtually intact, the realms bequeathed to it by Imperial Russia. In the chaos following the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, various subject peoples who throughout the previous century had been rediscovering their ethnic identities, proclaimed their independence of Russia. Azerbaijan, Armenia and Georgia in the Caucasus, were soon brought back into the Soviet fold, as was the Ukraine. Poland survives as a Soviet satellite, Finland alone preserving her independence and democratic institutions.

The Baltic States, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, enjoyed twenty years of uneasy freedom before their separate existence as sovereign states was foreclosed by the secret clauses of the Berlin-Moscow Pact of August 24, 1939. Following the destruction of Poland by the Nazi blitzkrieg in the west and the Russian annexations in the east, a revised agreement of September 28 made over Lithuania to Russia also. No time was lost in grabbing the spoils. By October 10, the three states had been bludgeoned into signing 'mutual assistance' pacts, granting the Russians use of their ports, railways and airfields and rights to station troops on their soil. Nevertheless it was stated specifically in the agreements that

> the sovereign rights of the contracting powers, in particular their economic systems and social structures

would be guaranteed. Doubtless all three realised that their giant neighbour would honour the agreement no longer than it was expedient to do so. Finland, isolated from potential allies who might have rendered assistance, now began to receive similar demands for the use of her ports and bases. The wary Finns maintained a stubborn resistance to Russian aggression throughout the subsequent 'Winter War' of 1939-40 which won them the admiration of Western Democracies in the uneasy days of the 'Phoney War', and in the event preserved their independence though not without great territorial and human losses. The Baltic Republics, their lease of freedom expiring, watched anxiously, speculating upon the fate that awaited them.

Prior to achieving independence the three states shared a fascinating history. The Estonians, linked ethnically and linguistically with the Finns, were introduced to Christianity by the German Teutonic Knights in the early Middle Ages, later passing under Swedish rule, emerging from the Reformation as Lutherans, their homeland finally becoming a province of Russia in 1721. The Letts, the inhabitants of Latvia, had inhabited the Baltic shores since pre-historic time, their language being one of the oldest

in Europe. They too were brought within Christendom by the Teutonic Order, their subsequent history running parallel to that of the Estonians. The Lithuanians to the south, linguistically and ethnically akin to the Letts, shared much of the history of their neighbours until the fourteenth century, when a Principality of Lithuania was established. This joined a Union with Poland in 1569 following dynastic marriages and thereafter Catholicism remained dominant while the land-owning class became polonized. In both Estonia and Latvia, however, the oligarchy remained German, the 'Baltic Barons'. Save for a small area around Memel awarded to Prussia, the whole of Lithuania became a Russian possession in the partition of Poland in 1795.

Demands within the Russian Empire for representative government culminating in the 1905 Revolution were voiced in these provinces and ruthlessly suppressed. Then in 1917, as the Czar's armies melted away, the three peoples, now bent upon complete independence, found themselves subjects of Imperial Germany. There was a plan to create a new Grand Duchy under a ruler chosen from the German Imperial family but the unforeseen collapse of Germany late in 1918 presented an opportunity for achieving nationhood. Lithuania proclaimed its independence on November 5, Estonia on the 11th and Latvia a week later. There followed a bloody interregnum of fighting with unevacuated German troops, Bolshevik infiltrators and then 'White' Russians, which occupied the next year. A squadron of the British fleet arrived on the scene originally to aid the 'White' Russian counter-revolution, their presence setting the final seal on the independence of the new Republics. British recognition was not forthcoming however until 1921, the year the three Baltic States were admitted to the League of Nations.

Independence was beset with immense problems. Each was a peasant nation, their respective populations being largely illiterate. There was virtually no middle class and the intelligentsia was made up of clerics. All three were almost entirely agricultural in their economy. Trade and business was run by Russians and Germans in Estonia and Latvia, by Jews in Lithuania. Land reforms were framed to base the social structure upon the small landowner.

Estonia, with an area of 17,413 square miles and 1½ million inhabitants, was the smallest of the trio. A Constituent Assembly sat at the capital Tallinn, throughout 1919-20 drawing up a Constitution of an advanced character which stripped the Baltic Barons of their estates and redistributed them among the landless peasants. Generous provision was made for minority peoples' rights. Russia, concerned for the moment with consolidating the Revolution at home, renounced 'voluntarily and forever' its sovereign rights over Estonia by the Treaty of Tartu signed in February 1920. The Constitution failed to produce stable governments, twenty of which succeeded each other down to 1933, when Konstantin Pats set up an authoritarian regime. In 1938 a resumption of democratic practices was promised. Meanwhile industrialisation had progressed and national budgets were balanced from 1927 to 1939.

Riga became the capital of Latvia, its two million inhabitants occupying an area of 24,595 square miles. Russian recognition was negotiated in August 1920. Meanwhile the Constituent Assembly had approved a land reform measure, limiting holdings to a maximum of 123½ acres. The Constitution, providing representation for every shade of opinion, had become unworkable by 1932, when Karlis Ulmanlis emerged as virtual dictator.

Lithuania was marginally the largest of the three states in this area, having a population of 2¾ millions and the highest birth rate. Its rural areas were greatly over-populated. The state was originally recognised as independent in March 1918 by the Germans, though under their close supervision. Until final recognition by Russia in July 1920, there was a struggle to expel German stragglers, 'Reds' and 'Whites' in turn. The treaty with Russia also gave Lithuania the city and territory of Vilna, the national capital designate. Soon after, the Poles captured the city from the retreating Russians and held it thereafter on the grounds of its Polish culture. The Vilna question poisoned relations between Poland and Lithuania, sinking forever the Allies' hopes of re-establishing the ancient federation between the two states. In defiance of the League, Lithuania seized the Memel area of German East Prussia in 1923, thus gaining a sea outlet.

Land reform was again the major preoccupation of the Constituent Assembly, 1919-20; the dispossessed Polish land lords receiving, like the Baltic Barons further north, little compensation, although they were permitted to retain some land. Alone of the Baltic Republics, Lithuania had no frontier with Russia, with whom relations were relatively cordial, an advantage outweighed by the troubles over Memel and Vilna. Like her Baltic neighbours she was no model of democracy, nor had she an enviable record on minority rights. Smetona became virtual dictator as early as 1929. Lithuania was the first victim of Hitler's programme of territorial expansion, being powerless to resist the re-annexation of Memel in March 1939. But she obtained her coveted pound of flesh in September 1939 when, under the terms of the Ribbentrop-Molotov agrement, she was at last given Vilna, Russia handing over the territory on the very day, October 10, 1939, she demanded the mutual assistance pact. The Lithuanians were to enjoy a few short months of government from their national capital.

The Baltic States had signed a tri-partite defence agreement in 1934, though their tiny military resources were no guarantee of security, much less a threat to Russia. Nevertheless, as Hitler's panzers swept through France and the Low Countries, Russia chose her moment to deliver an ultimatum on June 16, 1940, accusing the three of being aggressively anti-Russian, ordering them to dismiss their governments and to appoint administrations favouring 'honest collaboration' with Moscow. Meanwhile Russian troops poured over their frontiers.

Though the record of their years of independence was poor by the standards of practice and achievement of western democracies, the final act in their collective tragedy is overlaid with pathos. Russian officials arrived to supervise arrangements. In Estonia, it was Zhadnov, in Latvia, Vyshinsky, the chief prosecutor in Stalin's Great Purges of the 1930s and

in Lithuania, Dehanozov. Elections on single lists were arranged on July 14 with the predictable outcome. Obscure local Communists organised puppet governments in Estonia, Vares; in Latvia, Kirchensteins and in Lithuania, Paleckis. The one-party Assembly in each state proclaimed a Soviet Republic and applied formally to enter the Soviet Union, July 21-22. The Supreme Council of the USSR, specially convened from August 3-6, admitted them to the Soviet Union. Britain, threatened with a German invasion, appears to have acquiesced in the fact of incorporation, though not the USA and some other countries. 'Phantom' Embassies with ageing staff, and the inevitable deposits in Swiss Banks, are said to exist in the West.

Supporters of the old order were arrested, Beria, the Russian Secret Police Chief, aided by Serov, organising mass deportations of civil servants, teachers and farmers resisting land collectivisation. These totalled 60,000 in Estonia during 1940-41, of whom 10,000 disappeared on the night of June 13, 1941, among them ex-President Pats, arrested on July 30 of the previous year, whose subsequent fate remains unknown. Lithuania lost 45,000 of her citizens, though ex-President Smetona escaped to Germany, later dying in exile in the USA. Latvia lost 35,000 nationals, among the first arrested being ex-President Ulmanlis on July 21, 1940 of whom there has been no further word.

There were harrowing scenes as grief stricken crowds at railway stations tried to hand deportees provisions for the journey eastwards in cattle trucks. Sweden and Finland gave asylum to many thousands who cheated proscription. The German invasion of Russia launched on June 22, 1941 soon engulfed the Baltic States. Lithuania took advantage of a brief interval between the flight of the Russians and the arrival of the Germans by reproclaiming on June 23 their national independence. This and other signs of resurgent nationalism were ruthlessly suppressed by the Nazis, who collectively administered the three states as the province of Ostland. Communists were eliminated as were Lithuania's 100,000 Jews. The return of the Russians in 1944-45 was anticipated by the flight of 200,000 nationals of all three states. The 100,000 or so later discovered in East Germany were rounded up and deported to Siberia. In the zones under Allied occupation, many thousands spent years in displaced persons' camps.

Meanwhile, in the reconstituted Soviet Baltic Republics, the collectivisation programme interrupted in 1941 was resumed, as were mass deportations, this time of pro-German suspects numbering over 150,000. As collectivisation neared completion in 1948-49, further deportations of intractable elements totalled 170,000. Population losses were offset by mass immigration from Russia, raising the Russian element in the population from a pre-war average of 5 per cent to 20 per cent.

The Soviet Republics of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania have now been under Russian domination once more for a period longer than their brief independence. It remains to be seen whether the resilient peoples of the Baltic States can rediscover their national identities as the new style 'national communism' develops.

JULES ROMAINS: A LAST VIEW

by Phyllis Schrader

JULES ROMAINS died in August of 1972. With his death an era of French literary activity came to a close; in many ways it had ended long before his death. At eighty-six, Romains had outlived many of his contemporaries, and he seemed strangely ill at ease in the world which confronted his later years. The lucidity and optimism expressed in early volumes of *Men of Good Will* no longer spoke vitally to a society concerned with the difficulty of being and the nothingness of existence. Jules Romains was young with the century, and with it he had joyous hopes for its future. The author of the farcical *Dr. Knock* and *Les Copains* was himself a practical joker: Romains and a group of his friends once elected Pierre Brisset, an obscure railway employee who had written a treatise illustrating that man was descended from frogs, for their award of 'Prince of Thinkers.' The event was seriously reported in newspapers such as *Le Figaro* and equally seriously denounced when the farce was discovered.

World War I was to Romains, as to others of his generation, a sobering and horrifying European civil war. As his literary status grew through the 1920s and 1930s he determined to act to avert another such war. It was in this spirit that Jules Romains wrote *Men of Good Will*, whose show-piece volume, *'Verdun'*, vividly recalled the First World War. By 1932 his prestige was such that his proposed epic novel of twentieth century French life seemed destined to make Romains the Balzac of his age. He hoped that the literary work would be not only a social documentary but also a guide for men of his time. He wrote to André Gide in 1935: 'I am also very obsessed by what one of my heroes in *Men of Good Will* calls "the order of urgency of perils." . . . It will not be sufficient for me to seem wise to men of the twenty-first century and to leave those of 1935 to grope in the catastrophe which awaits them.' The catastrophe came, and the events of 1939-1945 chilled the optimism with which the work had begun. Romains's own activities in the inter-war years as president of the international writers' club, P.E.N., and his unofficial diplomatic sorties for peace received derisive comments from his contemporaries. The pompous manner in which he described his efforts in *Seven Mysteries of Europe* made him an easy target. Although Romains was elected to the *Académie Française* in 1946 and continued to produce essays and an occasional literary work, the days of his greatest public acclaim were over.

As an historian I was interested in the documentary qualities of *Men of Good Will*. I wrote to Romains in the early spring of 1972 and he replied promptly to my letters. We arranged an interview for the summer at his country home in Touraine, but when I arrived in Paris he was ill in hospital. I awaited further developments.

Once hailed as 'the Tolstoy of our time,' Jules Romains seemed almost forgotten in the Paris of 1972. Although *Men of Good Will* was recently

re-issued in paperback form, it was not kept as current stock in most Paris bookstores. At the Sorbonne I found only one doctoral dissertation on Romains. When questioned about the neglect of Romains by French scholarly circles, the director of dissertations explained to me that French scholars often await the death of an author in order to study the ensemble of his work. Romains, he continued, died only two or three years ago.

At the end of June 1972 Romains returned home from the hospital and I visited his Paris apartment on the Rue de Solférino. Located near the Seine and the Chamber of Deputies, the rooms of the fourth-floor establishment look out upon a large walled courtyard. A maid admitted me to a spacious sitting room. Oriental rugs covered the floor and massive green plants filled an alcove of the room. The gilded oriental tables and antique furnishings seemed a fitting setting for the busts of Romains and his wife which flanked the entrance to the dining room. Mme. Romains greeted me graciously and we went to the adjoining study, which was lined with portraits and photographs of the author. From the next room I could hear the sick man's movements; I was anxious to speak even a few words with him, but his wife did not suggest it. She stood like a guardian angel of her husband's public image and his health; I was obliged to respect her authority.

Lise Romains, more than twenty years younger than her husband, has acted as his secretary since their marriage in 1936. She spoke with efficiency and assurance about her husband's work. I questioned her concerning the written sources which Romains had used for *Men of Good Will*. Surely such a wide-sweeping work required extensive documentation? Mme. Romains reiterated what her husband had written to me earlier: he used few written notes in preparing the novel. When Lise and Jules Romains fled France and came to the United States in 1940, he brought only a small dossier for the remaining volumes of the work. Some Parisian daily newspapers borrowed from the Library of Congress provided specific details for the last volume, *7 October*. Mme. Romains told me that there are no plans to publish her husband's papers. Much material was destroyed in World War II, and in more recent times he had not had an extensive correspondence. It appears that the literary critic, André Billy, was mistaken when he wrote in 1935, 'one day we will know, as we know for Zola, how Romains has supplied himself with documentation for writing *Men of Good Will*.'

A skilled observer, Romains relied primarily upon his previous experiences and creative imagination. But can the experiences of one man, no matter how broad, be an adequate basis for an encyclopedic description of French life in the early twentieth century? Perhaps the most valuable portions of *Men of Good Will* for future generations will be, not the complex international intrigues which are too common in the work, but Romains's artistic re-creation of Parisian street scenes and daily life. Much of Romains's Paris has now disappeared; automobiles crowd streets where Jallez and Juliette once made leisurely promenades, and sleek concrete and glass structures transform the Parisian skyline that Jerphanion contemplated from the roof of the Panthéon in 1910. Jules Romains knew the Paris of the early twentieth century in all its diversity, and he has preserved

its image in *Men of Good Will.*

Mme. Romains and I discussed other aspects of her husband's work, but I sensed that her time was limited. We concluded our interview at the end of an hour.

In another quarter of Paris I visited another Mme. Romains. Jules Romains's first wife, Gabrielle, whom he married in 1912 and divorced in 1933, keeps the name of her former husband. She lives alone, except for two Pekinese dogs, in an apartment in Nanterre. Her view of Paris is marred by the new industrial buildings which have grown up around her. Our conversation was frequently interrupted by the roar of trains from the nearby track. The walls of the small rooms are filled with her own paintings and with photographs of Romains. The massive furniture which crowds her apartment is now shabby. In her late seventies, Gabrielle Romains retains a feminine, childlike quality. She is animated when she speaks of Jules Romains. His letters and poems to her are her most precious possessions, and these unpublished materials will be of value to scholars in illuminating Romains's early thought. Although she has deposited many letters at the *Bibliothèque Littéraire Jacques Doucet* in Paris, she goes frequently to 'consult' them and retains copies to reread. During their courtship Romains wrote to Gabrielle:

> I deplore having walked so many times before without you
> Having warmed myself by so many suns without you
> Having, without you, seen landscapes and tasted joys.
> When you told me an event of your childhood
> I regretted not having been there with you.
> Soon we will have many memories together.

As Romains formulated his literary theory of *unanimisme,* which emphasises the importance of 'group consciousness' in modern urban life, he wrote a poem to Gabrielle which suggests that their relationship gave another dimension to his theory:

> Since I have loved you I have forgotten men and the city.
> I, who abandoned myself to unanimistic existence,
> Who felt my body and my spirit melting into the movements of the streets and the passion of the crowds,
> No longer let myself be submerged, and my poor spirit searches for survival.
> I think only of you.
> Because of gazing at your eyes I no longer see the sun,
> And your dress is sufficient to hide the city from me.
> But your spirit is transparent.
> I want to cherish it more than your eyes, and neglect for it the graceful folds of your dress.
> It will be the clear glass, scarcely tinted with rose, through which I will regard anew the great realities in which I have faith.

Gabrielle is reflected in *Men of Good Will* both as the youthful Hélène Sigeau and as the more mature Juliette. Much of their early life is re-created with exactitude: the visit of Sammécaud and Marie de Champcenais to London recalls the couple's voyage of 1910; their first apartment is described

in *The Black Flag;* their stay at Nice in 1917-1918 is depicted in 'The Sweetness of Life.' Jules Romains once explained that every novel with numerous characters — if it is a true reflection of life — is an exploration not only of society but also of the author himself. Gabrielle Romains's testimony permits a more exact reconstruction of the creative process through which Jules Romains transforms his experiences into works of literature.

Divorced from Jules Romains for almost forty years, Gabrielle Romains continues to relive their experiences together. She is aided by the artistry of Romains, for his works vividly evoke their early years. Perhaps the most fitting memorial which can be made to Jules Romains is simply to present these lines written to Gabrielle, which express the depth of feeling and the joyous spirit of his youth:

I will never in my life forget that I sat beside you
In the grass, certain afternoons in spring,
By a canal or a roadside
Under an uneasy sky in the pungent atmosphere of the city.

I will never forget that you sat with your dress of light blue and white
With your hat of straw, with your satchel which gave you the air of an amorous schoolgirl
With all of your youth, in the grass of the city's outskirts.

We sat, one next to the other.
You rested your head on my shoulder.
You pretended to be weary and to sleep to better receive my kiss.
I will never forget.

Je déplore de m'être tant de fois promené jadis sans vous,
De m'être chauffé à tant de soleils sans vous
D'avoir sans vous vu des paysages et goûté des joies
Au temps où vous me recontiez un évènement de votre enfance
Je suis désolé de ne pas y avoir assisté près de vous.
Bientôt nous aurons de nombreux souvenirs.

Depuis que je vous aime j'oublie les hommes et la cité
Moi, qui m'abandonnais à l'existence unanime,
Qui sentais mon corps et mon esprit se fondre dans le mouvement des rues et la passion des foules,
Je ne me laisse plus noyer, et ma pauve personne cherche à survivre
Je ne pense plus qu'à vous.
A force de fixer vos yeux, je n'aperçois plus le soleil,
Et votre robe suffit à me cacher de la ville.
Mais votre âme est transparente.
Je veux la chérir plus que vos yeux
Et négliger pour elle les plis harmonieux de votre robe.
Elle sera le verre limpide et à paine teinté de rose par où je regarderai de nouveau les grandes réalités en qui j'ai foi.

Je n'oublierai jamais de ma vie que je me suis assis à côté de toi
Dans l'herbe certains après-midis de printemps

Au bord d'un canal ou d'une route
Sous le ciel inquiet dans le relent âcre des banlieues.

Je n'oublierai jamais que t'es assise avec ta robe legère bleue et blanche,
Avec ton chapeau de paille, avec ta serviette qui te donnait un air d'écolière amoureuse
Avec toute ta jeunesse dans l'herbe de la banlieue.

Nous étions assis l'un à coté de l'autre
Tu as mis ta tête sur mon epaule.
Tu as fait semblant d'être lasse et de dormir pour mieux avoir mon baiser.
Je ne l'oublierai pas.

The above three poems in the original French are published by kind permission of Madame Gabrielle Romains.

IS A VOLUNTARY INCOMES POLICY POSSIBLE?

by Paul Derrick

TWENTY-FIVE years ago last February Sir Stafford Cripps published a White Paper on *Personal Incomes, Costs and Prices* in which he appealed to trade unionists to exercise greater restraint in claims for wage increases. The General Council of the T.U.C. found great difficulty in accepting the White Paper owing to the 'limited and weak' character of its reference to profits but a special conference of trade union executives on March 24 agreed to give it a trial. Sir Stafford Cripps and the Federation of British Industries succeeded in persuading most companies to limit their dividends to what had been paid in 1947; but many trade unionists argued that the limitation of dividends merely meant that profits would accumulate on behalf of shareholders and that wages foregone were lost for ever. Within two years the policy had broken down and the Trades Union Congress of September 1950 rejected any kind of restraint in wage claims until such time as there was a statutory control of profits.

Sir Stafford Cripps warned us twenty-five years ago that if money incomes were allowed to increase faster than output prices would be bound to rise and the problem has been with us ever since. There have been warnings from Ministers every few weeks about the need for restraint but money incomes and prices have more than doubled. Mr. Macmillan produced a White Paper in 1956 and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd published one in 1962 while the Labour Government of 1964 produced half a dozen. The Labour Party in its 1964 election manifesto promised to devise an incomes policy which would apply fairly to *all* incomes. A few weeks later Mr. George Brown, as he then was, persuaded the T.U.C. and the C.B.I. to sign a Declaration of Intent which declared that their social objective was 'to ensure that the benefits of faster growth are distributed in a way that satisfies the claims of social need and justice.' But the Labour Government failed to produce an incomes policy of this kind and the result was a head-on collision with the trade unions. The Labour Government did succeed in producing an impressive balance of payments surplus but at the price of high unemployment and stagnation in production; and inflation continued in spite of the high unemployment which threw some economists into confusion — the Phillips Curve did not behave as the text books said it should. In June 1970 the voters decided that the Conservatives should be given a chance of showing whether they could do better.

They did not make a very good start. Unemployment nearly doubled in eighteen months, reaching more than a million by the beginning of 1972 while prices increased by 20 per cent in two and a half years and food prices increased by 25 per cent. Entry into the Common Market helped to increase food prices and the introduction of the Value Added Tax increased the prices of many things that had not borne tax before. In the summer of 1972 the Conservative Government was forced to float the pound but the fall in the exchange value of the pound increased import prices. Entry into

the Common Market made it harder to deal with balance of payments difficulties by floating or by devaluation; while it also encouraged the transfer of funds abroad by large companies in the name of freedom for capital movements.

By the summer of 1971 Mr. Heath had begun to have doubts about the prospects of market forces bringing down prices without help from him; and his government began to intervene increasingly in the economy and to adopt an expansionist policy. Industry was slow to respond, perhaps because a new balance of payments crisis with new curbs on demand was feared, and investment in 1972 was 10 per cent less than in 1971. In November 1972, after many talks with the T.U.C., the Government decided that it was essential to try to control wage increases by law in order to prevent inflation getting completely out of hand. A five months' freeze was imposed on wages and dividends and statutory controls on many prices for six months. The freeze was followed by legislation limiting wage increases to £1 plus 4 per cent and dividend increases to 5 per cent for a three year period with continuing statutory controls over many prices.

Mr. Heath insisted that he was doing his very best to be fair; but the T.U.C. argued that his policies were not fair and would reduce the share of the national income going to wage earners and could mean increases in real wages of only about 2 per cent. The gas workers, the hospital workers, the miners, the Ford workers, the water workers and others made it clear that they regard the Government's attempt to control wage increases by law as unacceptable and continuous confrontations seem likely. Even if the Government should succeed in holding the line on pay to a large extent, the disputes that arise will themselves add to costs and the increases of 7 or 8 per cent that are allowed under the legislation will themselves lead, sooner or later, to further increases in prices. They are more than double the increases of from 2½ to 3½ per cent that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd regarded as acceptable during his 'pay pause'.

The Labour Party and the T.U.C. published a joint statement on economic policy at the end of February and a special conference of trade union executives on March 5 approved a T.U.C. statement on 'Economic Policy and Collective Bargaining in 1973'. Both called for more comprehensive and permanent controls over prices, sustained if necessary by price subsidies, for tax changes designed to bring about a fairer distribution of wealth; and for these to be combined with a 'voluntary incomes policy'. That is to say the Labour Party and the T.U.C. called upon the Government to create conditions in which trade unionists will be prepared to exercise sufficient restraint in wage claims to prevent incomes increasing substantially faster than output. It is, however, doubtful whether the proposals put forward by the Labour Party and the T.U.C. will be sufficient to produce this result.

If price controls were the key to controlling inflation, as is claimed by the Labour Party, it would not be the world wide problem that it is today. Price controls are useful as a short term device for delaying price increases but in the longer term cannot prevent rising costs leading to higher prices.

In Finland comprehensive price controls combined with centralised wage bargaining did not prevent prices increasing by 5 per cent in 1971 and by a further 7½ per cent in 1972. Moreover, in an expanding economy too rigorous price controls can have an adverse effect upon investment and can also lead to shortages and black markets, as Mr. Wilson found more than 22 years ago when he made a bonfire of certain controls.

On the other hand, redistributory measures, and the fall in share values following the announcement of Phase Two of the Government's policy against inflation, might help to persuade trade unionists that the government really is trying to be fair. The T.U.C. has called for a wealth tax on fortunes of more than £200,000 and is looking at the Government's ideas about turning estate duty into an inheritance tax, graduated according to the size of bequests instead of according to the size of estates. It has also proposed that the Government's proposed surcharge on investment incomes should be applied to all investment incomes and be imposed at such rates on large investment incomes as to make it a more effective instrument of redistribution than sur-tax had been. Conservative Governments are sometimes hesitant about redistributory measures just as they are hesitant about intervention in the economy; but it is fairly obvious that if they really want to create a nation-wide property owning democracy and a fairer distribution of wealth redistributory measures will help them to do it. The 1973 budget was more favourable to the working population than that of 1972 had been; but it did not adopt any of the measures proposed by the T.U.C. and it did not increase the growth rate to over 6 per cent by injecting an additional £600 million into the economy as the T.U.C. had demanded.

But even if the Government's price controls had been much more comprehensive and even if its budgetary and other policies had been significantly more redistributory it is doubtful whether the trade unions would have been much more willing to co-operate. Mr. Heath has often said in the past that statutory controls over wages could not work for long and still says that he would much prefer a voluntary arrangement with the trade unions. Perhaps in practice this is not so very different from the Labour Party call for a 'voluntary' incomes policy; but the crucial problem is to create conditions in which the required measure of restraint will be forthcoming.

The basic need is to convince trade unionists that it is *fair* and applies to all incomes; and part of the problem lies in the fact that trade unionists are convinced that, however heavy taxes on profits may be and however strict price controls, restraint in wage claims is bound to lead to gains by other sections of the community. As the T.U.C. put it in its recent policy statement, trade unionists 'will be considerably less willing to co-operate in an anti-inflation policy if they feel that any restraint in formulating claims will merely increase the relative share of the product going to directors and shareholders.' The N.E.D.C. made the same point when it said ten years ago that 'a policy for prices and money incomes can only succeed if those concerned are convinced that restraint by one section of the community will not merely result in gains by other sections.'

The Government is conscious of this problem and has said that it will

try to control profit margins by controlling prices; but it is very doubtful whether profits *can* be controlled in an expanding economy. Profits reported in 1972 were 17 per cent higher than in 1971 and those reported in the first months of the freeze were still rising about the same rate sometimes, as in the last week in February, by about twice as much. Mr. Heath's efforts to control profits as a percentage of turnover may still result in profits increasing a good deal faster than wages and he has recognised that sufficient profits are needed to finance increased investment. If he should succeed in curbing profits to some extent while the economy continues to expand the results are likely to be similar to those of the ill-considered Excess Profits Levy of 1952—that is, an adverse effect on investment and incentive, waste and the misallocation of resources.

If the Government should not find it possible to control profits in an expanding economy it can always remind trade unionists that dividend increases are restricted to five per cent a year whereas wage increases of seven or eight per cent are being allowed; but trade unionists reply as they did in 1947 that these restrictions on dividends mean little as profits simply accumulate on behalf of shareholders. Perhaps one answer might be for profits to accumulate at least to some extent on behalf of workers.

The Liberal Party has for a long time been in favour of encouraging schemes for 'Co-ownership' in industry and though it rejected its own most recent comprehensive report on the subject, *Partners at Work*, in 1968, it linked this idea at the Liberal Assembly last September with proposals from the Government and from the T.U.C. that dividends should be limited. In some Common Market countries 'capital sharing' schemes provide for some workers' participation in company earnings — as in France by the investment of a proportion of company profits on behalf of workers and in West Germany with 'investment wages' over and above cash wage increases. The European Commission is interested in these schemes and they may not be all that far removed from what the Conservative Party means by 'partnership in industry'. It was in 1946 that Mr. Winston Churchill declared that Conservatives seek as far as possible to make the status of the wage earner that of a partner rather than an irresponsible employee while Mr. Peter Walker declared at a conference last January that if the industrial system is to be humane and equitable the worker can legitimately expect to share in the profits of a successful business.

The Labour Party and the T.U.C. have been looking at the capital sharing schemes proposed in Denmark and other Common Market countries and, when Mr. Wilson called for the limitation of dividends as necessary for an effective policy against inflation at the 1972 Labour Party Conference, he suggested that profits accumulating as a result of the limitation of dividends should accumulate to some extent on behalf of the workers. He returned to the theme in the Commons debate on inflation on January 24 when he suggested that these surpluses might be used for social purposes as well as being invested on behalf of wage earners.

The T.U.C. refers briefly to these schemes in the policy statement that was approved on March 5 and declares in the same paragraph that it is

examining the case for the permanent limitation of dividends. The Labour Party said three and a half years ago, in *Agenda for a Generation*, that it was examining various proposals for the statutory limitation of dividends as part of a broad review of company structures; and said last summer, in *Labour's Programme for Britain*, that it sought a radical reform of company law which would challenge the basic approach and philosophy of existing company law.

The Labour Party is committed by its constitution to securing for workers by hand and brain the full fruits of their industry, and the most equitable distribution that may be possible, upon a basis of common ownership. Perhaps it should pay more attention to forms of common ownership other than state ownership and to the possibility of organising production in the kind of way pioneered by Robert Owen at New Lanark a hundred and fifty years ago and involving the organisation of production in the interests of the community so as to create a real sense of community and common purpose. Such a form of 'common ownership' might not be all that different from what Liberals mean by 'co-ownership' and what some Conservatives mean by partnership.

It may be that radical changes of this kind involving a limitation of the return as well as the liability of the shareholder are going to be needed if inflation is to be brought under control. It might not be sufficient simply to issue ordinary shares to workers under employee shareholding, stock option or capital sharing schemes like that announced by Mr. Barber in his budget. The confrontation between capital and labour remains under such schemes so that trade unionists would still be likely to increase their share of company earnings by pressing wage claims. With the return on capital limited, however, as in co-operative productive societies and in companies such as the John Lewis Partnership and the Scott Bader Commonwealth, the enterprise would be run in the interests of those working in it and there would be real community of purpose. The John Lewis Partnership is said to be a byword of efficiency and at the end of last year it paid a bonus of 18 per cent on wages. The Danish capital-sharing proposals have been shelved for the time being and the Labour Party may look at schemes in this country with a better claim to be described as 'common owners'.

With industry organised in this kind of way, pressures for wage increases would be likely to become less because wage earners would know that available surpluses would be coming to them anyway and that there was no question of restraint on their part leading to gains for others. Wage bargaining might in time tend to become a matter of negotiation between different kinds of workers instead of a battle between Capital and Labour and pressures might develop against unilateral wage increases that disturbed the pattern of relative earnings.

Support for this view is provided in a paper discussed at the O.E.C.D. seminar on price stabilisation held in Paris last November. In this paper, Professor Alfred Eichner of Columbia University argued that there was little reason to place direct controls either on wages or on prices provided certain conditions are met; and the condition to which he appeared to attach

greatest importance is the imposition of a ceiling on dividends. He said that trade unionists have solid grounds for pressing for it; and this case is now being examined by the T.U.C. It should be remembered in this connection that only a very small part of industrial investment—about 2 or 3 per cent, in 1970 less than 1 per cent—is financed by the issue of ordinary shares. In time the investing public may well welcome such a change if they became convinced that it was necessary to maintain the value of money and the real value of the return they received on investments.

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The June issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Addison the Romantic* by Donald Bruce; *The Prevention and Treatment of Difficult Behaviour* by F. L. Lowenstein; *No Piecemeal Reconstruction in Vietnam* by James Avery Joyce, and *The Sky City* by C. Dennis Pegge.

Labour and Technology, 1964-70, by Arthur Palmer, M.P., is unavoidably held over and will be published later.

LIFE ON A SUFFOLK MANOR (1592-1623): ADAM WINTHROP THE THIRD

by Evelyn Hardy

WHEN we come to the third Adam Winthrop we meet a real man, to whom we are drawn, and we fancy that we can hear men and women talking at their work, or round his manor house table. This is possible because of his numerous manuscripts which have survived fire and flood, crossed the Atlantic twice, and are now safe-housed in this country, where they belong. Because they give an accurate picture of life on an East Anglian manor at the close of Elizabeth's reign, and throughout almost the entire reign of her successor, James I, their interest is both personal and historical, for here is social history in a nutshell.

The entries are terse and factual: there is no sentiment or description. Even the threat of his own assassination is set down merely as a *Memorandum*! We learn from them, for instance, the exact cost of materials used in making a new barn and of the cost of a funeral and settling up of an estate; of a grey gelding; of kinds of food and drink; of the crops that Adam grew; the names of his fields, of apples that he ate — 'Raynettes'; and the names of his tenants, two of whom have nursery-rhyme names — Goodwife Lappage (Le Page) and the Widow Waspe. We can even learn what books he owned, and lent to members of his family or to privileged neighbours — the Vicars, or Ministers, 'Mr. Mannock of Giffard's Hall', like Winthrop descended from the Danes. The alabaster tomb in Stoke-by-Nayland Church of Sir Francis Mannock, d. 1634, proudly declares that he was 'of ancient Danish lineage'. His grandson, like Winthrop's, was to make a journey to Constantinople, perhaps in each other's company.

When we first turn the pages two things strike us — that the entries are in three different hands, a Gothic, an Italian, and a mixture of the two, but all of them this Adam Winthrop's, probably used to express private moods or purposes of his own. Secondly that the seasons, their labours and the cost of these, are bound together by Latin headings, thus:

Anno 1596. *A festo sancti Michaelis Archangeli,*
„ 1602. *A festo nativitatis Domini* — (Christmas Day three months before the death of Queen Elizabeth)
or
„ 1605. *Annunciatonis beatae Mariae Virginis.*

At first this seems to indicate some lingering love for the old, the Roman, church. But in a family noted for its early but unobtrusive predilection for the Reformed Church — they were friends of John Foxe, author of the *Book of Martyrs*, this is unlikely. No, it is merely Adam's tidy habit of continuing the manner of his legal training, for in the 16th century Inns of Court the feasts and seasons were still recorded in Latin.

In looking at Adam the 3rd's *Diaries, Common Place Books*, and *Account Books*, the question arises — how long did it take to make a country

gentleman? The answer in this case is three generations. For it is as a countryman, expert in the management of multifarious affairs that we see and watch this Adam Winthrop. Let us look more closely at some of the entries, beginning in the year 1592.

On the first page we find a mixture of the legal, literary and practical. The first entry concerns tenants and tenements (that is houses) in the Manor of Hadleigh, surrendered to Adam and to 'his heirs forever'. The Lord of the Manor was increasing his estate for his and their benefit: little did he know that within 40 years these heirs would have crossed the heaving Atlantic to an unknown wilderness in North America. Next he jots down the loan of some precious books (now in the Library of Harvard College) to the Rector — (more revealing books are listed later): next an earthquake which sounds more terrible in its Elizabethan spelling — *yearthe quacke*: then a note about new servants and boarders — sons and daughters of neighbours who came to live with him, or merely paid visits, one of them 'a child of 10 years and six months'. Next a memorandum about debts due on a certain date, to be paid 'within the porch of Groton church': then a singular entry about a tenant on the day that he fell sick, who 'went into his yard and saw a wren strike down a robin-redbreast starcke dedde', with some relevant verses of scripture. (Superstitions about robins and wrens are ancient and are found in England and Ireland). Lastly an account of sums paid out on behalf of his wife's sister for the proving of a Will; for 'half a way of cheese', and for some bushels of barley.

The verses quoted from scripture are significant of the trend of religious thought in East Anglia 30 years after the Reformation. For this part of the realm, owing to its constant wool-and-cloth-trade with the continent, was more vulnerable and open to new protestant thought than the north or west. As Trevelyan, speaking of the cloth merchants, has said:

> The Protestant religion, setting up the domestic and individual forum for conscience and Bible-study, suited these men and their character well. . . . With a strong tendency to anti-clericalism in early Tudor times they became . . . Reformation men for the most part as the 16th c. drew on. The richer of them, buying land and intermarrying with needy squires, founded new 'county families'. Not a few shared in the Abbey lands, having ready cash to join in the fierce land speculation that followed the dissolution of the monasteries. At the Universities and Inns of Court their sons trained themselves to public service. The men of the new wealth were an indispensable mainstay first of Elizabeth and then of the Parliamentary cause in the era that followed.[1]

The Winthrops, Adam the 2nd of 'early Tudor times', and Adam the 2nd and 3rd with their intermarriages and the purchase of Groton from the Crown, to which it had passed from the great Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, and Adam the 3rd with his Inner Temple training, auditorship of the two Cambridge Colleges (Trinity and St. John's) and his loans to the Queen, are corroborations of what Trevelyan has stated above.

Adam's short list of books lent to his neighbours reveals the taste and mind of the man who owned them, and the type of person to whom they were lent:

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(1) *History of England*, Geo. Macaulay Trevelyan, pp. 282-3. Longman, Green & Co. 1943.

1597

1. Dr. Bright's *Hygieina,* in Latin.
   [Bright was a doctor who later took Orders. He was also an inventor of shorthand. This book was dedicated to Lord Burghley.]
2. *Petrarcha, his Workes*
   [carried off by the Rector. This was an English translation of the *Triumphs,* printed in 1553, made by Baron Morley, gentleman usher to Henry VIII.]
3. *Eusebius and Socrates* in English.
   [Eusebius, the Father of Church History, was revered by Constantine the Great and died in 340 A.D. This English translation was made in 1577.]
4. Googe's *Husbandry,* to my cousin.
   [Barnaby Googe was a cousin of Cecil who sent him to Ireland for many years. Googe left behind him some manuscript poems which circulated among his friends as Donne's *Songs and Sonets* were to do a little later. Googe's *Eclogues* are the earliest example in English literature.
5. *The Perambulation of Kent*
   [the earliest county history known was written by William Lambarde of Lincoln's Inn in 1570.]
6. *Termes of the Lawe*
   [Next to the Bible this was probably for Adam III the most important among his books. It was a translation of an exceedingly popular Latin work written by John Rastell and translated by his son William. Published in 1527, it ran through four editions before 1597. The Rastells were direct ancestors of John Donne on his mother's side. I like to think of Donne himself, also a lover of Petrarch, 27 years of age at the time that Winthrop was making his careful list, setting out on the naval expedition to intercept the Spanish plate-ships off the Azores.]
7. *Defence of the Apology*
   [Lent to his favourite sister, Lady Mildmay. This was written by John Jewell, Bishop of Salisbury, notary to Cranmer and Ridley, and the man to whom we are indebted for the Cathedral Library.]

Lastly,

8. *The Remes Testament*
   [Lent to another Vicar.]

Whether this is Adam's wife, Anne's 'French Bible' which she begged him to return to her by the carrier, or another copy, we do not know. But its presence in this household of the Reformed Church, and the lending of it to an Anglican Vicar, is of extreme interest. There had been great translations of the Bible by earlier Englishmen, notably that of Tyndale (burnt at the stake for his splendid work) still one of the finest translations, and consulted by the scholars who undertook the Authorised Version. (Adam's son, John, was to marry a collateral descendant of Tyndale's.) This translation of the *New Testament* was made by a Catholic, Gregory Martin, under the supervision of Cardinal Allen at Rheims, in 1582, whither the Douai college founded by Allen had fled four years earlier. Martin was professor of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Scripture and Theology at Rheims, but before this he had been private tutor to the 4th Duke of Norfolk's sons. Today, in this time of ecumenical fervour, it is interesting to see that Martin stated that he wrote 'to provide everyday instruction for simple folk whose liturgy is in Latin'. This was in contrast to the Protestant purpose which was to provide an entirely new liturgy. To print this Testament cost the

huge sum of 1,500 crowns: in type, paper and appearance it far surpassed any previous English translation — Wycliffe's, Tyndale's translation of 1525, or the Great Bible of 1539 with a preface by Cranmer. On its publication it was greeted with storms of abuse. Religion, as it is today, was 'news': but it was more than this. It was a way of life or death, and it was on the Rheims Testament that Mary Queen of Scots had insisted on taking her oath at her infamous death-trial in 1587. Whether it was dangerous for men in Suffolk in 1597 to be reading a Catholic translation of the Bible, not long after sons had been torn from their fathers; brothers (like Donne's, seven years earlier) flung into prison for harbouring seminary priests, where they died; and men tortured, hanged, drawn and quartered for their faith, we do not know. But there is a hint that it *may* have been. Otherwise why should Anne Winthrop write her postscript in French, just as Adam sets down intimate matters in Latin in his *Diaries*? But to finish with the books. Among others was one on *Cockfighting*, another on *Witchcraft;* Foxe's *Martyrs*, beloved by these Protestants, and two on the trials and deaths of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of Sir Walter Raleigh. Like many of the able Elizabethans, Adam the 3rd was something of a poet himself. He need not have been ashamed of his verses — for a newborn child, or for his son John, odes for his friends in Latin, and other lines.

But let us return to rural life and the manor-farm entries. A good stout cob, not too finely-boned, was a prime necessity for Adam the 3rd, and we like to learn that he had a roan horse called *Clover*. For more than 17 years Winthrop traversed the miry roads to attend to his duties as Auditor of the two Cambridge colleges: he rode to Canterbury, to Ipswich, and to London, where his town house or legal matters at the Temple claimed him. He had, too, a great mastiff called Grymble or Grumble, 'a good dog about the howse, but oft blind,' who had to be destroyed, and it is with horror that we read that Grymble was hanged — the custom in those earlier days, as the *Paston* Letters prove. In France dogs were destroyed according to precedence. The *coup de grâce* of an artistocratic or royal hound was given by the sword.

Year after year there are the entries relating to work on the land to keep it in 'good heart', work which has gone on and will go on through the centuries, although much of it is lessened today with the new machinery. The Lord of the Manor has a good plough and plough-horses: he let this out to responsible tenants and sets down what he makes per annum from it, much as the owner of a combine-harvester does today. We read of the 'drowning of the meadows', that is flooding them with leets and sluice-gates to ensure early grass for cattle that have survived the winter without mangels and silage; of the 'stoning and gravelling of a causeway through Claypit meadows', a name that suggests material for home-made bricks for the new barn: of the draining and cleaning out of the fish-ponds (perhaps monastic in origin), of the taking of a great gluttonous carp, '3 quarters of a yard long', which makes a feast for Adam and his elder brother, John, come over from Ireland: of the restocking of the pond with little 'tenches', and of a new dovecot, dozens of young pigeons being sent to him by his friends and

family. Pigeon had been staple diet for the winter months for generations, and so had salt fish. So here we find the prices of 'cades' of salt herrings, brought from the Suffolk sea-coast, and a cade is no mean cask, since it holds 'six great hundreds of six score each'! (Salt herrings must have become a wearisome, and sometimes a dangerous diet when they were old.) Loads of wood, bushels of wheat, pecks of 'pease' are sometimes received in lieu of rent: wages are paid for hedging and ditching, for harvest and threshing, for quicksetting new hedges, for loads of lime, and for recovering stolen cattle, or tracking down a roving hound that kills the lambs. Costs are given for the making of a new plough or saws, a new harness and bridles, for the purchase of new nails (hand-made by the smith), for lathes, bricks and tiles for the new barn; for new locks and the mending of old for field-gates and doors; for the gathering of bushels of stones, for the catching of moles, and for making a new kitchen window so that 'greasy Joan' might the better 'keel the pot'. Bed and board for the schoolmaster is set down; the physician, apothecary and the constables must be paid, and the chaplain for tutoring. Books are bought for pleasure and learning, among them Münster's *Cosmography* (printed at Basle in 1543), and in the middle of all these itemised accounts there is the cost 'of setting forth a soldier upon the road'.

A Biblical ring is given to the number of bulls, milch kine, yearlings and weanlings, of sucking calves, bullocks and heifers: of sows, hogs, sheep and lambs, that must be fed, stalled and pastured. Now and then we are brought up sharp by some antiquated phrase or word. What does 'the making of pease' mean? or 'bulling-meng', or 'meslin'? The answers are — the cost of planting and reaping an acre of pease — essential when green winter vegetables and fruit, except apples, were unknown: the other two words are names for mixed grain for feeding cattle, grown together, it seems, as a crop. Orchards of apples and pears are planted; and perry, like home-made cider, must have been made, for there is a field called Perryfield (as in Herefordshire): a new bridge is built — an expensive undertaking: a windmill is blown down and must be re-erected: there are pumps to be mended: for this is low-lying land liable to flooding: lightning strikes a tree which burns for four days afterwards; and a miraculously large swarm of black bees flies over and is taken.

Hugger-mugger with all this material to do with the land, we come on the cost of a new 'corselet', that is of armour: of a new doublet, shirts, a hat and hose, as well as a short sword, and garters for John, his son. And suddenly, Adam the 3rd makes up his mind to refurbish his 'great parlour' and 'great chamber', just as his father had done 50 years before him when he had bought the Manor. Times have changed and new fashions come in. Here is Adam the 3rd's list of what he ordered in 1594, just a year after he had purchased the Lordship from his elder brother:

A great bedsted of wainscote for my Great Chamber.

— (by wainscote we must understand imported oak from Russia, Holland, or Germany, most likely Holland, carved with linenfold pattern)

A livery cuppard of walnut for the same

— (what we would call a wardrobe. There are still splendid walnut trees on Groton land today)

A long Table of waynscot for my Great Parlour

A Pair of grene curtains

— (why green we wonder, and was this Anne's choice?)

A chayre of walnut tree

— (not of oak as formerly, and not yet imported mahogany)

14 buffet stools

— (to go round the long parlour table)

A press in the gallery

— (that is, a built-in cupboard)

A salt of silver and gilt

— (like a large castor)

A dozen silver spoons

14 pewter porringers and *a bason and ewer of pewter*

4 settles for the chimney in the halle

3 silver bowls weighing 23 ounces and more

6 cushions of tailors' shreds

1 coverlet of tapestry

The total cost for all this splendour? — *£31.13.6d.*!

It is with something of relief that we read after these lists of mounting costs — 'the rest I spent on myself': or, 'the Queen's Majestie hath promised to pay me'—sums that he had lent her 'upon privy seales'. A life as full of responsibilities as this was not without animosities and danger. In 1604, when James had mounted the throne, and when Adam was busy making his great parlour worthy of his offices and hospitality, he sets down:

> *Memorandum*: that Henry Vintner threatened me . . . and said that there were some who had vowed to have the blood of me or mine *when it should happen* (ominous words) . . . that he was bound with an oath.

— whether to keep silence over the plot or whether to murder him at a certain place and time is not disclosed. (Winthrop, however, survived for another 19 years.)

That he kept an ear to the ground in this pastoral pocket of Suffolk is obvious from a separate list of national events, among which the deaths of great men and women make melancholy reading. In 1595 the Earl of Arundel dies in the Tower: in February, 1600, the Earl of Essex is beheaded, also within the Tower, and in November of the same year James Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond, dies, having languished sixteen years there. The Queen dies in March, 1603, and is buried *five weeks later*. Sir Robert Drury is chosen Knight of the Shire for Parliament, (John Donne's patron, for whose daughter he wrote his *Anatomy of the World*, and who took him to Paris on an embassy, where Donne had that foreboding dream of his wife's death). Sir William Waldegrave is training footbands of soldiers and mounted horsemen, about 400 of them, on a hill near Sudbury. The King (James) has made his progress southwards from Scotland, has reached London, where he, the Queen and young Prince Henry parade through the

streets from the Tower to Whitehall; and on October 24, 1603, it is declared that henceforth 'England and Scotland shall be called Great Britain'. A more graphic entry: — the Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Spenser, 'died as he was pulling on his nether stocks in the morning'. Nor does Adam neglect to note good preachers and their sermons, in Suffolk or in London, where he heard John King preach with profit — this is the Bishop of London, father of Henry King the poet, Donne's young friend and executor.

Interspersed with these great matters are merry-makings at home. The New Year is heralded in with gifts of fine satin from Mr. Mannock of Giffard's Hall, his neighbour, who often dines with him: new gowns from London for his daughters, and we hope for his wife, arrive. A 'half a buck' is brought to him, a fat capon, and bottles of muscadine and sack. Later in the year a marriage-feast is celebrated; or a more intimate family one where brothers and sisters gather in the Great Parlour 'and made merry', which 'we had not done these 16 years before'.

While they eat, drink and laugh together the background of personal disaster among the common people around them is revealed by stark entries: a man beats his sister with a crab-tree staff; men and women hang themselves or cut their throats; they are stabbed with knives or shears; people fall into wells or mill-pools and break their bones or are drowned, like a falconer with falcons on his wrist, one of which died with his master, the other flying away on being released. Infant killings occur; childbirth deaths are numerous: a woman is burnt at the stake for conspiring with a man to kill her husband; thieves and traitors are hanged and quartered; there are ugly murders by poison. Now and then the bell is tolled for someone who recovers, for others who die. People are put in the stocks, or make public confession of their sins in church: the pox comes and carries many off.

But as in some fine-woven tapestry the chronicle of the fields intervenes and continues — the shearers catch a hare in the Perryfield wheat; an apple-tree is fired to rid it of a hornets' nest; the cattle are in the corn — an age old cry — 'Blow your horn, blow!' Today neither stick nor stone of the Manor House is left standing (it was sold when Adam's son and grandson, both Johns, settled in New England, and later pulled down.) Only a solitary mulberry propped against the blasts survives to remind us, as Milton remarked, 'that great men, wherever they go, plant mulberry trees.'

In the spring of 1623 when he was 75 — which we should not consider old today — when his lambs, reminders of the source of his worldly fortune, were gambolling in the fields, Adam the 3rd died. He was, as his son wrote to Adam's grandson, 'gathered to his people in peace, as the ripe corn is gathered into the barn'. It was the end of the Winthrops in Suffolk, and the end of an era.

Within seven years — in 1630 — John, Adam's only son and heir, was unexpectedly chosen Governor of the new Colony in Massachusetts, an office to which he was repeatedly re-elected until his death. Abandoning the life of culture and comfort he had known before, he committed himself

to God, and to life in the unknown northern wilderness. From 'on board the *Arbella*, riding before Yarmouth', Isle of Wight, in April of that year, he writes to his beloved Margaret — 'My love, my Joy, my faithful One' — revealing that warm nature which is such a marked characteristic of all the early Winthrops. His wife and his son, John, eventually joined him, but this story belongs to another chapter, and to another country.

I will close with a letter written by Adam the 3rd to his favourite niece, Lady Mildmay. Between them there existed a deep affection: great warmth of heart lies in the lines. The old man knew that death, for him, was near, and he strove to prepare for it; his phrases have something of the courage and spiritual tranquillity of Sir Thomas More's written in the Tower before his execution, when he resolved 'to have *the last thing* always in remembrance: little and little utterly to cast off the world, and to rid my mind of the business thereof'. Adam bids his niece, and us, farewell in a similar vein:

> Being now warned by age to expect my change, daily I seek the more to withdraw my thoughts from other things, that I may more seriously intend my preparations for it; as the most needful study for all, especially for me, whose time of dissolution is come at hand.
>
> Yet so long as life and light uphold this heart I shall not cease to be mindful of your love; and as my last and best means of requital labour to lay up with the Lord some poor blessing of prayer, which may be remembered upon you and yours, for your best welfare, when I shall sleep with my fathers.

NOTE: *Three Suffolk Ancestors* by Evelyn Hardy appeared in the June 1972 issue of the *Contemporary Review*.

TAXATION: A POLICY FOR LAND

by Anthony Carter

THE acceleration in the rising cost of housing has led to renewed demands for something to be done about the price of land. In spite of loose talk about overpopulation, there is no natural shortage of land in Britain as a whole, the pressure being concentrated in certain locations. It is widely believed that more land than they need is held by public authorities, for example the Ministry of Defence and some new town development corporations, and it is the government's policy to encourage the sale of such land, especially in the south-east.

Apart from this, the planners and the developers are busy blaming one another for the land scarcity. The developers say that sites with planning permission are becoming increasingly difficult to find; the planners say that there are large numbers of sites where planning permission has been granted but no development is taking place. These statements are not necessarily contradictory, given that many of the bigger builders regard it as prudent to have reserves of land for several years ahead.

In a time of rapidly rising prices no one can be blamed for investing in land or holding on to it (the wicked speculator is not often really wicked), but there is justifiable concern with some of the consequences of land shortage and high land prices. They not only put the cost of housing beyond the reach of many, they also inhibit the growth of industry and commerce, for factories, workshops, and offices require sites before anything else. Moreover, the land that local authorities need for public amenities such as parks becomes very expensive and sometimes prohibitively so.

For these reasons, it is not enough to shrug one's shoulders and declare that the market is the market. The land market is different from any other because land is essential, fixed in supply, and not produced by human agency. The usual economic function of rising prices—to call forth increased production and simultaneously curb demand—does not apply to land. Indeed, on the supply side the reverse is often the case: there may be more profit in withholding land from use now to benefit from the almost certain gain in the future.

In these circumstances there is inevitably a persistent call in some quarters for large-scale acquisition of land by public bodies. The land commission is unlikely to be resurrected, but some form of nationalisation or municipalisation of land may well be adopted as Labour's substitute policy. There are also some who would seek to impose controls over land prices, possibly as part of an overall restriction of rents, prices, and dividends.

Another proposal that is arousing interest is the taxation of land values. The argument for this is that if a tax were levied on the market value of land for its highest permitted use a burden would be placed on owners of vacant and under-used land, and this would impel them to make better use of their land or alternatively dispose of it to others who would do so. Idle land would

become a liability they could not afford, and much more land would be made available for development.

One of the merits of this policy is that it would act not only on virgin land but also on the many sites, particularly in or near town centres, which are poorly or inadequately developed. The modernisation or replacement of decrepit buildings is as important as securing the necessary flow of undeveloped land. Another advantage is the effect it would have on empty property. Private landlords with unoccupied houses or flats would be obliged to find tenants more quickly if they were not to lose money. Property companies with shops or offices standing empty might think again about their minimum rents if they had a hefty annual tax on the site values to include in their accounts.

In addition to increasing the supply of land and stimulating improved land use, the taxation of land values would, it is claimed, act directly to reduce land prices. This claim is true in the ultimate analysis — the tax cannot normally be passed on in higher rents or prices and must accordingly depress the value of the sites on which it falls—but the current rise in prices is so fast that it is doubtful whether a modest tax would do more than slow it down. However, this deficiency could be remedied by increasing the tax to a more effective level once any initial problems had been overcome, perhaps in conjunction with the exemption of land from capital gains tax.

The central feature of the tax on land values is that it falls on all land, regardless of its state of development. In this it differs from the post-war development charge and the last Labour government's betterment levy, both of which were occasioned by changes in development, to which they therefore became a deterrent.

The land value tax requires regular reassessment of land values and this would entail extra work for the valuation profession, but as there is evidence that land is simpler to value than land and buildings together this work could be minimised by applying the tax locally, as a replacement for the present rating system. Rating of site values was mentioned as a possible method of local finance in the government green paper on the subject, though it was dismissed rather abruptly and on grounds which its advocates have been quick to contest. There is a great deal of misunderstanding to be cleared up before the potentialities of land value taxation can be given proper study.

Nevertheless, there are a number of objections to be considered. One is that for the tax to be efficacious in bringing land forward for development it would have to be substantial enough to outweigh the owners' prospects of eventual gain from rising prices. Another is that a land value tax, which would in theory enable corresponding reductions to be made in other forms of taxation, might be treated by the government only as an additional source of revenue.

Probably the most serious objection is the lack of recent experience in this country of how a land value tax would operate in practice. In 1964, the Rating and Valuation Association carried out a survey at Whitstable in Kent, comparing the existing local rating system with one based on site

values. This established the practicability of a site value rating system and reached significant conclusions about the changes in incidence it would bring, but one would like to see such a survey extended beyond the frontiers of one small town to a large urban area or, ideally, to the whole country in a national land valuation. Until this is done there is bound to be anxiety that the successful implementation of similar taxes overseas, notably in Australia and New Zealand, could not be reproduced in Britain.

Politically, the idea of taxing land values could attract opposition from both extremes. It is unlikely to be welcomed either by those who regard land solely as a form of absolute private property or by those who put their entire faith for progress in the expansion of public ownership. Its strength is that it could have considerable appeal to the moderates, for it maintains private control over land use and does not interfere with the allocative mechanism of the market but at the same time asserts the community interest in land and contributes to the attainment of social objectives that enjoy widespread approval.

The land and natural resources of a country are one of its primary assets, and a principle on which almost everybody would agree is that land should not be wasted. There is no conflict here between conservationists and those who want to see a thriving economy, for the more efficient the use made of land suitable for mining and manufacturing industry, for business, housing, and other urban needs, the fewer will be the demands to encroach on urban green belts or national parks.

The planners can play a large part in increasing the supply of land and reducing land costs by releasing more neutral land for development while still preserving the countryside from despoliation. As a means of achieving the full availability and utilisation of this land, land value taxation is sufficiently promising to deserve thorough investigation. Both the Department of the Environment and the professions concerned could be giving it serious examination in the near future, for instance by studying its operation overseas and eventually undertaking a more extensive pilot survey.

[Anthony Carter has been a member of the United Committee for the Taxation of Land Values since 1962. He is a frequent contributor to *Land and Liberty*.]

NOTE. The Government's White Paper, *Widening the Choice: the Next Steps in Housing*, was presented to the House of Commons on April 9, 1973, by the Rt. Hon. Geoffrey Rippon, Secretary for the Environment, and Peter Thomas, Secretary for Wales. One of the measures envisaged, and to take immediate effect, is an annual 30% tax in respect of any land for which planning permission has been granted but which has not been 'developed' within a reasonable time.—*Editor*.

THE REHABILITATION OF ADDICTS

by Joseph S. Wright

BECAUSE narcotic addiction is a problem in every state, the results of the efforts of the people of New York State to overcome this problem is instructive. The Narcotic Addiction Control Commission of New York State attacks this problem on two levels. It is attacked as a physical ailment and as a mental disorder.

The facilities operated by the Commission are operated as unique hospitals because the illness is recognised as a personality disorder and a disorder of the will power. Addicts are involuntarily incarcerated for therapy.

Narcotic addicts fall into two categories. One category contains addicts who recognise that they are ill and need outside help to overcome their addiction. Addicts who realise that they have a problem and need help are helped in organisations that are called 'voluntary'. They are voluntary in the sense that the addict applies for admission to these centres and is interviewed by a committee. After the committee is convinced that the addict sincerely wants help, he is admitted. An addict may drop out from these voluntary centres at any time. Or, if he disobeys the rules, he may be expelled. Obviously, these centres can be effective only with addicts who are highly motivated to being cured.

But most addicts are seldom found in this group. Those persons who insist upon continuing to be addicts do not believe that they are sick. To understand the basic problem our society has with addicts, it is important to know that the person who is an active addict keeps himself addicted and does not consider that he is doing anything wrong or that he is in need of help.

A person having a physical illness usually knows that he is ill. A person having a psychological illness seldom knows that he is ill. Privately operated centres are capable of handling and helping addicts who voluntarily seek help. But the addict who refuses to recognise that he needs help cannot be helped by a privately operated rehabilitation centre. He will not enter such a centre, nor will he cooperate with those who run them.

The majority of addicts are found in the group which does not recognise that it has a problem. To protect society from their unlawful activities requires governmental action. Only the government has the authority and power to incarcerate a citizen involuntarily. The fundamental objective of the Narcotic Addiction Control Commission is to treat this group of addicts.

New York State expects to spend 75.2 million dollars to continue the programmes of the Narcotic Addiction Control Commission (NACC). This budget is an austerity budget. Many of the rehabilitation facilities had been shut down in 1971. There are no provisions in this year's budget to reopen these facilities or rehire any of the experienced staff who had been fired. The budget provides 40 million dollars to subsidise local drug addiction programmes, and funds to complete the construction of facilities which had been started; and some projects in plan preparation.

Commenting on this budget, Governor Rockefeller said that this state budget will enable the NACC to treat 15,000 addicts during the coming budget year (from April 1972 to April 1973). This is the same number as was treated in the budget year 1971 to 1972.

The budget distributes the State money in this manner: (1) Treatment and rehabilitation, $65.6 million, (2) centralised support services, $1.9 million, (3) prevention and communications, $2 million, (4) research and testing, $2 million, (5) administration, $3.6 million. These appropriations are approximately the same as those of last year.

The NACC has been operating in New York State for over five years. In this time, it treated over 63,000 narcotic addicts. Since April 1, 1967, when the Commission began operation, over 62,000 narcotic addicts have been directed for treatment at one of the NACC operated or credited, public or private, treatment agencies. Addicts come to the attention of the NACC in one of two manners: they come from a court, either because they have committed a felony or other criminal act, or by petition for civil commitment. In either case, the court can order the suspected heroin addict to undergo a medical examination at an NACC designated facility. Since April 1, 1967, the court has ordered over 91,000 medical examinations. Of these, more than half, over 50,000, have been found to be addicted. Not all of these were assigned for treatment by the NACC.

In civil cases, some petitions were dismissed or referred to private or public NACC accredited agencies. In criminal cases, there were prosecutions, dismissals or referrals to public or private treatment programmes. About half of those cases which came to the attention of the court, over 24,000, were admitted to NACC operated treatment facilities. Of these, over 20,000 were finally certified for NACC programmes. The majority of these addicts required treatment or supervision for periods from three to five years.

The period of incarceration for therapy in a facility such as Ridge Hill Rehabilitation Centre in Yonkers, or Arthur Kill Rehabilitation Centre in Staten Island, is usually no more than six months. Within this time, it is expected that the professional staff rehabilitate the addict and remove from him his psychological yearning for drugs. In these facilities, he is considered a patient. The philosophy within these facilities is that the facility is a hospital, not a prison.

Before a patient is released, his home environment is examined by an after-care officer. If his home environment is found to be free from drugs, he is permitted to return, either to his mother, or to his wife and children. If the after-care officer finds evidence that drugs are being used in his home, he is not permitted to return there, but is sent to another facility, called a 'half-way house'. This is not a place of incarceration, but he is required to live there. The patient is expected to seek work, and live a normal, drug-free life. He is required to report regularly to an after-care centre where he is examined to see that he is free from drugs. If found to be using drugs again, he is again incarcerated in one of the rehabilitation centres on the basis that he violated the conditions of his parole. A violator usually spends no more than

four months in a rehabilitation centre and then is again released for after-care.

As of early 1972, over 17,000 of those 20,000 certified by the courts to NACC programmes were still under NACC jurisdiction. Almost 10,000 of these were in NACC residential and outpatient programmes, or working, or constructively occupied in some other manner.

About 7,000 dropped out of the programme. Some were arrested, or jailed on criminal charges, or moved out of the jurisdiction of the state, or their terms of certification expired, or were discharged or died. Some, after discharge from the intermural facilities, disappeared.

A total of 42,000 narcotic abusers received treatment in various public and private agencies, accredited and funded by NACC.

In early 1972, a total of 21,000 patients were being treated by private and public accredited agencies. There were 41 approved treatment agencies. Admissions to these accredited agencies usually are voluntary.

A survey of addicts who were released in 1971 shows that nearly 3,000 rehabilitated addicts were constructively employed. Their average yearly income was $5,600. In 1971, this group earned a total of $16,000,000. The NACC estimates that if this group of addicts were not rehabilitated, they would be spending $30,000,000 a year to buy drugs. Most of this money would be obtained by stealing, mugging, burglaries, and other crimes.

An addict when sentenced by a court is usually given a 3 year sentence. Of this time, he usually spends 6 months incarcerated involuntarily in an intermural rehabilitation centre. Here he undergoes intensive psychological and physical therapy.

In most cases, addicts assigned to intermural centres enter physically emaciated, and often diseased. Their physical condition is treated first. Diseases are cured and undernourishment is corrected by a scientific diet. By the end of the six-month rehabilitation period, most addicts are in good health. They often gain 30 to 50 pounds.

After the six-month rehabilitation period, the patient is permitted to leave the facility. He may live at home with his parents or return to his wife and children. His legal status is one of parole. He must report regularly to an after-care officer. Regular urine and blood tests assure the Commission that he has not returned to drugs. Should any of these tests reveal the use of drugs, he is returned involuntarily to a rehabilitation centre for further therapy.

A survey by the NACC shows that of a total in after-care status, about 60% (4,500), were 'constructively occupied'. This number includes those who were working (3,000), attending school (450), maintaining households (150), or taking part in a training programme (900), or constructively occupied in some other manner.

Of 3,000 who were working, more than 250 were working full time. About two-thirds were working in clerical, sales, service or machine and structural work fields.

The purpose of the after-care centres is to aid the rehabilitated addict to relate in a constructive manner with society. The after-care centres main-

tain schools whose purpose it is to prepare their clients for high school diplomas. Employment officers of the after-care centres have the responsibility of finding work for their clients. Counselling services are also available at these after-care centres to help the clients solve personal problems.

Experience shows that when an ex-addict finds employment quickly, his chances for staying off drugs are greatly improved. Shlomo Amity, director of employment for NACC, stated:

'Unless the ex-addict works, earns his own living, and he himself feels successful, we cannot consider him rehabilitated.'

However, finding employment for ex-addicts has special difficulties because of widespread apprehension of employers. In describing these problems, Amity said:

'The prejudice and ignorance are still there. The problems of the economy, plus the large number of returning Vietnam veterans, some of them already addicted, are responsible for some employer resistance.'

An independent public service organisation, the Community Service Society of New York, has recently studied the NACC programmes. Its report was presented by the society's Committee on Youth and Correction, under the Chairmanship of Eliot D. Hawkins. This Committee visited nine residential centres and made a study in depth of Woodbourne, Bayview, Manhattan, Iroquois, and the detention reception centre and civil commitment court at the NACC Edgecumb facility. The Committee found:

'. . . that NACC residential centres have mounted programmes which have rehabilitative potential.' The Committee concluded that this potential was severely limited by budget restrictions which curtail the employment of sufficient personnel and shortened the period of stay of the residents in these treatment centres. The Committee made a special study of the effect of compulsion as used by the NACC. It found:

> NACC Centres, ranging from the most secure to the most 'open', have demonstrated that compulsion need not be punitive and does have a rehabilitative potential. Woodbourne, the most restrictive facility, showed that authority can be reasonable and may well set an example to prisons on how confinement can be humane and constructive.
>
> Manhattan (a facility for women) showed that even the addict most hostile on entering, will return voluntarily if she has received some insight into solving her practical problems.
>
> Bayview demonstrated that addicts could develop inner controls if they could form relationships with authority figures and wish to emulate them. Iroquois, the most open centre, showed that the choice to remain could demonstrate to the addict his impulse to change.

and concluded:

> . . . corollary to NACC's task of rehabilitation is the need to inform the public of the sober fact that narcotic treatment is still in its infancy and that the curing of addiction is as demanding of patience as is the curing of cancer.

And so the work of rehabilitation continues and the addict does and can gain confidence, even if the pace is slow.

[Joseph S. Wright is a teacher on the staff of the New York State Narcotic Addiction Control Commission.]

DID EGYPTIANS DISCOVER AUSTRALIA?

by Cyril Bracegirdle

DID sailors from ancient Egypt discover Australia 2000 years before Cook completed the work of Tasman in proving the existence of a southern continent? That is the question posed by Michael Terry, Australian writer and explorer whose discoveries in recent years may throw new light on early history in the Antipodes.

At several places in Australia Mr. Terry has recorded rock carvings which are certainly not the work of Aborigines.

It was in 1961, on a mining expedition at a point west of Alice Springs and close to the West Australian border, while having an early morning wash in a creek, that his eyes fell upon a carving on a nearby rock face. Had the sun not been at just the right angle he might well have missed it. On such accidents great discoveries often hinge.

The carving depicted an animal which more resembled a rhinoceros than any creature native to Australia. It had short stumpy legs, an upswept tail, a curved back and a horn at the snout.

Investigation revealed other carvings in the vicinity, one being of a human figure wearing a curious kind of headdress. The limbs of the figure were correctly drawn, unlike the figures drawn by Aborigines who never studied the anatomy of their subject but used straight lines for limbs. There were also six carvings of a ram's head and a recumbent human figure with a long drooping beard. It was the situation of this latter carving which aroused the most exciting speculation, for it was 30 feet above ground level and the rock face on which the artist must have stood had long ago crumbled away.

Rainfall in the Australian interior is not notably heavy so that the erosion is a slow process. For so much rock to have been eroded many hundreds of years must have passed; perhaps, even, two or three thousand.

The find caused Terry to remember a 1932 expedition to Lake Mackay which had uncovered a circular excavation 10 feet deep in the sandstone. The unknown diggers had tunnelled down in good, practical corkscrew fashion to the water source 30 feet below. Aborigines never dug in such a manner, they lacked both skill and implements.

Terry associated these discoveries with the recollection of an even earlier find by a Captain (later Sir) John Grey in 1838. In a cave by the Glenelg River, in the Kimberleys, Grey had found drawings of people wearing a kind of raffia garment topped by a brilliant coloured bonnet; there was also a profile of a face with a high forehead and aquiline nose. Grey had commented in his notebook upon the likeness to Babylonian figures that he had seen.

An explorer named Joseph Bradshaw had later made a similar find in a cave by the Prince Regent River and commented that 'One might imagine oneself viewing the painted walls of an Egyptian temple!'

These discoveries certainly do not add up to conclusive proof of visita-

tion by ancient Egyptians, but from the practical point of view such a voyage would not have been impossible.

The Roman historian, Pliny, recorded that seamen had reached what must have been Malaya in 300 B.C.; and mentions trade with Orientals. In support of this is the fact that Roman coins have been found near Saigon.

In 150 B.C., Crates of Mallus, in the old kingdom of Pergamum, one of mankind's great theorisers who deserves more credit than history gives to him, calculated that the world could be round. To illustrate this revolutionary concept he constructed a globe ten feet in diameter, almost certainly the first attempt ever made to depict the world on anything other than a flat projection.

Crates reasoned that this world would have to have evenly-distributed land masses to maintain a proper balance; and his globe showed four such continents. The known world, comprising Europe as far east as the Urals, the Mediterranean, the Middle East, North Africa and India were all one continent named *Oecumene*. Next came *Perioeci*, shown in the far west where North America was to be discovered many centuries later. Then, also in the west but further south, he placed Antipodes, now South America. The fourth continent, balancing the known world of *Oecumene*, was *Antoeci* far to the south east.

The globe of Crates, constructed by this imaginative thinker living in Asia, thus presented the idea of an unseen continent envisaged by a remarkable feat of theoretical deduction. It is possible that he may have been stimulated by tales told by seamen who had sailed all those unbelievable thousands of miles, and actually landed on the coast of the pre-supposed southern continent.

Three centuries later came Ptolemy, the astronomer of Alexandria. Ptolemy laid down what was to be held for many hundreds of years as the scientific truth that Earth was the centre of the universe with all heavenly bodies revolving around it. Not until Galileo invented his telescope was this conception exploded. But Ptolemy may have heard the same stories that had been told to Crates for, he too, showed — though on a flat projection— a world with a vast southern land mass, somewhat more to the west than Australia really is, or than was the *Antoeci* of Crates, but a southern continent nevertheless.

Sir Grafton Elliott Smith, once a professor of anthropology at Manchester University, created controversy many years ago with mention of Egyptian traces in the region north of Australia. He pointed out the similarities between a mummy found among a Torres Strait tribe and Egyptian mummies of about 900 B.C. In fact the custom of mummification continued among the Torres Strait islanders until the 19th century when Christian missionaries banned it. Did Egyptian sailors settle there for a while and teach the natives how to preserve their dead?

There have been several finds in Australia in recent years, all of which add up to a formidable mass of evidence which it is becoming steadily more difficult to ignore.

In 1962, children playing near Darwin found a curiously marked coin which an Egyptologist at Cambridge later identified as being a scarab from an Egyptian temple.

In 1910, a bronze coin from the reign of Ptolemy IV was dug up near Cairns. This bore a horned Zeus on one side and on the other an eagle riding a thunderbolt. Expert examination indicates that it was probably minted about the time when Crates was making his globe.

Michael Terry has carried out a close investigation of the site where the coin was found by a farmer named Andy Henderson who was digging post holes for a fence. The coin was lying at a depth of two feet. Obviously one has to consider the likelihood that some Australian had bought this coin in Egypt, or perhaps from some dealer in Europe, and lost it on returning. Terry, however, considers that the position, on a gravel ridge in tropical rain forest, is such that soil movement would not have buried the coin to a depth of two feet except over a period of many centuries.

On New Hanover Island, off New Ireland, there was found in 1965 what appears to be the remains of a temple containing an idol, half-human, half-bird. Also a rock-carving of a wheel which shows decided Egyptian influences.

Finally, there has been the exciting discovery of a very old Egyptian plate dredged up from beneath 13 feet of clay in Geraldton Harbour and some fragments of Egyptian papyrus paper in a cave revealed during ploughing in Gippsland, east of Melbourne.

Such discoveries could provide the key to a mysterious find made in 1964 far from Australia. In the Jordan Valley there was excavated the tomb of a woman buried about 1000 B.C. Analysis of the oil used in the embalming process indicated that it was eucalyptus, yet until comparatively recent times this came only from the gum trees of Australia.

There is also a tribe on an island in the Torres Strait which in 1924 presented a missionary with their girl charm or *neuer madub;* a small wooden idol with a Egyptian cast of feature. The really outstanding factor about the girl charm, however, is that the wood of which it is made has been identified as Abyssinian acacia!

Perhaps the final and most intriguing connection between Australia and the distant land of the pharaohs is the presence in various parts of New South Wales and Queensland of the papyrus plant from which the Egyptians made their writing material. In hot, dry places, so reminiscent of the Valley of the Nile, the plant grows wild. Did Egyptian sea rovers, crossing the oceans in frail craft at a time perhaps when Rome itself was no more than a fishing village on the Tiber, bring with them the seeds of a plant which they had always found useful?

The major remaining question until very recently could well have been whether Egyptians of more than two thousand years ago had the ships that could have made such a journey. The voyage of Thor Heyerdahl in 1969, across the South Atlantic in a boat made of reeds in exactly the same fashion as those used in ancient Egypt, proved conclusively that such craft could travel for several thousand miles across open ocean.

Both material and craftsmanship were superb. Heyerdahl, in his book *The Ra Expeditions*, shows how the buoyancy of the papyrus reeds caused the craft to ride the worst of storms which would have broken a rigid, plank vessel.

The Atlantic crossing of Heyerdahl's *Ra* does not prove that the Egyptians could have got back after reaching Australia. Their reed craft might not have held together for the double journey plus a stay in Australia. But is that the explanation of the presence of the papyrus plant in Australia today? Did those seafarers take the seeds with them, sow them in the soil of the southern continent, and build a new boat when they harvested the crop?

Even this method, however, may not have been necessary; since there is evidence enough, even apart from Pliny's record, that merchants from the Mediterranean region had reached Malaya in pre-Christian times. It is not all that far from Malaya to Australia — not when you have already made the far longer journey from the Valley of the Nile.

It was about the year 2500 B.C. that Egyptians invented the oar, a device which became necessary as ships were made larger so that the rower found himself seated too far above the water to use a paddle.

In the course of time there came to be a great variety of boats: cargo carriers, passenger, market boats, pleasure-craft, funeral ships; and the long slender military ones in which the rowers stood up so as to give more strength and impetus to their strokes.

In 1600 B.C., Queen Hatshepsut, who has been described as a sea-Amazon, organised an expedition of about thirty ships to the unidentified land known as Punt, which is said to have lain many hundreds of miles south along the Red Sea; but no one really knows where Punt was. It could well have been India — a preliminary probe of Egyptian seafarers towards the Far East.

Pioneers who propose new theories that upset the accepted views invariably have a difficult job to make themselves heard above the dull thud of made-up minds slamming solidly shut. Terry is, therefore, just as unpopular with the orthodox as were those advocates of the theory that Vikings reached America before Columbus.

But one Australian is not afraid to oppose the Establishment, and is continuing his researches.

Perhaps the future findings of Michael Terry will prove beyond doubt that there were visitors to Australia many centuries before Torres, Tasman and Cook.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MODERN MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH DRAMA

English Drama 1900-1930. The Beginnings of the Modern Period. Allardyce Nicoll. Cambridge University Press. £18.00.

'In many respects, the most advanced trends in the theatre of the present era are, strangely, closer in spirit to those inspiring the first decades of the century than they are to those of the thirties, the forties or the early fifties.'

This statement may surprise some readers but Professor Allardyce Nicoll states that this was one of the main reasons which induced him to make a reluctant decision to prepare this general survey of English Drama from 1900 to 1930. His reluctance can be appreciated. The amount of time and effort which must have been given to collecting and analysing this vast material is stupendous. Students of dramatic history and all interested in the theatre will be grateful that he was willing to complete this weighty task.

The six volumes of the History of Drama 1660-1900 have for a long time been the authoritative texts. It is of inestimable value to have included in one volume a comprehensive picture of the theatrical world of Edwardian and Georgian England, the patterns and forms of its drama, and the hand-list of plays with their dates of publication and performance.

Over half of the volume of 1,083 pages is devoted to this hand-list, an example of the scholarly research involved. Yet, Professor Nicoll with characteristic modesty informs us that it does not aim to record all the titles of this period! The reason for the omissions, and these must surely be very minor ones, is an outcome of one of the features of the period. During these thirty years there was a proliferation of clubs and societies within the metropolis and throughout the country, but the texts of some of the productions given by these groups are almost impossible to trace.

More people must have been actively engaged in drama than at any time until the present, when through the medium of television every home is a theatre, advanced experimental productions occur in unexpected places, and amateur societies flourish. Likewise in the period under review amateurs and professionals were engaged in presenting the conventional, popular successes or in experimenting with new forms of theatre to devoted supporters.

Professor Nicoll says that he has the conviction that these thirty years 'besides establishing the foundation for all that was to follow, had been possessed by a spirit characteristically its own! ' As in his many other books on drama, he is able to capture this spirit and by his detailed examination of the sources of its power he reveals its strength and variety. That he is also able to write from personal experience increases the value of this for the future research worker.

It is not his intention to give detailed literary criticism of the many plays mentioned; the reader is given a taste and is guided to the appropriate critical, historical and biographical books on the subject. He is never afraid to expose the weakness of a writer and has a sure eye and ear for true theatrical writing. The quotations from plays and critics are aptly chosen and the documentation clear and relevant.

One welcomes his recognition of writers like H. F. Maltby and J. B. Fagan, names easily forgotten, who brought their own individuality and inventive skill to the development of twentieth century drama. 'Can it be that Maltby

and not Brecht, was the true innovator of the principle of alienation?' asks Nicoll. Perhaps the National Theatre will give us an opportunity to decide?

There is ample evidence of the interest of the general public in this period, in fashion, decor and not least in the many revivals of plays by Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy and others. The arrival of this book is timely.

Certain obvious differences occur today. Nicoll quotes an Italian visitor's ejaculation, 'London is overrun with theatres.' Many of the theatres still in use were built during this period but too many have been pulled down. There is perhaps compensation for us in the opening of theatres in the provinces during the past decade. Significantly some of these are named after personalities of the stage of 1900-1930.

A rich variety of drama was offered to the theatregoer at any time during these thirty years. Popular musical comedies and romantic plays were in contrast with poetic and literary drama often written for a highly selective coterie audience. As this book is concerned with English drama only slight mention is made of the Irish Literary Theatre, but Allardyce Nicoll stresses the point that the influence of this important movement was only partially the inspiration for the outburst of regional drama which occurred throughout England, Wales and Scotland. Similarly the well known Manchester school was representative of a wider recognition and demand for plays which broke down class and regional barriers.

The reader is made aware time and again that in the West End, in the provinces, in the commercial theatre, in the new repertory theatres, in clubs and societies, drama as a means of expressing contemporary ideas, whether religious, political or social, was becoming a widespread force. The theatrically effective realistic style, inherited from the writers of the nineteenth century, was still dominant but many were seeking a new form to express their 'modern' ideas as 'an escape from the dully middle class medium into a richly coloured environment.'

The development of the thriller, exemplified in *The Ghost Train* by Arthur Ridley and the plays of Edgar Wallace; the attraction of farce, still associated by many with the seasons at the Aldych theatre; the growth of spectacular musical comedies at Drury Lane; all of these, essentially theatrical in concept, deserve consideration, not merely by the middle aged, nostalgically retracing footsteps. Young readers are reminded that the dramatists of the twenties also made cynical and satirical attacks on society. Recently there has been the opportunity to see R. C. Sherriff's *Journey's End*. The impact of this play is still strong and it was the first, which 'by successfully blending theme and language', set a standard for war plays which has rarely been matched.

Nicoll presents a challenging contrast between the two giants of the period, G. B. Shaw and J. M. Barrie, and their influence on their contemporaries. He considers that Shaw's method was 'particular and peculiar to his own individual genius . . . when he is compared with others — with, for example, J. M. Barrie — that influence is seen to be rather peripheral than central.' 'Barrie's genius gains its distinctive quality from his utter simplicity, from a frank acceptance of, and indeed emphasis upon, the fact that a play is no more than a figment.'

There must inevitably be much that is secondhand and slight, in a period when so much was written, when audience were readily available and there was little competition from other forms of entertainment. The challenge of the talkies, not only brought a new look to the film industry but 'the entire theatrical picture proceeded to assume a new design, entirely different from

that which had been created during the century's first three decades.'

Professor Nicoll justifies the limitations of this volume to the year 1930. He shows this to be a period of radical change and development, a period with a spirit of its own, which achieved much and which yielded its place to the new 'when the purposes which had given strength to the earlier years had been fulfilled'. It is hopeful that Allardyce Nicoll, with his many years of academic and theatrical experience can claim that the spirit of our present era has a close affinity with these decades.

MURIEL JUDD

VALUABLE ANALYSIS OF VERDI

The Operas of Verdi. Volume I; from Oberto to Rigoletto. Julian Budden. Cassell, £6.

'Do we really need another book on Verdi?' is the question put by the author at the opening of his Preface. When such a book combines scholarship, clarity and good reading to the extent of this first volume of his analytical survey of the composer's operas, the answer must, emphatically, be 'Yes'. Julian Budden is Chief Producer of Opera at the BBC, and in that capacity has been responsible for unearthing a treasure trove of rarely heard, but well worth hearing, operas. He is currently engaged on the series *The French Opera* for Radio 3, which, at the beginning of June, will give us the unique opportunity to hear Verdi's Paris *Don Carlos*, complete, and in French.

With such an approach to the form, it is hardly surprising that this book examining Verdi's first 17 operas—from *Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio*, first produced in 1839 when he was 26, to *Rigoletto* first performed at the *Fenice*, Venice in 1851—should be studded with fascinating information and perceptive comment. The author knows his *Bel Canto* composers well, and his opening chapter on the *World of the Primo Ottocento* sets the scene vividly, and shows how much Verdi derived, inevitably, from Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini. Then, as one opera followed another, his development from those antecedents, and the ripening of his own style emerge, so that Mr. Budden can write of *Rigoletto* 'Verdi closed the door on a period of Italian opera—the so-called ottocento in music was finished'.

Inevitably much of the book's appeal lies in the analysis of operas we rarely hear today. The author has strong views, and his descriptions of *I Due Foscari, Giovanna d'Arco*, and above all *La Battaglia di Legnano* make one long to hear them performed. It is not only the copious, well set out musical examples that spur on this desire; the author's clear, pithy style increases it. 'The blunt instrument of Verdi's bombast has here developed a cutting edge' he writes of *Legnano*. One sees from his examples what he means—would that one could hear it too.

The more established of the early works also benefit from his perceptive scrutiny. His lucid, strongly held views on *Nabucco*, for example, evoke the fervent wish that it had been Mr. Budden who was responsible for that opera's recent production at Covent Garden—how different and how much more rewarding it might then have been. Perhaps in some future season they might let him try his hand on *Luisa Miller* which is another opera that he brings to life in print, and is seen to take its place in Verdi's development towards the great works of his middle period.

One of the most fascinating chapters is the penultimate, where *Stiffelio* is discussed. The author's powerful advocacy might leave one suspicious had it not been for the recent production by University College, London at their

Collegiate Theatre. For all that it was a performance on a shoestring, it showed precisely what Mr. Budden is driving at, and indeed validated the fundamental thesis of his remarkable book. Few composers have had the benefit of so discerning a scrutiny of their work, and the opera lover must now await impatiently the second volume of this valuable study.

DAVID FINGLETON

A NEW STUDY OF CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

C.B. A Life of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. John Wilson. Constable, £5.

This biography of Campbell-Bannerman is the first since the 1923 publication of J. A. Spender's two volume *Life* and Mr. Wilson has available to him sources of information unavailable to Spender, although the latter had the advantage of personal friendship.

If one declares, before proceeding, that Mr. Wilson's biography is worthwhile, one is free to develop several criticisms of both the art of biographical writing and this particular biography. The book is worthwhile because, unlike so many recent popular works, it makes extensive use of the manuscript sources available including the Royal Archives which are, unfortunately, closed to the serious student engaged in writing a thesis. The book presents in language which is, for better or worse, more understandable in 1973 than in 1923, a study of a truly fascinating and often underrated Prime Minister. It is readable, well organised and well written.

Having said this, one can now turn to the larger question of biographical writing. More than any other area within historical writing, biographical studies most easily bridge the chasm between serious history and 'popular' work which tends to be shallow, poorly if at all researched and badly written. And although this book is a 'popular' work it is incomparably better than most due to the extensive research done. But it is still 'popular' because Mr. Wilson is not an historian and is like a man in a dark room with only a candle to light his way: this produces sufficient light for him to make his way but it fails to illuminate the entire room so that he can see all that is about him. Mr. Wilson knows a great deal about Campbell-Bannerman, but he knows appreciably less about the social and political milieu in which C.B. moved. And knowing less he tends to make rather sweeping and tendentious remarks. Thus on page 506 he implies that the Labour party in 1906 was a socialist party and that John Burns was a socialist leader. And again, his interpretation of Balfour's understanding of the 1906 Liberal landslide is shallow in the extreme. Balfour was, in all things, philosophical and he saw in the election the beginning of a new era in British as well as European politics: an era which would radically change life as he knew it. But Balfour gets short shrift throughout the book as he must, being the anti-hero to Mr. Wilson's hero, C.B. Mr. Wilson's loyalty to C.B. is touching but one wonders how necessary to the writing of a balanced study.

Again, to describe the 1902 Education Act, perhaps one of Balfour's greatest achievements, as having 'a clerical bias' would have amused him greatly. And finally, to paint Balfour and the House of Lords as unmitigated villains who sought to thwart British democracy between 1906 and 1911 is a traditional and acceptable line to those who follow the new orthodoxy as promulgated by another populariser, Mr. Roy Jenkins. But is it good history?

But as the above are academic criticisms the point is made: by being a good popular work, this book is subjected, and quite rightly, to academic criteria. But because it is still popular it must fall short. One is amused by the overdrawn and unnecessary comparisons (such as that between C.B.'s South Africa policy

and the civil rights campaign of the American president, J. F. Kennedy) and by the delight with which the author indulges in manuscript sources, like a small child let loose in an enormous tuck-shop: the end result is the same, an over-indulgence of a good thing. Likewise one is infuriated by the shallow interpretation of issues really quite complex, by the habit of treating C.B. *in vacuo* which leads to an unbalanced view, and by the policy of making C.B. a hero which leads to an artificial downgrading of others. Yet having said this one must still regard the book as a valuable source of information regarding Campbell-Bannerman; one only regrets that it has spoiled any chance for a better qualified academic to write a deeper study.

J. E. B. MUNSON

CELEBRATED TRIALS

The Trial of Ian Brady and Myra Hindley Edited by Jonathan Goodman. David & Charles, £4.75.

The year 1959 was a dismal one for criminologists, for it saw, with the publication of the eighty-third trial in the Notable British Trials Series, the cessation of an invaluable service of documentation initiated by the Scottish publisher, Mr. Harry Hodge, in 1905.

For the last fourteen years no equivalent trial records have been issued, and it was, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that one received the news from Messrs. David & Charles of their intention to launch a new series of Celebrated Trials under the general editorship of Mr. Jonathan Goodman, the first four titles announced being *The Trial of Ian Brady and Myra Hindley, The Trial of Ruth Ellis, The Trial of Graham Young,* and *the Archer-Shee Case.*

The first of these volumes has now made its appearance, and although the prevailing economic climate has dictated a necessarily somewhat less expansive format than was possible sixty-eight years ago when Hodge's *Trial of Madeleine Smith* and *The Trial of the City of Glasgow Bank Directors* opened the Notable British Trials (or as it was then called the Notable Scottish Trials) Series, the essential prototypal form of introductory essay, trial script and appropriate appendices is preserved.

The crimes of Brady and Hindley—the Moors Murders—have already been the subject of five books, ranging from Emlyn Williams' quasi-fictive *Beyond Belief* to Pamela Hansford Johnson's quasi-sermon *On Iniquity.* Mr. Goodman's definitive account of the trial, prepared with the co-operation of the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions, the Chief Constable of Cheshire, and many of those who played official parts in the case, has been edited with such discriminating care that the unavoidable gaps detract minimally from it.

The 10,000-word Introduction is a neatly balanced exercise in the art of how to write significantly without being dull, and atmospherically without becoming lurid—and this, of all cases, is one about which it is hard to write without falling into the trap of sensationalism, or striking the pitch of hysteria. Mr. Goodman discusses the lives and backgrounds of the two principal characters, and traces the meanderings of chance which brought them together to for 'a synergy, a sum of evil far greater than its parts'. Then, briefly, he outlines the story of their murders for pleasure, and the harrowing police hunt for bodies, which speckled the barren moorland with markers of yellow dye, each ringing the area of a suspected grave, and all combining to give the effect of a sinister 'plantation of giant marigolds'. There is some tart criticism of the Hyde magistrates for ruling against holding the committal proceedings *in camera,* and the Press for its indulgence in 'cheque-book journalism'.

Within the body of the transcript is published the entire text of the notorious tape-recording made during the photographing of the child, Lesley Ann Downey, and the appendices contain some interesting sidelights on the chief crown witness, Mr. David Smith.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

THINKER AND DREAMER

Dreamtigers. Jorge Luis Borges. Souvenir Press, £1.75.
Conversations with Jorge Luis Borges. Richard Burgin. Souvenir Press, £2.
Other Inquisitions 1937-52. Jorge Luis Borges. Souvenir Press, £2.50.
Extraordinary Tales. Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy Casares. Edited and translated by Anthony Kerrigan. Souvenir Press, £2.

It is a privilege to commend to English readers the writings of the contemporary Argentine poet and storyteller, Jorge Luis Borges. Some of his work I have met before, in international reviews and anthologies; but the publication of the present four examples seems to indicate a drive by his publishers to make it better known on this side of the Atlantic.

Borges is one of the world's greatest living writers. Born in 1899 in Buenos Aires of partly English stock, he was taken by his parents to Europe at an early age and stayed there until 1921. In 1918 he travelled to Spain and published his first poem there—in Spanish, henceforth his medium. Returning to Buenos Aires he became a municipal librarian and a principal figure in the poets' vanguard movement, rebelling from Peron's regime. After the dictator's fall he became director of the National Library of Argentina and Professor of English at the University of Buenos Aires. He had won recognition as a poet, but from 1930 became identified more and more with the essay and the short story.

So consistently has his reputation grown since Borges' first volume of 'Ficciones' appeared in 1944 that he has won international praise in the old and new worlds. He has shared a famous award with Samuel Beckett, been honoured in many universities, and now, nearing seventy-three, blind and acclaimed for his learning and vision, he admits that his favourite book is *El Hacedor* (*Dreamtigers*), his most personal book, a collection of poems, stories, sketches and apocryphal quotations—all of profound brevity and conviction. One such is the short prose piece in which Borges imagines Shakespeare retired to Stratford. 'But one morning he was overcome by the surfeit and the horror of being so many kings who die by the sword and so many unhappy lovers who converge, diverge, and melodiously agonise. That same day he disposed of his theatre. Before a week was out he had returned to the village of his birth, where he recovered the trees and the river of his childhood; and he did not bind them to those others his muse had celebrated, those made illustrious by mythological allusions and Latin phrases. He had to be someone; he became a retired impresario who has made his fortune and who interests himself in loans, lawsuits and petty usury. In this character he dictated the arid final will and testament that we know, deliberately excluding from it every trace of emotion and of literature....

'The story goes that, before or after he died, he found himself before God and he said: "I, who have been so many men in vain, want to be one man: myself." The voice of God replied from a whirlwind: "Neither am I one self; I dreamed the world as you dreamed your work, my Shakespeare, and among the shapes of my dream are you, who, like me, are many persons—and none." '

There are many such choice 'dreamtigers' in this author's own favourite collection; and for readers anxious to know Borges the thinker I refer them to *Other Inquisitions 1937-52*—forty equally concentrated thought-provoking essays dealing with general themes, books and personalities, e.g. the Great Wall of China, Coleridge, Time and J. W. Dunne, Hawthorne, Whitman, Oscar Wilde and Kafka, Beckford's Vathek and Hudson's 'The Purple Land'. One of the most impressive is 'New Refutation of Time' in which Borges employs what the Introduction calls his 'curious erudition, plausible paradoxes and restless scrutinies' to launch himself on philosophic conjectures which lead him to the conclusion that 'Time is the substance I am made of. Time is a river that carries me away, but I am the river; it is a tiger than mangles me, but I am the tiger; it is a fire that consumes me, but I am the fire. The world, alas, is real; I, alas, am Borges.'

The volume containing *Extraordinary Tales* is an anthology gleaned by Borges and his old friend Adolfo Bioy Casares on their book adventures. I find it less compelling than Borges' own writings; but the compilation gives a clue to the workings of his own creative imagination. Yet no one should miss *Conversations with Jorge Luis Borges* by Richard Burgin. The interlocutor was a mere undergraduate when in 1967 he met Borges at Harvard and announced that he was going to write a book about him and thought he would ask him some questions. It sounds audacious, but the result was certainly successful, reminding me of the *Conversations with Kafka*, by Gustav Janouch, which appeared in an English translation by Mr. Goronwy Rees. That interlocutor was a youth in his teens and gained Kafka's complete confidence in a way similar to Richard Burgin's success with Jorge Luis Borges.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Counterfeit Spy (Hutchinson. £2.50). This is a remarkable book by Sefton Delmer who was in the Psychological Warfare Establishment of the Foreign Office during the 1939-1945 war. There he met officers working on Strategic Deception. His interest in this field and his knowledge of German has led to this exciting account of the part played by counterfeit spies in deceiving Hitler and the German High Command as to the place of the Allied invasion in 1944. Mr. Delmer refers back to the creation by General Wavell in Cairo, in 1940, of his A Force, which 'was undoubtedly the pioneer of large scale operational deception in the last war'. With this experience, the Allies developed a deception network in the West which led at the end of 1943 to the setting-up of SHAEF's Deception Unit. This involved the use of double agents recruited by M.I.5 during the previous few years. Mr. Delmer discusses three in particular, a Spaniard, a Pole and a Dutchman, all anti-Nazis engaged as spies by the Germans unwittingly. They were then, after security checks, accepted as double agents under the control of British Intelligence. The most important of these was the Spaniard, known as Cato, recruited in 1941. He showed a remarkable virtuosity as a double agent, creating a fictitious network of sub-agents and over the years establishing himself with the German High Command and Hitler as a source of great reliability. He was then used by the SHAEF Deception Unit as one channel in deceiving Hitler, by means of a phantom army in S.E. England, that the main assault would be in the Pas de Calais area and not in Normandy. This reached a climax two days after

the Normandy landing. On the 8th June 1944, Hitler had been persuaded to order the 15th Army near Calais to move to Normandy. This could have been catastrophic to the Allies defending the bridgehead. A day later, Hitler received a long message from Cato arguing that a landing in the Calais sector was imminent. The move of the 15th Army was then countermanded. It would certainly seem from Mr. Delmer's research that Cato's radio message was the deciding factor. As a result, 'for seven decisive weeks' Hitler 'kept nineteen of the best German divisions . . . waiting for an army which did not exist to make an assault that had never been intended. It was the biggest and most decisive hoax of the war'. In a specialised study of this kind, it is, of course, important to appreciate, as the author does, that the agents were mouthpieces in a very large operation involving all the services.

The Complete Plain Words (H.M. Stationery Office. £1). The British Treasury's interest in improving the use of official English gave rise to Sir Ernest Gower's *Plain Words* in 1948 and to *The A.B.C. of Plain Words* in 1951. These were brought together by Gower in 1954 as *The Complete Plain Words*. Now Sir Bruce Fraser has revised this classic. As in 1954, the book is wholly concerned with 'the choice and arrangement of words in such a way as to get an idea as exactly as possible out of one mind into another'. This presupposes, of course, that the official has an idea to put across, and wishes to do so, and not to retreat into the security of ambiguity or obscurity. Here, at any rate, are the guidelines to the expression in writing of clear thinking, brought up to date, in the light of modern usage and current needs. Sir Bruce Fraser is not interested here in the use of special language by specialists. The influence of this volume should go far beyond government departments to use by local authorities, public bodies and businesses and wherever concise and lucid language is needed. Probably the most sinister influence upon the written word is dictation. Sir Bruce Fraser accepts the difference between the spoken and written word. 'What is effective or allowable or desirable in the one may be quite the reverse in the other.' Yet the dictated word in correspondence and documents is so frequently simply English as spoken by the dictater. As such it is long and tortuous, ugly and imprecise, with a tendency to ambiguity or obscurity. Sir Bruce Fraser might have added very usefully a chapter on the art of dictating, of how to think and speak in terms of good written prose.

Ten Seconds From Now (Hutchinson. £3.25). At the end of 1969 Godfrey Talbot retired from the BBC after more than thirty years as a news broadcaster or editor. He has now written his memoirs of these years. They are certainly of general interest. During part of the war, he was a BBC war correspondent in North Africa and Italy. He was at Alamein and the advance that followed As a broadcaster of the desert campaign, 'it was the hardest but the most rewarding time'. After the war, in 1948, as Chief Reporter, he was anxious to have a reporter specially assigned to the activities of the Royal Family. In this he succeeded, but unexpectedly he was himself appointed to the new post of BBC Observer accredited to Buckingham Palace. Over the next twenty years, 'the view I had of the Royals was close, continuous and privileged'. He was regularly at royal public functions and joined the royal tours. Much of the book is concerned with his experiences. It is lightly written with many anecdotes. He is devoted to the Queen, Prince Philip and the royal family; and this is reflected in his book There are a number of illustrations.

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RELIGION AND TOTALITARIANISM

A case study by Alexander Kaczmarek

RELIGION, by its very nature, is incompatible with a totalitarian philosophy and is therefore one of the most difficult problems with which a totalitarian régime must deal. Religion makes a claim to man's complete spiritual being, and totalitarianism claims total control of the essence, or 'whole being' of the individual. The whole being of the individual includes his spirituality, and this circumstance brings totalitarianism and religion immediately into conflict.

Revolutionary totalitarian régimes quickly recognise the counter-revolutionary nature of religion and being aware of its threat, plan to eliminate religion from the state as soon as it is feasibly possible to do so. The best, or perhaps only, legitimate case study of the conflict between the church and a totalitarian régime is the Soviet experience. The Soviet Union has the longest established totalitarian government in history and has survived many trials and threats to its perpetuation. Also, since the Nazi and Fascist régimes of the twentieth century were too brief in duration, and existed during a period of world war, which creates an unnatural internal condition for any state, a study of either of these systems might be misleading.

The totalitarian régime of the Soviets was preceded by the authoritarian régimes of the Tsars, and this condition has some bearing on the current situation. Therefore, a brief explanation of the difference may be in order. Under the authoritarian régimes the government demanded control of both the organisation of the church and the outward conduct of the faith. This arrangement was not too difficult for the church since it left the faith substantially intact. The totalitarian régime of the Communists, on the other hand, aims at eliminating the faith and replacing it with a secular ideology.[1]

Furthermore, the status of the Russian Orthodox Church, prior to the Bolshevik Revolution, is different in some fundamental respects from the Christian churches of the West. The church in Russia never achieved the power or the independence characteristic of Western Christianity. It had, for centuries, been relegated to a position of subservience to the Tsarist autocracy. These circumstances may, in some ways, qualify any generality

about totalitarianism and religion that is derived from a study based on the Soviet Union.

At this point, it may be useful to clarify the use of the words 'church' and 'religion'. The focus of this study will be the Russian Orthodox Church since this church has the largest membership and since all other religions in the Soviet Union share problems similar to those that confront the Orthodox Church. The word 'religion' will also be used primarily in connection with the Orthodox Church since the survival of other religions depends, to a great extent, upon the survival of the Orthodox faith. This situation is due, in part, to the fact that almost all religions have some universal characteristics such as a claim to obedience, a claim to moral leadership, and a claim to philosophical 'truth', among other things. It is precisely these claims that create the conflict between religion and a totalitarian régime.

Because totalitarian ideologies make the same claims on the 'faith' of the individual as does religion, the totalitarian ideology is more or less a 'secular religion'.[2] Nevertheless, there is an essential difference between religion and a totalitarian ideology. The difference is that all religions have adjusted to the idea of coexisting with other religions, while the totalitarian ideology insists on the atheistic equivalent of a monotheistic state, with the one god being the ideology itself. For this rather obvious reason the Bolshevik régime has dedicated itself to the eradication of all religion within its realm.

But since the establishment of a totalitarian régime in the Soviet Union, religion has neither been eradicated nor has it become predominant. After fifty-four years of Soviet dictatorship, a curious relationship continues to exist between the Russian church and the Soviet state.

The campaign against the Orthodox Church began shortly after the Russian Revolution. On 5 February, 1918, the Soviet government issued a proclamation declaring the separation of the Russian Orthodox Church from the Soviet schools and state. What was really intended was not a separation, in the sense that these institutions are separated in Western democracies, but rather a condition that would bring about the eventual destruction of all religious organisations.[3] Under the terms of the proclamation, the church was banned from all social and educational activity and restricted to religious ritual. Had the new programme stopped at this point it would not have been too reprehensible. However, it also included the confiscation of church property, the closing of many churches and prohibited the clergy from collecting tithes. In other words, the church was allowed to exist but all means of sustaining itself were removed.

The question that immediately comes to mind is, why did the Bolshevik régime take such indirect action against the church when it challenged all other institutions by frontal assault? Perhaps the best answer to the question was provided by Lenin. Lenin warned his followers against an all-out attack on the church until Communism was well enough established and powerful enough to challenge the 'superstition' of the masses. He was no doubt aware that the Christian churches were strengthened by the blood of martyrs and therefore realised the need for caution.[4] In any case, Lenin

apparently believed that the church would wither away along with the state once the revolution had proven itself.[5]

In the confrontation between totalitarianism and established religion, the church always meets the coming of the revolution from a position of relative strength. Its strength lies in its longevity, tradition, and the fact that it has already indoctrinated the masses. It is the first task of the totalitarian régime to undermine this indoctrination and to place itself in the position of strength. The reversal of the power advantage is not too difficult to accomplish and usually takes place in the early stages of the conflict. The strength of the church is neutralised rather quickly because the government has the advantage of tangible power, while the church must rely on the less tangible spiritual nourishment and supernatural punishment or reward. Also, the government provides the more immediate material necessities essential to the development of society and the welfare of the individual. And it is human nature to put off the saving of the soul until after the subsistence crisis has passed. Further, the sanction of religion, the threat against the soul, appears less real than the more visible punishment for deviance meted out by the totalitarian régime.

Although the positions of relative power are reversed very early in the conflict, the church is far from defeated. In fact, the church develops a different kind of strength as a result of its clash with the régime. The outward persecution of the church and its congregation creates an underground movement that makes religion more difficult to deal with since the members of the movement become less easy to identify. This is the chief disadvantage, from the régime's point of view, of not being able completely to destroy the church with a single stroke. The covert activities of the church attract social and political dissidents providing the core of at least one counter-revolutionary force in the totalitarian state. This feature of suppressed religion makes it all the more imperative for the totalitarian régime to work toward the final destruction of the church.

While the régime becomes more aware of the necessity to destroy religion, it also becomes more aware that this is not easily done. Lenin's belief that the church would wither away began to appear less certain a decade after the Bolshevik *coup*. The church at this time was almost as powerful as it had been before the revolution. One factor, however, appeared to favour the régime. Bolshevik propaganda had made a considerable impression on the young people which led Stalin to believe that the régime was well enough established to execute a full-scale attack on the church.[6] In this period of persecution many people were arrested for attending church and some were even executed. At the same time thousands of churches were closed and the clergy was subjected to greater deprivations than ever, including inferior housing and rations. The campaign against the church was bitter and brutal, but the church refused to be destroyed. In fact, the new assault actually caused many sympathetic individuals to leave the ranks of the atheists and join, or return to, the fold of believers.[7] In desperation the Soviet régime had attempted to eliminate the problem of religion for all time; but failed.

Since religion persisted even after Stalin's open attack in 1936, the Communists were forced either to admit defeat or to take a more tolerant outward attitude toward the church, and they chose the latter. The Orthodox Church was permitted to elect a new Patriarch and a few theological schools were opened to permit the training of a limited number of priests. This concession was not all that it appeared to be. In return, the government required the Patriarch to declare complete loyalty to the régime. The repression of the church was eased again when World War II began. The Soviets realised the need for a reduction in the internal tensions of the state in order to achieve maximum war effort through social peace.[8] This period of relaxation extended into the Khrushchev era.

The conflict had not ended, the relaxation merely indicated that a shift in policy had taken place. And the new policy, which still prevails, is predicated on a more subtle, but no less real, form of repression that still contains some drastic measures. The subtler form of repression includes many minor annoyances, such as, surveillance of those attending services and limiting the number of churches to create over-crowding and discomfort. Included in the category of minor annoyances are the 'continuous work week,' and the non-recognition of religious holidays, both of which keep a number of people away from church by forcing them to work on Sundays and holidays. Some of the more drastic measures, which were initiated during Khrushchev's period in office, include the separation of children from religious families (so that the children may get a more 'useful' education), the arrest and imprisonment of religious 'radicals' and, in rare cases, death.[9]

Among the many arguments that the Soviets use against the church is the undeniable argument that religion is non-scientific. This is a powerful argument for two reasons. First, because the twentieth century is a highly scientific and technological age in which science has made so many amazing advances that it has come to be almost revered. The youth of every developed country throughout the world is receiving an education that emphasises the importance of scientific study. In the Soviet Union, where liberal education has been assigned a status below a technical one, the argument that religion is non-scientific is particularly impressive. Secondly, the Marxian Dialectic is, according to Communist doctrine, a scientific construct of society and its forces. Under these conditions Marxism as a secular religion has wider appeal in a scientific age to the generations that have been indoctrinated since their youth.

According to one source, the relationship between the church and state can be seen in dialectical terms since religion and totalitarianism are antithetical.[10] When put in this context, the struggle between the two resembles the clash of ideologies found in the Hegelian dialectic. Perhaps the Soviets will have to stand Hegel on his head again to find the solution to the problem. In any case, the Soviets rationalise the persistence of religion by claiming that the consciousness of the people lags behind the changes in society. Also, the Communists insist that the capitalist encirclement of the Communist states is a form of support for religious forces in

the Soviet Union.[11] The latter statement may be a rationalisation but it also has the more practical aspect of associating religion with an external enemy, thereby making atheism more patriotic.

Despite the efforts of the Soviets to destroy the church, there is sufficient evidence that it is still strong. For example, the Soviet press has been directing a sustained and vigorous campaign against religion since 1966.[12] As long as this campaign continues it can be assumed that the church is considered a formidible threat to the régime. On the negative side of the same argument, the fact that the campaign continues is evidence that the Soviets do not intend to concede the battle. While it is true that the Soviets were forced to compromise and allow religion a 'highly restricted position' in the state, they are also 'looking forward to its eventual, much delayed disappearance'.[13]

The continued existence of the church is not too much of a discomfort, ideologically, for the Soviets since Communism is essentially chiliastic in attitude. The faith of the chiliast is always tempered by patience; the church may not have faded away but the millennium is still in the future. Neither has the state withered away nor has pure communism been achieved. The Marxists who are convinced of the validity of the ideology believe that these things will eventually come. For those who have come to the realisation that the ideology is utopian in character, the continuance of religion is not particularly disturbing.

Probably more discomforting to the Soviets is the fact that religion has proved to be one of the more important obstructions to the successful transformation of society in Eastern Europe.[14] In this instance, it constitutes a significant setback to the Marxist-Leninist philosophy, and the failure to convert Eastern European states into willing and trustworthy supporters pushes the millennium beyond reach.

Nevertheless, after a half century of totalitarianism the church in the Soviet Union remains a 'temporarily' tolerated anomaly in the totalitarian structure, even if restricted to proscribed religious functions. Furthermore, the Soviets have learned to use the church for their own ends. The Orthodox Church had traditionally been associated with nationalism and government in Tsarist Russia and had been a convenient tool since it served to foster obedience to the state. During the conciliatory period between 1940 and the present, the Soviets have managed to re-cast the church in this traditional rôle. In the 1950s the Orthodox Church became an 'appanage of the party' and 'the clergy has been extensively used for propaganda purposes'.[15]

While the leadership of the church has been weakened through compromise with the government, the faith itself has been weakened through the processes of creating a Marxist state. As the Soviet Union was being consolidated the old established forms of village life, which involved religious ritual, were disrupted. The disruption of village life and the drive for urbanisation have destroyed the continuity upon which religion depends. Therefore, 'while some religious feeling may continue, religion in the U.S.S.R. no longer finds an institutional expression that could challenge the supremacy and monopoly of the party even in the non-material aspects

of life.'[16] However, this is no guarantee that the church in the Soviet Union will fade away. The Russian Church has a long history of persecution and subservience, which enables it to accommodate itself to the Soviet régime. On the other hand, part of that same tradition is a history of covert, tenacious, resistance to persecution.

The clash between two philosophies, both making claim to the ultimate loyalty of the individual, must result in: (1), the defeat of one of the two philosophies; (2), a form of coexistence which would compromise the supremacy of both claims; (3) the defeat of both philosophies. Since the third alternative is unlikely and the second impossible, from a theoretical standpoint,[17] the final outcome must result in the defeat of one of the two philosophies. At this point it is impossible to determine which one will be defeated. From all indications it appears that the situation in the Soviet Union will continue to defy solution for an indefinite period of time. The fate of totalitarianism, as an ideology, will very likely depend upon the Soviet experience.

NOTES:

1. Waldemar Gurian, 'Totalitarianism as Political Religion,' in, Carl J. Friedrich, (ed.), *Totalitarianism.* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1964), p. 124.
2. Ibid., p. 123.
3. Donald W. Treadgold, *Twentieth Century Russia.* (Chicago: Rand McNally & Company, 1970), pp. 156-157.
4. Theodore H. Von Laue, *Why Lenin? Why Stalin?* (New York: J. B. Lippencott Company, 1964), p. 153.
5. Treadgold, op. cit., p. 249.
6. Georg Von Rauch, *A History of Soviet Russia.* (New York: Praeger Publishers, 1970), p. 142.
7. N. S. Timasheff, 'Urbanisation, Operation Antireligion and the Decline of Religion in the U.S.S.R.,' in, *The American Slavic and East European Review,* XIV (1955), p. 233.
8. Herbert McClosky and John E. Turner. *The Soviet Dictatorship.* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1960), p. 553.
9. William C. Fletcher, 'Religious Dissent in the U.S.S.R. in the 1960s,' in, *Slavic Review,* XXX (June 1971), p. 299.
10. Carl J. Friedrich and Zbigniew K. Brzezinski, *Totalitarian Dictatorship and Autocracy.* (New York: Praeger Publishers, 1969), p. 106.
11. Ibid., p. 304.
12. Fletcher, op. cit., p. 309.
13. Nicholas Riasanovsky, *A History of Russia.* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1969), p. 641.
14. Ibid, p. 641.
15. Friedrich and Brzezinski, op. cit., pp. 303-304.
16. Ibid., pp. 304-305.
17. Totalitarianism cannot coexist with any philosophy which prohibits its claim to the 'total' individual since it would no longer be totalitarian.

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THE SKY CITY

by C. Denis Pegge

I WANT in this article to consider a special kind of high building development as the remedy for the present crowded confusion of our cities and the present and growing encrustation of the whole Earth's surface outside the cities.

There is a continual movement of people into cities. The present greatest city population is about 12 millions. Cities of 25 millions are predicted within the next 25 years, and of double that in the next fifty. As well as this concentration, however, man—because of mechanical and air transport—spreads out ever more easily everywhere, and puts his artifacts there.

In the most developed states of the world, country as country—what Fraser Darling terms 'wilderness'—hardly exists. Sea coasts are particularly subject to man's permanent and temporary (shanty and bungaloid) habitation. In *The Naked Ape* Desmond Morris aptly comments that Europe is 'virtually denuded of all large forms of animal life, save for a great seething mass of naked apes'.

Beauty and seclusion and wildness are only here and there preserved by the creation of national trusts. Even in the tropics the last vestiges of primitive country and its wild life have to be preserved in game parks.

To deal with this overcrowding and encrustation, traditional architectural methods of building and lay-out are quite inadequate. Our ideas about the housing of people have got to alter radically, far, far more drastically than they have done until now.

I want however at the start to emphasise that the proposed remedy is for an effect, not a primary cause. It is not a remedy for over-population. The remedy for that can only be population control—which will surely eventually come. But before populations can be brought voluntarily to agreed optimal levels, there will continue our present vast largely uncontrolled increase of population. With the evil effects of this, architecture will, for a long time, have to deal.

It is not my purpose to enter into the legislation and economics related to the proposed remedy. When a thing is seen to be sufficiently desirable or necessary, society will legislate and find the means for paying for it. The legislation and economics are truly subsidiary. So far as Great Britain is concerned the legislation lies within the scope of existing town and country planning authorities.

The remedy of course that most immediately suggests itself is to build up (not out). The need for this building up (not out) had impressed itself very strongly on me in 1962, and in this connection I investigated the architectural situation in London, with particular regard to high building policy.

I found that the idea of building high in London was controversial among architects as well as among the general public.

Questions were being asked in the Houses of Parliament and through correspondence in the Press, about protecting existing amenities and the effect of high buildings. In the House of Lords, Lord Jellicoe spoke of the possibility of 'historic or familiar views' being 'suddenly blotted out or intruded on'.

An extract from the Minutes of the London County Council for its meeting on July 17, 1962 is clearly conditioned by this public apprehension. It showed—I was disappointed to find—a complete lack of realisation of the drastic measures called for by over-population. The subject of high buildings was nowhere specifically related to freeing the Earth or making greater space in the city. Nor were high buildings put forward as a positive alternative to low buildings. High buildings were treated for themselves—as a particular category of building. All the stress was on safeguarding existing amenities, views, etc.

The Minutes did however refer to some merit in high buildings:— 'Many people of course dislike high buildings in London, and particularly central London, on principle. We do not consider this view acceptable as a basis for a proper planning policy. Not only is its aesthetic basis open to challenge but it ignores important considerations. Living or working in high buildings can be an exhilarating experience and freedom from noise, dirt and smell can be a real asset to the occupants; again by building high instead of horizontally great advantage can accrue by better daylighting, not only for the tall building itself, but for those around it, and by freeing the ground level for people to circulate or for other improvements in general amenities.'

The negativeness of these Minutes was repeated in a roneoed note headed 'Towards a policy for high buildings in London'. It said that after careful consideration and discussions with the Royal Fine Art Commission the L.C.C. had issued a new statement. 'This (statement) has been designed to place the onus of demonstrating that a high building is the right form of development entirely upon the applicant.' Furthermore the new statement did not recognise any right to erect buildings substantially higher than the surrounding development.

Since 1962, practice and policy with regard to high buildings in London has not greatly altered. The Greater London Council's Report, *To-morrow's London*—published in November 1969—embodies a thorough survey determining where high buildings would or would not in any circumstances be desirable in the London area, on the criteria of preserving existing amenities, views and skylines.

In policy as in fact, the erection of low buildings continues to be the rule, and that of high buildings the exception; and this is true not only of London but of Great Britain as a whole. Everywhere the erection of low buildings continues, sometimes ironically on sites cleared of old low buildings, but more often and even more sadly on virgin sites. Great new housing estates of low houses continue to use up the fast dwindling country, as well as whole new spread out towns and new universities. Even when what is being erected is well laid-out and elegant, it is difficult not

to be saddened at the process of low building being allowed to continue.

While the covering over of the surface goes inexorably on there is a strong and growing realisation among intelligent people that the policy of building up is the right one, even while these same people often speak of their own preference for a house-and-garden rather than a flat.

Objection to living in high flats is still very widespread in Britain, and still on lines made clear when opportunities to live in high flats first began to occur. Thus the findings of a report, *Living in High Flats*, by Margaret Willis, dated 1955, remain relevant.

This pilot study found that the overwhelming majority of people living on the upper floors of eight to twelve storey blocks liked living there in preference to living on lower floors. The view was a main attraction for living high; but nevertheless half the tenants who praised the view were referring to some form of human activity they watched in a street or other public place.

The report—based on the comparatively few high buildings then in the London area—says it is most desirable that families with children under seven years should not live above the 3rd or 4th floor; and suggests that some form of family flats with a garden and special playing facilities attached to them be developed on the lower floors.

'If people choose their own floor as far as possible, and their immediate neighbours are similar to themselves, they are more likely to be content.' A first nervousness from a feeling of height soon passes off. A common objection of elderly people to high flats was dependence on lifts. What was regarded as a prime benefit by some flat owners—seclusion and privacy—was regarded as the disadvantage of isolation by others.

About two-thirds of the high flat owners questioned said that ideally they would like 'a little house and garden', and a greater proportion on the lower floors said the same.

On one estate the reasons for wanting a garden were given as—for the children (6), for washing (4), for growing plants (2) and for pets (1): while the reasons for preferring a house were given as—one would be more on one's own, more private (4), more freedom, children can make noise (4), and bedrooms were on a separate floor (2).

The objections to living in high flats mentioned in this report can be overcome by new designs.

Clearly, a proper proportion of high flats ought to be designed as family flats, having recreation and garden, or outdoor facilities for children. Thus there should be verandah space protected by rails or netting. In addition it would be desirable in a high building to have some form of communal supervised creche for very young children.

Every high building should have a good garden or park space about it, and an absolute essential is of course a completely reliable lift service. As well as giving some open balcony space to every individual flat—which of itself would be capable of providing a small garden—it should be made possible for all flat dwellers speedily to reach the garden surrounding the building.

This surrounding garden should ideally contain some plots which could be let out to those wishing for a private garden—which would by no means be the wish of all, many people being relieved at not having the responsibility to keep up a garden, and being quite able to find the peace and seclusion they want in communal grounds.

There must also be provided a variation in flats to meet the varying tastes and needs of people. This can be admitted within a certain degree of standardisation, even to the extent of providing 'flats' on two storeys for those who wished for this.

Standardisation—although not mentioned in Margaret Willis's report—is an objection sometimes raised against high blocks of flats, both on psychological and aesthetic grounds. People say they cannot bear the idea of living side by side with others in identical units, and that the great surface area of tall buildings with their repeated windows and other features leads to monotony and ugliness.

But of course the same applies to living side by side with others in identical houses. There can be as much monotony in a horizontal row of houses as in a vertical one.

On a certain scale and seen from a distance, repetition creates texture—which can be architecturally expressive. Even if for a high building—as in a reduced scale for a small one—there is likely for practical and economic reasons to be repetition of features, there remains plenty of scope for aesthetic effect in its whole form, and from the texture of its surfaces.

For flats, as for houses in horizontal rows and on building estates, individuality must come mainly from furnishing and decoration by the individual, something original and personal that enhances and modifies—and transforms with individuality—what is already there.

Privacy and seclusion is the almost universal demand of people for their homes, and this properly designed sound-insulated flats can meet; and there should in the immediately foreseeable future be little difficulty in fulfilling the wish of those who like to look down from their seclusion onto a scene of human activity.

The main objection to living in high flats is rarely if ever mentioned, and perhaps seldom consciously realised.

It is habit and custom.

Having lived in houses, people do not wish to change to living in high flats.

Of the persons in Margaret Willis's study who preferred a flat to a house, all but one lived on the upper floors and the reasons given were 'more privacy, feeling of space, no interest in gardening and having always lived in flats'.

The main objection to changing one's customary manner of living is heightened by the fear of a denial of choice. This fear—which forgets that choice of a ready-made habitation is always limited (and at present is largely confined to living in low buildings)—is not really justified, because any change in types of habitation must inevitably come about gradually.

In the better and more appropriately equipped society of the future

there will perhaps always remain some low buildings; but the low building —because of present and increasing population levels—has already become an individual privilege which the world as a whole cannot afford. It is a privilege which will have to be severely restricted—for example by tax and price—if the amenity of beautiful habitation and of an uncluttered Earth is to be enjoyed by all.

The principle of building up—not out—will not however alone free the earth and provide beautiful habitations for everyone. This principle has to be expanded a little.

Firstly, considerable space must be left around each high building. Simply to build high and omit to do this is to perpetuate the present encrustation at an increased density. Therefore present zoning laws governing the relation between vertical height and horizontal distance between building frontages will have to be revised so that far more ample spaces are left around every building than at present, and so that buildings, however large and high, will not overshadow and obstruct.

Secondly—for convenience and efficiency, including very importantly the prevention of commuting—the buildings must be mixed purpose buildings to the extent that they become vertical villages, vertical towns, vertical cities.

The importance of doing away with commuting as we know it now cannot be over-emphasised. The present congestion of the streets of great cities is not due only to dense populations but to the continual movement to shop, to go to work, to school, places of recreation, to visit friends, etc. Almost all this 'commuting' could be avoided if people lived in self-sufficient community complexes.

Not only because of the general congestion and confusion it causes, but because of the soul-destroying effect of time and effort wasted in moving our physical bodies about, commuting in any better society of the future should as far as possible be made unnecessary.

At present the nearest approach to community buildings is residential blocks with some general services such as communal kitchens and restaurants, car parks, garages and a few shops; some university and culture centres, and occasional high office buildings that also contain flats. Mixed purpose buildings exist today only to a very limited degree.

Fred Pooley broadcast in the sixties on 'The Vertical Village', but so far as I know no vertical village—still less a vertical town or city—has yet been constructed in Britain or elsewhere.

I am coining the phrase 'sky city' to refer to mixed purpose buildings in the very fullest sense, to gigantic mixed purpose buildings which could be our cities of the future.

I believe it is towards this type of habitation we should now be moving. Not only is this non-spreading-out form of habitation required in an overcrowded world whose population will have doubled within about forty years, but it seems to be a better manner of housing people than our present one, even were populations brought to much lower levels than they stand at now.

While the possible realisation of the sky city lies in the future, the sky city principle is nevertheless a remedy we can begin to apply at once.

Even now in Britain new towns are being planned, and—with a great display of modernity at ground level—are being built according to dangerously out-of-date custom,—a new Stevenage, a Crawley new town and new universities. In all there were 30 new towns designated by the end of 1968.

These new towns should not be covering additional acres of the earth. It seems quite wrong that the process of devouring Britain's last relics of countryside should be allowed to continue. Now, with these new towns being built and to be built, is given us the opportunity for building according to an entirely new and more appropriate conception—our first sky city.

While it is impossible to predict in detail what the sky cities of the future will be like, one can in a very general way describe and speculate about them.

They will be gigantic all-purpose buildings containing as well as residences, shops, schools, civic offices, theatres, concert halls, places of worship, culture and entertainment, art galleries, skating rinks, playing grounds, bathing pools, interior gardens, hospitals *and*—to avoid commuting—as far as possible the places of work of those who live in them.

There seems no difficulty in having office and light industry work places within the sky city that contains the residences of those who work in them; and to a considerable degree that is true for heavy industries also, the dwellings being sited as closely as possible to the work places, but being completely separated and isolated from them.

The inclusion of work and dwelling places in the same sky city is made practical and easy if the work place can be artificially lit, as indeed many work places in low level buildings are artificially lit today. As a general rule people do not require easy and immediate access to the view, freedom and air of the outside world in their places of work, where in varying degree they are constrained in any case—for example to sit at a table or stand at a bench: a freedom of easy access they would nevertheless deserve and appreciate in their own homes.

I believe that almost every kind of accommodation except that of dwelling place can be suitably and agreeably provided by the artificially-lit air-conditioned core of sky cities; for example playing grounds, theatres, concert halls and cinemas, and even a large part of schools. A narrow passage leading from an otherwise enclosed workshop or factory to an encircling balcony of the sky city could easily be contrived, and would be advantageous for its psychological effect. Great television screens giving the outlook from the sky city onto landscape, sky and passing clouds would probably take the place of windows. The lighting of all enclosed spaces would be indistinguishable from that of daylight, and the air perfectly conditioned.

The proportion of the interior that can suitably be artificially lit will importantly affect the character, form and size of the sky city. Instead of

the thinnest of flat-iron buildings, permitting natural light to every living and work place, we shall, with massive artificially lighted cores, be able to have buildings of great thickness. Nevertheless, because of their great height, these buildings will probably appear as needles rising into the air.

To give maximum volume for ground covered, they will have to be immensely tall. How tall?

The Empire State Building is over a quarter of a mile high. Even with present-day materials, sky cities could readily be half a mile tall. Perhaps the limit will be set by atmospheric pressure and temperature differences between ground and upper levels.

Thinking of the future in terms of the normal encased building, not for example in terms of module or open framework construction, one can see sky cities rising most simply as tubes, even as the stainless steel telescopic aerials of our present radio sets, but made of some new wondrously light and strong material.

Perhaps these needle thin buildings for greater stability will lean together or be linked by rigid gossamer-like glass-thread members, but always so that dwellings do not overlook or are not overlooked by other dwellings, always so that there is no lowering of standards of beauty, efficiency and seclusion for each individual dwelling place.

The sky city now and to come will contain within itself gardens on verandahs, blind landings or open terrace storeys, and even within its artificially lit core; but—for beauty and amenity—a great park or garden will also almost certainly surround it.

Probably the artificially lighted basement floors will provide the chief place for storing cars, as well as the arrival and departure areas for all motor traffic. No one but pedestrians and possibly, on special ways, cyclists will be allowed in the surrounding park. The ingress and egress for motor traffic to and from the basement levels will be by wide well-lit tunnels beneath the park.

Eventually, in our world, which is no longer runaway but planned, such well-lit tunnelled ways will link the sky city with an efficient, simple arterial network of ground communication, including at intervals the taking-off places for aircraft or, it may be, spacecraft. These arterial ground lines of communication will to a great extent run parallel with one another within narrow boundaries, serving the whole earth now redeemed, now freed from its covering of man and his artifacts—a wild and beautiful planet.

Of course the transformation to any such planned future will come gradually. There will be no sudden removal of the choice of dwellings that people have at present. But it is imperative that from now on we should be building in the entirely new way that our situation calls for.

ADDISON THE ROMANTIC

by Donald Bruce

TWO races may be distinguished among writers: the race of Jacob, the cautious, the circumspect, the civil dweller in tents; and the race of Esau, that generous and passionate scourer of the fields. Esau sold his birthright for the luxury of a moment, made some bad marriages, went to live in Edom, and came to nothing. From Jacob all the tribes of Israel descended. The two races are often fatally drawn to each other: as soon as he was born Jacob took hold on Esau's heel. At first sight it would seem that such a Jacob and such an Esau came together in 1686, when Addison and Steele, both born three hundred years ago, were class-mates at the Charterhouse School. Addison, son of the Dean of Lichfield, was already, under his father's tuition, something of a scholar. Two years later his Latin verses were to be the wonder of the University of Oxford. A trim, girl-faced, seemly boy, he was bringing to its exquisite conclusion a childhood said to be reproachable for only one event: when, to escape the indecorum of a school punishment, he had run away to the woods, feeding on berries and sleeping in a hollow tree — perhaps the single unconsidered action of his life.

Steele was glad to spend his holidays at the deanery in Lichfield with his new friend. Himself notably ugly in appearance, dull at school and often beaten for being so, the penniless Irish orphan attached himself to Addison, not without servility:

> The brisk fond lackey to fetch and carry,
> The true, sick-hearted slave.

'Steele had the greatest admiration for Addison', said Pope, who knew them both, 'and used to show it in all companies, in a particular manner. Addison, now and then, used to play a little upon him; but he always took it well'.[1] We shall see that it served Steele's purpose to take it well. A portrait attributed to Sir Geoffrey Kneller and painted at the time of their collaboration in *The Spectator,* depicts them shaking hands. Addison is plainly dressed but elegant, his hand on his hip, with the face of a wizened ballerina. Steele is richly dressed but inelegant, and grinning like a bulldog of outstanding sincerity. His hand is perhaps on his heart, perhaps merely fluffing up his showy cravat.

At Oxford Addison became a Fellow of Magdalen College. Steele left Oxford without taking a degree. For some years their ways diverged. In 1701 Steele published *The Christian Hero,* which he said he had written to improve his own character. In the same year he fathered an illegitimate daughter on his publisher's niece. The captain of a company of fusiliers, he had married and been widowed by 1707, when he took as his second wife Mary Scurlock: the 'Prue' of his many letters explaining why he would be late home. Addison, on the contrary, did not marry until he was forty-four. Shy but undeviating, innocently worldly, he was content to further his political career in the Whig party. If he had any amours, he

did not tell anyone about them. He chose notional advantages rather than the palpable satisfactions of a commerce with women. In his hours of relaxation he collected and docketted Ancient Roman medals. One cannot help wondering if Steele did not spend his time better.

Addison was deflected from the Holy Orders he had intended to take by Charles Montagu, the First Lord of the Treasury, who was eager to groom Addison for a diplomatic post. To this end he sent Addison abroad, so that he might improve his knowledge of modern languages. The State, said Montagu, needed Mr. Addison more than the Church did. Accordingly, Addison spent four years in Europe on a bursary of £300 a year: improving his French in conversation with men of the eminence of Nicolas Boileau; drafting his hymn. *How art thy servants blest, O Lord,* in the Gulf of Genoa (which he noted as being 'very remarkable for tempests and scarcity of fish') during a storm so dreadful that the captain of the ship gave all up for lost; sailing from Naples to Ostia so that he might admire the coastline described in Virgil's *Aeneid*.

In the *Remarks on Italy* which he published soon after his return to England, he cites all the passages of Latin poetry which rose in his memory as he trod that classical soil. As he wrote to a friend on leaving Rome:

> One can scarce hear the name of a hill or river near it that does not bring to mind a piece of a classic author, nor cast one's eyes upon a single spot that has not been the scene of some extraordinary action.[2]

There was something bardic in Addison's learning. Encompassed, he said, by poetic meadows and woods famous in verse, he stood in a rapture, like Horace's Bacchante astonished by the prospect of the River Hebrus, and Thrace white with snow, and the summit of Mount Rhodope traversed by barbarian footsteps. At Nemi, Addison recollected that Virgil had called the lake Diana's looking glass. Near Terni he viewed the gorge, deep in the woods, through which Virgil said the torrent of the River Styx rattled underground. As he sailed like Aeneas into the mouth of the Tiber, he confirmed Virgil's opinion of the roughness of the water. At Capri he reprehended the depraved amusements of the Emperor Tiberius in 'the grottoes, galleries, bagnios and other subterraneous retirements' of the lewd island. He recalled in Naples the story of the siren Parthenope, and lamented the vanished satyrs of Mount Versuvius.

During the next six years, from 1703 to 1709, Addison ascended neatly and unassumingly from one minor political office to another. He became a Member of Parliament, but was too shy to make any speeches there. He tried once only. At that attempt he was so embarrassed by the applause which greeted him as he rose from his seat that he sat down again without speaking. During these years Addison began to drink heavily on social occasions, in an effort to overcome the timidity he felt in the presence of strangers. Like his own Mr. Spectator he could say:

> Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species. . . . In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on.[3]

Addison also began to prefer the company of people who were too subservient to him to regard him with critical eyes: people such as his old

friend Steele, who came to him in 1705 to solicit a prologue for a play and a loan of £400. In the following year Addison lent Steele a further £1,000; and it was to help Steele again that Addison started to write periodical essays. Addison had not been informed of Steele's venture in starting *The Tatler,* and only recognised his friend's hand in it when, to his surprise, he read in the sixth number a remark about Virgil which he had himself made to Steele. Steele's venture was not wholly scrupulous, since (probably at the request of Addison) he had been appointed editor of the official gazette, and in *The Tatler* turned to a private advantage his command of the latest news; but far from being offended by Steele's furtive proceeding, Addison was glad that Steele had found a means of paying his debts. Addison contributed his own essays regularly to *The Tatler* from the eighteenth number onwards.

Addison's slow drift away from Steele can be traced in the history of their periodical publications. Steele brought *The Tatler* to an end, as he had started it, without consulting Addison. The first number of *The Spectator,* which was projected and controlled by Addison himself, appeared two months later. In December, 1712, Addison broke off the first series of *The Spectator* so that he might have time to write his tragedy, *Cato.* Within a few weeks Steele started a new periodical, *The Guardian,* to which Addison contributed only sparingly. *The Guardian* did not prosper, and came to an end after a run of nine months; whereupon Steele started a more partisan Whig periodical called *The Englishman.* To this Addison, never a political zealot, did not contribute at all. Instead, Addison revived *The Spectator* in 1714, but without Steele; and during the early part of 1716 published his last periodical, *The Freeholder,* again without Steele, from whom he was now estranged.

Although a Whig in name, Addison was so nearly neutral in politics, so little factious, that Whigs and Tories vied to praise him and his tragedy when it was first produced in 1713. Addison had written of party-spirit in *The Spectator*: 'There cannot be a greater judgement befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people'. For his own part he liked Whigs and Tories equally well. He invited his political opponent, Swift, to dinner at The George in Pall Mall: 'when I may hope to enjoy your conversation more at leisure, which I set a very great value upon'. After the fall of the Tories and Swift's disgrace, the dying Addison wrote once more to Swift: 'Whenever you see England your company will be the most acceptable in the world at Holland House'.[4] By such courtesy Addison made himself esteemed by all, irrespective of his political beliefs. He was liberal in principle but conservative in sympathy. Sir Roger, his model English gentleman, is a Tory hot against the Whigs. Even in Addison's most outright political satire in *The Freeholder,* such as the sketch of the Tory fox-hunter in Number 22, there is more whimsical relish than animosity.

Both Whigs and Tories interpreted *Cato* as supporting their policies, although the only political point it makes is that faction is a bad thing. *Cato* is a tragedy more heroic than natural, its imagination unfleshed by

experience. The hero, who is described as 'stern and awful as a god' but 'filled with domestic tenderness', speaks a rhetorical set-piece over the body of his son before withdrawing to accomplish his rounded and ceremonious suicide. Laying his hand on his sword, he observes: 'My bane and antidote are both before me'. The tragedy concludes with the stage full of people expressing admiration for Cato's moral rectitude. 'Now is Rome indeed fallen', they say. Throughout, Addison is chiefly interested in ethics, although some sentimental appeal is present in the amour between Juba, who wore a waistcoat of gold lace at the first performance, and Cato's daughter Marcia. Cato's death takes place, in the Greek tradition, off the stage. Addison, who deplored the presentation of violence on the stage, justly wrote in *The Spectator*:

> But among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of each other which is very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper.[5]

Addison's last years were miserably splendid. In August, 1716, he married the Countess of Warwick, whom he had courted for twelve years. As he wrote in *The Spectator*, 'The passion should strike root, and gather strength before marriage be grafted upon it'. His passion had certainly been given time to strike root. In April of the following year, Addison fulfilled his political ambitions as well as his matrimonial ones, becoming Secretary of State in the Whig ministry which had brought George I over from Hanover. Lady Mary Montagu did not wish him joy. 'Such a post as that, and such a wife as the countess', she is reported to have written to Pope, 'do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both'.[6] And so it was. Addison succeeded as a swimmer does, who attains the shore, only to be dragged back by the sea, his fingers trailing sand. After less than a year, ill health forced him to resign his high office; and he seems to have married his wife only in order to escape her company whenever he could. He had lived a life of studious isolation so long that conjugal proximities made him uneasy; and he was given much trouble by his graceless stepson, who never liked Addison. On their honeymoon in Paris the middle-aged couple were reported to be 'very peevish'. Addison withdrew all the more often after his marriage to the taverns where he and his 'little senate' used to drink far into the night. Addison had always drunk a great deal of wine by modern standards: two bottles a day, said Pope. In 1719, the year of Addison's death, a weak-minded daughter was born.

Addison's friendship with Steele seems to have come to an end three or four years before Addison's death. So far as we know, they were separated by a long and gradual accretion of differences. Addison was too reticent to tell the story, and Steele possibly too disengenuous. Over Addison's demureness Steele had long cast a ribald eye. In Number 410 of *The Spectator* he took over Addison's modest Sir Roger and made

him pick up a prostitute. Addison was indignant at this lowering of the character he had so affectionately developed, and as a result killed off the disgraced knight, whose next appearance, in Number 517, was on his death-bed. Addison found Steele too violent a Whig, and too incautious in discarding friends in the opposite party. Steele was piqued by his own political failure, and perhaps not so delighted as he should have been by Addison's success. He was certainly jealous of the ascendancy gained over Addison by his young protegé, Thomas Tickell. Steele did not visit Addison during the dangerous illness which had brought about Addison's resignation from the post of Secretary of State. There is a story that Addison had been forced to go to law to recover money he had lent Steele. During Addison's last year they wrangled obscurely against each other on a political issue in anonymous pamphlets, Steele making scandalous insinuations about Addison's friends in *The Plebeian*, Addison answering them in *The Old Whig*. They were fighting each other in disguise, although each knew well who his opponent was.

Swift once described Steele, in a letter to Addison of 1713, as the vilest of mankind. Swift was an unkind man, but there is often some justice in his ferocities. What are we to say about that charmer, Steele, who married two heiresses and spent all their money; who borrowed large sums from friends such as Addison, no richer than himself, and did not return the money; who wrote Prue all those letters saying that he could not come home to dinner because he was making her fortune, and then fled to Scotland to escape his debtors, leaving her destitute in Carmarthenshire; of Steele so attentive to his own advantages, and so careless of those of others? We might well say that he was a self-indulgent schemer who exploited his arts of flattering and pleasing — as Macaulay described him, 'much of the rake and a little of the swindler'. We might well conclude that, contrary to appearances, Addison was Esau, and Steele Jacob; Jacob dressed up in skins, passing himself off as Esau, to filch a blessing. Let us not be too hard on the Jacobs of the world. They were not the first-born. They cannot prosper without their little tricks of dissimulation and cajolery; and when they can do so without discomfort to themselves, they always make amends. At the same time, we should not fail to sympathise with the plights and the anguishes of the utterly respectable: with Gray writing his sonnet on the death of Mr. West; with Thackeray aflame to no purpose for Mrs. Brookfield; with Addison.

Addison died in 1719, at the age of forty-eight, of asthma and dropsy. He had been a puny infant, baptised hastily, for fear he would not live. All his life his heartbeat had been irregular. It was a conviction of his that he had a special dispensation from Providence. In one of his hymns he wrote:

> When in the slippery paths of youth
> With heedless steps I ran,
> Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
> And led me up to man.

In another he thanked God for stilling the storm in the Gulf of Genoa,

and thawing the snow in the Alps when Addison crossed them on his way home from Italy. The evidence of Addison's last years was hardly in favour of such a dispensation, but he viewed the vagaries of his body with objectivity and courage. 'I consider the body,' he wrote in *The Spectator*:

> as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with.

Of Death he wrote that to a good man 'there is nothing more glorious than to keep up a uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last'[7]. Such a uniformity Addison kept up, and such a beauty he preserved.

One would suppose Addison little prone to jealousy; yet his essay on Jealousy has the air of being informed by authentic experience. This may be because he attributes jealousy to diffidence, and with diffidence he had been conversant all his life. He was mute in unfamiliar company. 'With any mixture of strangers, and sometimes with only one', said Pope, 'he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence'. Literary men seldom converse well: they have given their best in their writings. Virgil, according to Suetonius, frequently blushed and stole away from the plaudits of the crowd, sometimes taking refuge in a shop when recognised in the street. Dryden described his own conversation as slow and dull, and his temper as saturnine and reserved. 'In short', he said, 'I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees'. That seemingly worldly Duke of La Rochefoucauld who wrote the maxims could never summon up the courage to make his inaugural address to the French Academy, to which he had been elected, and so never attended its meetings. These men knew what to say, and how best to say it, but not how to avert the catch in the breath and the traitorous thud of the heart. They were Cyranos who needed a Christiane, resolute in his nerveless stupidity, to voice their thoughts. Isocrates, whose writings were a model to orators, never ventured to speak in public himself. The man who is capable of the greatest eloquence is often the least articulate, just as it is often the true romantic who creates the farce. Don Quixote is too intent on greeting Dulcinea to watch his footing as he dismounts from his horse.

In the essay Addison explains that the diffident man reads dislike into a cool response, and deceitfulness into a warm one. Such men, he continues, 'have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so mistrustful of their own merits, that fondness puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jest upon their persons'. Another class of men, akin to these, are those who, putting a construction on a look and finding out a design in a smile, are forever 'tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising'. Once again we are beset by a mystery. Who can tell what the reason was for Addison's mistrust of his own powers, and his need to prime himself with heavy wines and adulation? Professor Bonamy Dobrée has pointed out Addison's odd love of the adjective 'secret', especially when coupled with a noun denoting pleasure.[8]

In *The Plebeian* Steele maliciously described Addison as 'somebody or

other that is used to masquerading; and indeed he is so disguised that it is impossible to know him'. How does this self-concealing man tally with our notions of what an Esau should be? Addison's shyness, like Cato's sword to Cato, was at once his bane and his cure. He was his own fever, an Esau mitigating his own wildness; a poet fastening down his thoughts in verses more regular than his heart-beats; a navigator knotting down his own riggings and undergirdling the ship and throwing out four anchors, because no small tempest was upon him. He starved the struck roots. Beneath the sprigged vestments his pulses faltered. Panic-stricken in the wood, he chose instead the plantation. Irregularity and want of method, he thought, are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, such as he did not claim to be. Yet he preferred the waterfall at Terni to all the fountains at Versailles. Of the sea he wrote, 'I cannot see the heaving of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment.'[9] Addison, like Tchaikovsky, is an example of how a deep man, by a mistaken choice of convention, can express himself shallowly in his art. The intensity in which Tchaikovsky produced his commonplace melodies was not less than that of Beethoven himself.

Fountains, lakes and rivers, in Addison's view, are 'as refreshing to the imagination as the soil through which they pass': to the Imagination, which he described as 'not so gross as the senses nor so refined as the Understanding'. With Addison, learning is always the implement of imagination. What arrests one's attention in reading his works is less his style than his content, and particularly his use of illustration, in which he exploits his wide and often curious reading. He has little respect for textual studies, or for scholars who 'set a greater value upon themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it'.[10] The classical authors whom he studied with such care were streams to refresh the soil of his fantasy.

Addison is not fond of formal gardens. His own gardens are 'after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of Nature, without affecting the nicer elegances of Art'. In such gardens he can regale himself with 'the amiable simplicity of unadorned Nature'. Most of all, for him, gardens are enhanced by the sound of birds or of running water:

> At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise.

'They seem to be cawing in a different region': in such passages Addison attains something of the ardour and intensity of phrase which he praises in the Scriptures:

> They give a force and energy to our expression, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrase than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of diction that it often sets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech, when it is not heightened by that solemnity of phrase, which may be drawn from the sacred writings.[11]

This appreciation, although unexpected, of the expressive glow of the Book of Psalms, prepares us for Addison's love of the old ballad of *Chevy Chase*: 'For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critique upon it without any further apology'. At the same time, he supports his criticism with a profusion of Latin quotations: 'which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgement would have looked too singular on such a subject, had I not supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil'.[12]

Addison, with Sir John Vanbrugh, was one of the party which went over to Hanover in 1706 to invest the future George I with the Order of the Garter. After the investiture a court ball was held at the palace of Herrenhausen, and the Te Deum was sung for Marlborough's victory at Ramillies. Although they were all fighting the French, they all conversed, in that little Versailles at Herrenhausen, in French. Addison later said that it was 'the most agreeable place in the world'. Yet how could this lover of oceans and waterfalls have delighted in the dull, well-fed faces of the House of Braunschweig-Lueneburg — in the arid and peevish ostentation, the long despotic monotonies, of the gardens at Herrenhausen: Nature clipped and vitiated at great expense, processional, unrefreshing, listless in geometric parterres and faint walks of sand? How could this lover of cascades, and deep leafy plunges of greenery, have delighted in such barrenness? Stepping into the gardens at Herrenhausen, Addison stepped into an allegory of his own life; into the plantation rather than the wood. He should have run away more often, and fed on berries, and slept in hollow trees.

Notes:

1. Joseph Spence: *Observations, Anecdotes and Characters of Books and Men*, ed. Osborn (Oxford) 1966, vol. I, p 80.
2. *Letters*, ed. Graham (Oxford) 1941, p. 27.
3. *Spectator*, no. 1.
4. *Spectator*, no. 125. *Letters*, pp. 96 & 401.
5. *Spectator*, no. 44.
6. *Spectator*, no. 261. Pope's *Correspondence*, ed. Sherburn (Oxford) 1956, vol. I, p. 421. (Mr. Robert Halsband, the most recent editor of Lady Mary's letters, considers this one to be spurious, and excludes it from his edition.)
7. *Spectator*, nos. 115 & 349.
8. *Spectator*, no. 170. Spence, vol. I, p. 62. *Spectator*, no. 170. Bonamy Dobrée: *Essays in Biography* (Oxford) 1925. pp. 259-261.
9. *Spectator*, nos. 476 & 489.
10. *Spectator*, nos. 387 & 411. *Tatler*, no. 158.
11. *Spectator*, no. 477. *Guardian*, no. 173. *Spectator*, nos. 110 & 405.
12. *Spectator*, nos. 70 & 74.

LABOUR'S MID-TERM BLUES

by Paul Rose, M.P.

LOSS of power is a shock to the fragile and complex nervous system of a major political party. Prolonged deprivation of power sometimes produces withdrawal symptoms, a cycle of unusual responses, inner tensions and quite erratic behaviour replacing normal political drive. That is one obvious diagnosis for the corporate and individual malaise that has afflicted the Labour Party from Rochdale via Uxbridge to Lincoln and not least on the thinly populated benches at desultory Westminster.

However, that is only one of the contributory causes of Labour's uncertainty in presenting itself as the natural alternative Government. Certainly there is widespread disillusionment in the electorate with Government policies, particularly in the economic field, and this frequently extends to a mistrust of all promises and all parties.

Whatever the results of the recent G.L.C. and Municipal elections — and Labour has largely proved to be odds-on-favourite—a significant finding of the Polls borne out to a degree by the by-elections, is that more people would vote Liberal given the chance of a Liberal win than actually intend to vote Labour. This is not a phenomenon related directly to Labour's performance in office. To make that analysis would be to deny the spectacular victory at Bromsgrove, or the swing at Hayes and Harlington, the closest neighbour to Uxbridge. It is therefore a more recent development.

The advocates of a centre party may suggest that everyone is running for the solid middle ground. The truth is more complicated. There is undoubtedly a revulsion from machine politics and extreme slogans. More significant, however, is the credibility gap that divides a significant progressive section of the electorate from commitment to the major Opposition party. Its antics in opposition have earned it the scepticism and occasionally the contempt of this highly articulate and growing sector. When 69 of us chose to defy local party machines, National Conference and Party Whip, over Europe, it was a principle over and above the individual issue which was at stake.

We argued then that there was a need to reaffirm integrity and consistency in politics, and that action has preserved the possibility of regaining that support. Some wounds are healing, as Mr. Reginald Prentice's recent contribution to *Socialist Commentary* indicates. But with the press having turned sour on him, the Party Leader, Mr. Wilson, was pilloried beyond decent limits for having faced one way, then having sat on the fence playing the oracle before finally turning a spectacular somersault while attempting to prove his consistent immobility.

His motive was to preserve the unity of the Party in the face of gigantic pressures. Compromise was elevated into a principle. In the sense that the surface skin was scratched only at Lincoln, he succeeded and he repulsed an all out commitment to leave the E.E.C. which threatened to tear the

Labour Party apart at Blackpool. The result was an untenable formula which no one takes seriously. Nevertheless internal haemorrhage can be more serious if less obvious, and many Labour backbenchers bleed a little every time they recall these events. They still hold the view that strong and resolute leadership would have carried the overwhelming majority of the Parliamentary Party, and most of the constituencies. Some major Unions would have made life difficult temporarily, but ultimately Mr. Wilson would have emerged with an unassailable coalition behind him. His reputation for trickiness would have been scotched, and a real rather than a spurious unity would have resulted.

Mr. Wilson's actions are easier to understand if one recalls the traumatic experiences of the Gaitskell Clause 4 and nuclear disarmament controversies. At that time there were two distinctly delineated and ideologically opposed factions. What Mr. Wilson and others have failed to recognise is the increased sophistication of M.P.'s and electorate alike, less doctrinaire and more fluid in relation to individual issues. There were painful memories of more recent strife with the Trade Unions and sections of the Party only a year before the very election which tipped Labour out of office.

The legacy of Mrs. Barbara Castle's attempt to convince the Party of the necessity of *In Place of Strife* cast a shadow over Labour's first crucial battle in opposition, which still hangs over its ambivalent attitude to Industrial Relations. The electorate is able to discern this through the verbal formulae that provide an incomplete answer. In bending over backwards to atone for her past, Mrs. Castle's naturally biting and effective style only resulted in her making the most reasonable sound unreasonable. Her objections to the irrelevant, unworkable and divisive Industrial Relations Act were couched in terms designed only to appeal to those most offended by her previous actions. Thus a courageous and talented Minister of Transport was miscast in a role that led her to the backbenches, bereft of support from those whom she sought most eagerly to placate.

In the effort of resisting the Act, the Parliamentary Labour Party was drained of much of its energy. It devoted almost all of its time to an issue upon which the battle ground had been chosen by the enemy and fought day and night in a vigorous but inevitably vain onslaught against the superior numbers in the Division Lobbies. Indeed, the necessity for opposition to divisive legislation such as the Housing Finance Act created negative responses and little time for creative policy making.

Fighting the Industrial Relations battle, sometimes brilliantly, and at other times in terms of slogans more appropriate to the thirties, the hard core involved on the steering committee took a foolish pride in the physical stamina exhibited in four hundred laps of the lobbies. It failed to spell out a coherent alternative philosophy for Industrial Relations and Prices and Incomes policy. The struggle left three line Whips devalued and Parliament exhausted for a considerable period. In a curious sense the after effects have not altogether worn off. Labour won the arguments

and lost the votes. For a year or more following this, it was rather like a long distance runner who had started the marathon too fast.

One result of that period and subsequent actions is that the public is suspicious that Labour has become no more than a creature of powerful Trade Union interests. That would not matter since the Trade Union connection is vital. What is becoming increasingly apparent is that the most underprivileged in our society — the old, the sick, the immigrants, the women, the disabled, the unemployed, the large families of the lower paid — are frequently the least protected by Union militancy. It is a problem which Socialists and Trade Unionists must examine urgently to produce a Socialist approach to incomes policy.

This implies a viable programme for the elimination of poverty and a closing of the gap between rich and poor. It can only come about in an atmosphere of a society seen positively to be moving towards greater social justice and public control of the economy.

Labour must demonstrate its ability when in office to persuade the Unions voluntarily to impose self-restraint. There is no statutory or mystical alternative. That is why the Labour Party needs to be more radical than when in office and the term 'left' is so inappropriate to some of the most conservative elements in the Party. The latter do not recognise the complex countervailing pressures, the competing interest groups, the increasingly blurred class lines in our society. The growing number of socially mobile openminded young people who would vote Labour in a reasonably good year is becoming an increasingly important electoral factor which they have not yet recognised. Outmoded slogans may still rally the old faithful, but they are alien to the rest of the voters. Elections are won and lost in marginal seats precisely where this new and more volatile voter is significant. In 1964 to some degree, and above all in 1966, they voted Labour. They do not seek to inhibit the radicalism of Labour nor do they find socialism to be a dirty word if it is disentangled from connotations of bureaucracy and authoritarian attitudes.

It is not therefore an old-fashioned left-right struggle that afflicts the Labour Party. It is rather an argument about the style of leadership and politics that are demanded by those electors and by those of us who seek to win their respect. They will not respect those who twist and turn with every short term popular prejudice. A propensity to lead and look at the longer term is vital. They can make nothing of a Party which pursues a futile policy of abstentionism in European Institutions where decisions are increasingly being made or influenced. They are unlikely to be impressed by the ambivalence of leadership on the token strike called on 1 May. It demands greater selectivity in our approach to industrial disputes within the context of a philosophy of incomes as well as prices.

Above all, they will be suspicious of a Party which appears to act in opposition in a way quite obviously different from that in which it acted and would act in Government. They do not expect responsible representatives to stand on their political heads after years of campaigning on an issue central to the future location and mode of political struggle. They are

unlikely to be impressed at the virtual punishment of those refusing such undignified contortions. Therein perhaps lies the key to the recent by-elections.

Labour, on the current showing of Mr. Heath, could well win by default without having first charted a five-year course. To return to the pragmatic day-to-day extemporisation which characterised the later period of Labour's last term of office when 'blown off course' could be worse than to lose. If it was vital to keep Labour united, the leadership's approach can only be justified by a Labour victory upon well thought-out policies, building upon reality not fantasy. So long as a large and thoughtful section of the electorate cannot cross the gap to us and so long as they are reflected in Parliament by a less than enthusiastic party with a disaffected hundred among them, then so long will the current malaise endure.

Labour's traditional concern for equality and dignity needs to be rechannelled in the new institutional framework. The Neo-Powellite hostility to Europe, which we endure regularly from certain official spokesmen who look over their shoulders nostalgically to the fast receding past, must end.

The basic motivation which has sustained and nourished the Labour movement through this century must be transferred into the more complex world of international corporate power; the highly intricate class and group relationships in which the struggle is not quite so stark as it was to those who were the forerunners of today's party membership.

Therefore, to pose the malaise of the Party as a left-right contest of the old kind is to misunderstand the new forces emerging in all advanced and some less advanced societies in the West. Since his speech at Scarborough on the technological revolution, Harold Wilson has drifted away from those to whom he owed victory in 1964 and more significantly in 1966. If that segment of the electorate, now more vital than ever, is not to be pushed into the blind alley of a centre party or third force, devoid of socialist content, then the Party leadership will have to rebuild the bridges across the current divide. The question is whether the approach of an election will heal old wounds and create a new impetus in the wake of Labour's mid-term blues.

THE RIGHT TO WORK

by Hugh V. McLachlan

WHEN philosophers merely address their fellow philosophers, philosophy is in danger of being a rather sterile activity. Philosophy can and should be a socially useful activity by examining issues of practical consequence and public concern.[1] As such an exercise in practical philosophy, I want to examine the claim that we have a right to work.

Consider the case in the words of its spokesmen. 'It is time that the working class wrote a charter of rights at the heart of which would be the right to work. If the government cannot guarantee that right, then we must change the government or modify the system.' (Jimmy Reid, speaking at an S.T.U.C. Congress, August 16, 1971.) 'The right to work, to earn enough for a decent life without excessive hours of work, is an elementary right to which every worker is entitled.' (Alex Murray, in a Communist Party pamphlet, *U.C.S.—the Fight for the Right to Work*). During a Parliamentary debate on unemployment, Harold Wilson said, 'If the Prime Minister had served the cause of the right to work of the British people, a right of which he is custodian . . . we would not be debating these figures today' (January 24, 1972). In a later debate, he expanded the claim in an impassioned plea on behalf of craftsmen, 'They have an undeniable right to continuity of employment to exercise that craft'.

There are two senses in which we talk of 'rights', rights of action and rights of recipience.[2] A right of recipience corresponds to someone's obligation, as we shall see shortly, while a right of action corresponds to an absence of obligation. I have a right of action to stand on my head if I am under no obligation to refrain from standing on my head. It would not follow from my having such a right that anyone is obliged not to prevent my attempted inverted stance. Rights of action impose no obligations on anyone. Thus, two people walking in a street may simultaneously see a pound note lying in their path and both have a right of action to uplift it. Neither would be obliged not to impede the other's attempted appropriation since, if they were, they could not have had a right of action, which is an absence of obligation.

The right to work here claimed cannot be a right of action, hence it must be a right of recipience. Since we are under no obligation to refrain from working, we already have a right (of action) to work. This even applies to the unemployed. To say that I have a right (of action) to stand on my head does not imply that I am physically capable of doing so. All who are under no obligation not to work, whether they have a job or not, have a right to work.

The relationship between rules, duties and rights of recipience is crucially important. To say that I have a duty to do X means that there is a rule obliging me to do X. My duty to do X is derived logically from a rule which states that I should do X. Rights of recipience are corollaries of duties; to say that I have a right to receive five pounds means that there is a rule

obliging someone to give me five pounds. A rule does not give rise to rights, then, over and above this give rise to duties. To talk of rights (of recipience) and duties is to talk of the same normative relationship derived from a particular rule. Hence, if it does not make sense to say that someone has a duty to give us employment, it cannot make sense to say that we have a right (of recipience) to work.

I think there are two possible interpretations of the claim that there is a right to work. The first interpretation is the claim that human beings have a moral right (of recipience) to work. Perhaps, more specifically, Jimmy Reid is following a tradition of radical political thought and claiming a right to work as a natural right, a right derived from the law of nature and a right which all men have *qua* men by virtue of a shared human nature. Consider three classical supposed natural rights, the right to life, liberty and property. To say that I have a moral right (of recipience) to life means that all men have a moral duty not to kill me. We can agree that 'ought' implies 'can'. It makes no sense to say that we ought to do something which we could not physically do. Moral duties must be capable of being fulfilled. This condition can always be met in the case of a right to life, liberty and property since such rights are rights of negative recipience; they oblige one to refrain from particular actions. Here, one is obliged not to kill and not to interfere with freedom and property.

If we consider a supposed natural right to work we have a problem. Such a right of positive recipience would correspond to an obligation to do something positive, namely, find us a job. The question is, to whom could this duty apply? Traditional natural law imposed duties on all men; all men, according to the theory, have a duty not to kill me. But we could not say that all men have a duty to employ me and that I have a corresponding duty to give employment to the rest of mankind. The fact that I could not possibly fulfil this obligation shows that I could not have such a moral obligation and that consequently a right to work cannot be a natural right.

Harold Wilson claimed that Ted Heath was the custodian of the right to work. Could we not have a natural right to work where the corresponding duty applied to the government? No duty which a government had towards their governed could possibly correspond to a natural right since not all men have lived subject to government. Natural rights are rights which all men have *qua* men. A Robinson Crusoe has the same natural rights as any man. If he has a natural right to life all men have a duty not to kill him; whether they ever meet him or not is irrelevant. But there is no government which has a duty to employ a Robinson Crusoe, hence he cannot have a right to work and hence a right to work cannot be a natural right. But could the government not have a moral duty to give us all employment where this duty corresponded to a moral but not necessarily a natural right to work? There have been countless occasions where through war, pestilence, economic disruption or even through incompetence, the government has been physically unable to provide employment for all the members of society. Hence, since 'ought' implies 'can', the government cannot have such a moral duty and we cannot have such a moral right.

Thus, although unemployment is an undesirable state of affairs, it is absurd to suggest that it infringes anyone's inalienable moral rights. Even if we argue that the government has a duty to try to give us all a job, such a duty would not correspond to a right to work. And this leads to the second possible interpretation of the claims of Jimmy Reid *et al.* It is the vaguer claim that it would be a good thing if we were guaranteed a right to work or perhaps, more specifically, that we ought to have a right to work as a legal right.

There lurks behind this interpretation a view which frequently bedevils political thought. It is the belief that all things which are morally good are, if not mutually reinforcing, at least not incompatible with each other. Thus Jimmy Reid is led to conclude that if the state of affairs where all have a legal right to employment would in itself be morally good, then we ought to bring about such a state of affairs. The sad truth is that all moral ends are not necessarily compatible. Thus, the moral end of justice may demand that all Commonwealth citizens with British passports should be allowed to enter Britain freely, while the moral end of the common good may well demand something different, perhaps the ending of immigration. There are two reasons why we should reject the claim that we ought to have a legal right to employment. Firstly, the attempt to guarantee such a legal right would thwart the moral end of justice. Secondly, the attempt to guarantee the right would preclude a state of affairs which would represent a greater good than the attainment of such a legal right.

Unless a legal right to employment were guaranteed to all, some people would be treated unjustly. Harold Wilson claimed that skilled craftsmen had an 'undeniable right' to employment in their particular craft. The demand being made is not simply for a right to work in any old job; they are demanding employment in a specific range of jobs, usually within a particular geographical area. There is good reason to believe that such a legal right could not be guaranteed to all. What if I demanded the right to employment as a lion tamer, suppose that I am even a craftsman lion tamer, and the government could find no lions for me to tame? It would be unjust if Jimmy Reid were guaranteed the right to work in his chosen calling and I were denied the right to work in mine. More realistically, if so many people with the relevant skills demanded the right to work as engine drivers that there were not enough locomotives to go round, nor enough people demanding the right to build them to make up the deficient supply, there would have to be an arbitrary allocation of jobs and some people would be unjustly treated.

The second reason for rejecting the claim for a legal right to work is that we could all be better off without this right. We can first of all doubt whether life would be either possible or tolerable were an attempt made to guarantee the envisaged right to work. Would life be tolerable without dustmen, sewage workers and lavatory attendants? Yet, given the envisaged right to work who would choose to perform those jobs? Would the government not have to intervene and direct labour to essential industries such as power and transport? But it is logically impossible for the government to have the right to

direct labour and also for people to have a right to employment of their choice. So it looks very much as though an attempt to guarantee this right would either be self-defeating or it would lead to chaos.

An attempt to guarantee a right to work is likely to be economically harmful. Where the allocation of labour would be controlled merely by individual preference within a legal framework of a right to particular employment, such preferred jobs would correspond to the most socially and economically useful tasks only through chance. The market mechanism, even when subject to government supervision, is no doubt an imperfect allocator of economic resources but it does to some extent offer a rationale for the allocation of economic resources. Its imperfection is no good reason for preferring the favours of chance. In presenting their case so far, Jimmy Reid *et al* have not shown us how a right to work could be made compatible with some measure of economic efficiency. But could it not be argued that unemployment, which involves economic resources lying idle, must be incompatible with economic efficiency? The seemingly paradoxical answer to this question is 'No'.

We can consider two senses of unemployment. People are unemployed in the commonsense or sociological sense of the word when they simply have no job to go to, when they fill no role in the system of production. People are effectively or economically unemployed when the economic consequences of their work is such that the G.N.P. would not be adversely affected were they to cease appearing at their sociological employment. The G.N.P. may even increase with their non-attendance, as in cases where scarce materials are used to make goods which no one wants to buy. A guaranteed right to work might eliminate sociological unemployment but it would not necessarily reduce economic unemployment. It may well tend to aggravate it.

In an economy like our own where land and labour are more or less fixed in supply, economic growth will occur through the introduction of more and better capital or through the introduction of better techniques, i.e. a more efficient allocation of our available land labour and capital. Economic efficiency and economic unemployment are not incompatible since, in the process of economic growth, economic unemployment is inevitable. And such unemployment is not merely an unfortunate by-product of economic growth; it is a seed of such growth. Consider what will happen with the introduction of new machinery or a new technique; five men will now be able to do the work previously done by six. Hence one man will become effectively unemployed; but while all six remain sociologically employed in this activity, no economic growth occurs. It is only when the economically unemployed man is released from this activity to become again, in time, effectively employed that the output of the community increases and economic growth occurs. Economic unemployment is thus inevitable in the course of economic growth. People who become economically unemployed cannot simply be found alternative economic employment overnight; there is almost bound to be a spell of sociological unemployment between removal from economic unemployment and replacement in economic employment.

And this is the logic of industrial development. It is not merely a quirk of any particular economic system which can be removed by modifying that system.

The argument against the claim for a legal right to work is that it would preclude a better state of affairs. And by 'better' I mean that we would all find this alternative state of affairs preferable to one where we had a legal right to work. I have already argued that a legal right to work would be economically harmful and from the argument of the previous paragraph we can see how such a right would act as a brake upon the course of economic growth. If all six men had the legal right to continued sociological employment in their present activity, then the economically unemployed man would not be released from this activity to become effectively employed. Hence a potential source of economic growth would be stifled. We should separate the two rights confused in the Communist Party pamphlet, namely, a right to an adequate standard of living and a right to work. In the absence of a right to work, we could all demand and attain a more adequate standard of life than we would have, had we the legal right to work. And by all I mean, of course, both the sociologically employed and unemployed.

Recently, much industrial action has been justified by the actors by a claim for the right to work, especially on Clydeside at U.C.S. As we have seen, this claim is philosophically misguided. Since it does not make sense to say that anyone has a duty to give us employment it cannot make sense to say that we have a right to work. We saw too that it would be unwise to attempt to introduce a right to work as a legal right and that such an attempt would produce injustice. Now that philosophy has had its say, the issue of the right to work reverts to the hands of practical men. In conclusion, we can only ask such people, as reasonable men, either to reformulate and restate their case or remove the slogan, 'The right to work' from their repertoire.

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[1] *The Permissive Society and its Enemies*, Quest (The Journal of the City University, London, Number 21, Summer 1972).
[2] *Problems of Political Philosophy*, by D. D. Raphael (page 68).

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NO PIECEMEAL RECONSTRUCTION IN VIETNAM!

by James Avery Joyce

United Nations, New York

SIR ROBERT JACKSON who, in less than two years, has wrought miracles in reconstructing the new state of Bangladesh — the 'instant state' he calls it — had some pregnant ideas on the way the world should go about rehabilitating Vietnam. He is, of course, very cautious, in view of the political issues involved, about recommending that the U.N., at this delicate stage of peace negotiations, should 'offer' to take over the whole immense rebuilding operation in Indo-China. But from comments made in the course of an address in the British Room at U.N. Headquarters in mid-February (Committee Room 8 was decorated and panelled with carved emblems of the British Commonwealth as a gift from H.M. Government), Sir Robert drew several lessons from his experience as the leader of the U.N. rescue team that, by the end of 1973, will have set the 'instant state' of 30 millions on its feet, equipped with new roads and bridges and air fields, transport, factories and schools, and a rice-based agricultural system supported all the way from water supplies to fertilisers.

The immensity and speed and financial economy of this country-building (costing all of the one billion dollars it so quickly assembled from well-wishers) was patterned on one basic principle and a selected technique. The basic principle was 'save life'! Politics, special interests, rival groups — all were subordinated to *saving lives*. That was the U.N. way. The selected technique Sir Robert called 'the U.N. umbrella'. That means, the U.N. is *not* an operational body; it merely brings together and keeps together the people and organisations and money that do the operational job.

In this, there are three elements. First, the U.N. has a vast number of independent operating agencies — WHO, ILO, UNESCO, UNICEF, and so on—from basic economics and applied technology to weather forecasting and house-building. By internal pressure and systematic coercion, the U.N. gets them to plan and work together. Thus the 'U.N. system,' as it is called, focuses its combined strength and expertise on this common task of nation-building. Second, all the national governments — over thirty of them — are willing to help by what looks like independent bilateral action, and money, too. So the U.N., by gentle persuasion, guides and co-ordinates their separate efforts towards the spots where they can be most effective. Because the U.N. is concerned solely to *preserve life* — whoever owns it — the national governments find it convenient to be so guided. Third, the even vaster range of volunteer organisations, from Red Cross to 'Oxfam', are welcomed under the same umbrella of the U.N.'s personnel administration. That is the way it is being done in Bangladesh.

It has been almost a fulfilment, in fact, of the much misunderstood Marxist prophesy in the most unlikely circumstances: the government of men is replaced by the administration of things. Sir Robert's point was that,

whatever goodwill existed amidst these energetic agencies, friendly governments, and concerned citizen groups, the essential double requirement was organisation and discipline. So the job was being done in spite of monsoons and unexpected droughts, world wheat shortages, non-existent transport, more doctors than trained nurses to help them, ten million out of a 25 million work force still unemployed, and such unthought-of contingencies as 300,000 pregnant Bengalese girls who committed suicide last year because they had been raped.

But, as Sir Robert stressed, Bangladesh is not the first severed country that the U.N. has helped to put together so speedily and so well. Space will not permit expansion here, but Sir Robert himself, some quarter of a century ago, found his UNRRA office in mutual association with General Chiang, on one side; and Mao Tse Tung and Chou En Lai, on the other side. His neutrality and solely humanitarian approach (to 'save life') made such dual negotiation possible. It was the U.N., too, which brought the North and South Korea factions together (to 'save life'). The Bangladesh operation made it possible for both India and Pakistan to come under the U.N. umbrella, too, in aiding Bangladesh (to 'save life').

And now we come to Hanoi and Saigon, with Kurt Waldheim's continuing 'presence' at the Peace Settlement in Paris. At the time this article is written no one knows what the reconstruction plans will be. But, on his earlier visit to the Far East, Mr. Waldheim said in Tokyo that the United Nations would be involved for the first time in the Vietnam issue 'through my presence' in the proposed peace conference in Paris. He expressed great concern over 'the future relief and reconstruction operation of the international community for Indo-China'. Stressing the possible central role of the United Nations, he said: 'In our modern age it is not possible to solve everything bilaterally or without international co-operation.' Now that the East-West confrontation was almost over, Waldheim stated that the confrontation between North and South, between rich and poor, was 'the problem of the future'; it could only be solved in a spirit of co-operation.

The offer by the United Nations Secretary-General to mount a strictly humanitarian reconstruction operation in Vietnam without any discrimination would be most timely and most welcome, according to a *New York Times* (4 February) correspondent, who adds:

> I believe that we — the United States — should grab with both hands this diplomatic lifeline thrown out into a turbulent world situation. As a major destroyer of Asian lands we are presently not in a morally strategic position to lead an American-supervised reconstruction effort. We could, however, contribute in many ways and substantially to a politically feasible programme under U.N. auspices. We would thereby 'save face' in many quarters. We would also open up and strengthen our gravely deteriorated channels of communication within the United Nations.

In Southeast Asia, in fact, there has been operating for some years a United Nations regional development agency called the Lower Mekong River Development Project. It has had the support of over thirty sovereign

nations, a score of U.N. agencies, many foundations and private corporations. A splendid umbrella! A substantial part of the working capital was contributed by the riparian governments themselves — i.e. Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos and Thailand — which continued to work side-by-side on joint projects through long periods of local warfare and in spite of political strains. The constitutional structure for reconstruction of Indo-China already exists, therefore, in the Mekong Project. International goodwill and support must now be mobilised for a strictly humanitarian reconstruction operation under the United Nations.

This is exactly what the people directly concerned — the people of Southeast Asia — are asking. In a message to a recent meeting held in Saigon, U Nyun, Executive-Secretary of the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE), under whose auspices the Mekong Committee operates, stated: 'When the long-awaited moment comes when peace returns to Vietnam and her neighbours, the Khmer Republic and Laos, all eyes will be on the international Mekong Project and they will witness, I am confident, a great step forward.' U Nyun continued: 'As I have remarked on a number of occasions in recent months, I foresee a period of great progress in many fields just ahead of us. It is my earnest belief that the Mekong Project, which has already achieved so much against a troubled background, will serve in the years to come not only to advance the quality of life of the people of the Lower Mekong Basin to an immeasurable degree, but also to inspire those engaged in water resources development projects, large and small, elsewhere in Asia and the world.'

He went on to enumerate some of the projects on the threshold of realisation for which financial and technical assistance is needed now. The first of the Committee's pioneer agricultural projects will be ready for implementation later this year (1973). In fact, the first full year's operation of the hydroelectric scheme in Laos is being constructed with multinational co-operation. Basin-wide fishery studies, training centres in boat building, improvement of navigation and port facilities, and demonstration farms, are among the current activities of the Mekong Committee and will continue to be in future years. ECAFE's Director concludes his survey thus: 'We must guard against the possible increases in pollution and spread of disease that may easily result from economic development, and be ready to mitigate or ward off the social problems often produced by resettlement and by other radical changes in a rural people's way of life.'

The U.N. Secretary-General himself came nearer to the immediate problem, speaking from ECAFE headquarters in Bangkok (Thailand) last February, when he explained that the forthcoming peace conference would have to deal with a wide range of problems and with the over-all situation. Article 19 of the cease-fire agreement expressed itself only in very general terms — to guarantee the cease-fire and to help to solve the remaining problems. But there was so far no concrete agenda and everything would depend on the understanding reached by all parties concerned.

The Secretary-General also said in Bangkok that there were two aspects of the problem: political and reconstruction. As for the political aspects, the

United Nations would at least be represented at the peace conference, through his presence, a role that had been denied his predecessor, U Thant. 'As for the reconstruction of Vietnam and Indo-China,' he stressed, 'no decision has been taken as far as I know, concerning how this reconstruction will be realised — whether bilaterally, or multi-laterally, or through a consortium of a number of States. All this has to be decided yet.' But, he continued: 'I have offered the help of the United Nations in this regard on several occasions and I repeat it gladly here that we are quite willing to participate in relief and reconstruction work in Indo-China — Vietnam and Indo-China as such — if we are requested to do so. We would do this job if the parties concerned are interested in such multilateral, international help, channelled through the United Nations.'

Should the United Nations 'take charge of the whole reconstruction?' Mr. Waldheim was asked, and his reply was: 'It is up to the Governments concerned to decide whether and what kind of role the United Nations should play. But if we are invited to do the job, it is evident that it would be purely *humanitarian* help without any political discrimination; in other words, the help would go to all parties — not just to one or the other. We would not make any difference between Governments in the area.'

As to the scope of post-war reconstruction, Kurt Waldheim expressed the belief, however, that one should not compare too closely the situation in Bangladesh — where the United Nations had carried out an 'enormous relief operation' — with the situation in Indo-China. 'In Bangladesh,' he emphasised, 'relief was the important thing — immediate relief. In Indo-China, Vietnam especially, reconstruction will be the very important thing, and it has to be decided upon by the parties concerned. We don't want to force their hand. We are ready to help, but only if this is desired.'

It is true that, at this early stage, bilateral aid on a considerable scale is being offered, especially from the 'nearby' nations. This new situation — of competing aid — will be very interesting to watch as it develops, not least because, in Washington, and particularly Pentagon circles, the time-honoured Churchillian principle of 'what we have, we hold!' may be taken for granted as a territorial imperative. The U.S. military-industrial complex is not likely to move out of Indo-China as speedily as the P.O.W.s; and Washington has so far been most secretive about economic aid to 'South' Vietnam.

Mr. Masayoshi Ohira, the Foreign-Minister of Japan has meantime announced that Japan will extend emergency economic aid to Indo-China as rapidly as possible after the cease-fire. Yet he stressed that such emergency aid was a 'matter of humanity and I think we should respond to the problem as promptly as possible.' He has promised that Japan would give aid 'to its fullest capacity' without waiting for 'the establishment of a multinational reconstruction programme.' In concrete terms, the Japanese Government has a $760-million reserve fund in the draft budget for 1973 (an increase of 28% over 1972) from which to draw emergency funds after 1 April this spring.

The Japanese Government had previously promised to participate in a long-range programme of economic assistance to South Vietnam, North Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, but Mr. Ohira's statement was the first public pledge of emergency aid to all four Indo-Chinese countries. The Government has already set up the machinery for extending emergency aid to the whole of Indo-China. The Foreign Ministry has so far earmarked over three million U.S. dollars' worth of aid funds for assistance to refugees in Indo-China, in addition to special credits to enable the Indo-China nations to buy imports from Japan. But official spokesmen say that this means co-ordination among existing economic offices and not the establishment of a new organisation, since Japan would wait until an international organisation had been set up before deciding how Tokyo would participate. The Nomura Research Institute has estimated that between $12 and $15-billion dollars' worth of reconstruction work will be done in the two Vietnams, 'and double that amount for the entire Indo-China peninsula.'

But what about the United States? Strange though this may seem to those less acquainted with the fantastic girations of American domestic politics, the country that has for ten years contributed so dreadful a proportion of its talent and money and manpower to the decimation and defoliation of large areas of this unfortunate peninsula is still in a dilemma over how much reconstruction — or is it restitution? — to contribute, or where, or on what terms. The White House has made, it is true, several vague and tentative gestures on putting 'Vietnam', on its (or their) feet; but Senator Proxmire and other opposition voices, though fully in support of doing the 'right thing,' have pointed out that President Nixon has not remembered to include items for this giant venture in his current budget, and that he has no reserves for it anyway.

The Senate's strong opposition to any aid at all, or to aid going to the North ('they killed our boys, didn't they?') leaves the President with a longer-term problem than Japan's. At the time of writing, therefore, the topic of aid is in the headlines, but not the appropriations. In all previous wars — and they go all the way back to the ousting of the British in 1775 — this country has won. This time, it hasn't! So no Marshall Plan for Southeast Asia is anywhere in sight.

While predictions at this early stage would be dubious at best, once again, it seems, the United Nations has to step into the breach when it comes to building up a country in so desperate a plight, instead of bombing it down. For the U.N., politics are important but do not prevail, as witness the speedy provision of UNRRA after the Second World War, and UNRWA in Palestine, Kashmir, Congo, Cyprus and, now, Bangladesh (to 'save lives').

Such was the opinion when delegates from twenty nations attended in Bangkok a session of ECAFE's Committee on Industry and Natural Resources. They listened again to the warning from U Nyun, ECAFE's Executive Secretary, that 'piecemeal efforts at post-war reconstruction could be disastrous for the countries of Indo-China.' ECAFE had brought

together, under the Chairmanship of Dr. Prapit Na Nagara, Director General, Department of Science, Ministry of Industry, Thailand, senior Government representatives and experts in the fields of industrial development from Australia, France, India, Indonesia, Iran, Japan, Khmer Republic, Republic of Korea, Laos, Netherlands, New Zealand, Pakistan, Philippines, Republic of Vietnam, Singapore, Sri Lanka, Thailand, Soviet Union, United Kingdom and the United States.

U Nyun insisted: 'These four Mekong countries — Khmer Republic, Laos, Republic of Vietnam and Thailand — should be treated as a whole. While political boundaries certainly exist, the Mekong River links them all. They were obviously destined to live together. What affects or benefits one nation, treated separately, could have effects or even disadvantages on another.' This is typical of the whole U.N. approach: bring countries together under the same umbrella; don't leave them to face the cold indifference and political pressures of unilateralism alone. U Nyun added: 'There is every possibility that a strong and viable Mekong Community could emerge with proper co-ordination of the aid efforts now being planned by many countries . . . for we must keep in view the need to assist the war-torn countries and frame appropriate recommendations to ensure that the help they receive is optimal.'

For a week this optimistic and competent group of advance planners, representing the human race as a whole, got down to specific action programmes covering human environment (for it is essential that developing countries do not become polluted in the process of industrialisation) and many aspects of science and technology. An Asian Plan of Action for the application of science and technology to development has since been drawn up, by which ECAFE will act as a focal point and work in liaison with the specialised agencies concerned. The Plan's cross-sectoral implications (to 'save lives') covers housing, building and town-planning, as well as projects for promoting household savings and mobilising investment in urban development. The provision of a multidisciplinary task force on the improvement of human settlements in 1973 will be followed by the improvement of squatters' settlements in 1974.

Later (on 5 March) at the headquarters of the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organisation (UNESCO) in Paris, the Secretary-General discussed with the executive heads of the Vietnam Peace Conference the possibility of U.N.'s full participation in relief and rehabilitation activities in Indo-China.

This is only a beginning — even before the cease-fire has gelled into a stable peace settlement and while American bombers are still making air strikes from Thailand. Of course, many governments (including the U.S. Government) will be directly involved in salvaging the devastated areas and in rehabilitating ('peace planning' might be a better term) the lives of over 50 million hapless human beings. Political adjustments will occupy much diplomatic energy and monopolise the headlines for months. But in Indo-China, peace-making has taken on a new connotation, for the U.N. is going ahead *now*, without waiting for politics. The experience of

Bangladesh has shown in concrete terms how it *can* be done the U.N. way. But will the governments have the sense to allow it to happen this time?

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The July issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes: *William Gerhardie: Justice Deferred* by Stanley Olsen; *Bangladesh—Origin and Prospects* by Mizanur Rahman Shelley; *The White Collar Offender* by Freddie Pentney; and *Future Possibilities in South East Asia* by General Lord Bourne.

HIGH WIND ON BANKSIDE

by J. C. Trewin

UNTIL the Globe Playhouse Trust was founded, few weather-men of the theatre could have foretold last summer's high wind over Southwark. Not much had happened for years on the historic stretch of Bankside. Certainly drama critics seldom went there as a matter of duty. One knew of occasional amateur events at the George Inn or out at Duthy Hall. But, generally speaking, Shakespeare's London world, in the very lee of Southwark Cathedral, had lain in a strange calm.

That is why one will remember the gusty summer of 1972, not simply for its variable weather—to be expected in England, after all—but because the gales of the late-Elizabethan era blew suddenly round the site of the Globe.

This was the area where, long ago, the Burbages, Cuthbert and Richard, had erected 'a new Playehowse with the . . . timber and woode' from The Theatre in Shoreditch. This was 'the wooden O upon the loud Bankside', the stage like an out-thrust prow—and I ask pardon for quoting myself—where once the actors came

> . . . to beard their hearers boldly; nothing tame,
> No shrinking back behind a picture-frame . . .
> . . . There was heard
> The high, unclouded summer of the word.

Memories of those days, down the years, should have brought actors long ago to Bankside to repeat the glory of the spring running. The Globe was built at an hour of new discovery and new hope. The world was expanding (the universe would come later). London was a city of feverish life and feverish contrast: music upon the Thames, a bear-pit on the bank; high adventure at the quay, splendour at Court, squalor in garret and alley. It was an age of sword and madrigal; its dramatists, each with a host of furious fancies, were children of their day, its kingly-flashing verse and its exuberant prose.

Agreed, the first theatre lasted for only fourteen years before it was burned during a performance of *Henry VIII* in June 1613 when the firing of 'chambers' to greet the King ignited the thatch. Next year, 'far fairer than before,' and now circular and with a tiled roof, the Globe was rebuilt and stood until tenements replaced it in 1644. Not a long history for two theatres, but one could say of the old Bankside that no grave upon the earth could clip in it a pair so famous.

I confess I have always thought less of the fabric and the style of the Globe than of the plays that were staged in it; the fact that this was Shakespeare's ground and that he was among the first 'housekeepers.' For this reason by itself, I would have welcomed Mr. Wanamaker as the new housekeeper, and his first festival in its temporary theatre; at night the acted

passion, and in the morning, not far distant, the scholars and their students. As it proved, the festival had other and manifold felicities, ending with *Hamlet* itself, light draining from the sky on a late-summer night and the noblest of our plays re-created hard by the plot where it was bred. An English poet wrote once, 'In all kingdoms now, for evermore, hourly the play begins at Elsinore.' It is right that *Hamlet* has returned, professionally, to Shakespeare's Southwark.

Even the walk to the new Globe is enough to charge imagination. There is the square towered, oddly-retired cathedral of Southwark where Shakespeare's brother Edmund, as well as the manager Henslowe and the dramatists Massinger and Fletcher are buried. There are the massive warehouses and the close brick canyons that have reminded David Piper of Piranesi. There are street names that remember Shakespeare's London. There is the Liberty of the Clink. This Bankside is endlessly rich and exciting. Wisely, the new Globe's first summer covered the theatre of the centuries from the Cornish *Passion* to a play about Sir Thomas More. Add to these Dekker's roaring, swooping comedy, *The Shoemaker's Holiday* ('Prince am I none, yet am I nobly born') about the London of Henry V; Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* (though I missed the National Theatre's visit, I know what effect the tragedy can make); Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*, 'Newgate Pastoral' of an eighteenth-century London across the water; and most potently, *Hamlet*.

It was surprising how soon the atmosphere grew familiar; the tented theatre, open at left and right to the environing walls and roof-tops, and with the Thames a pebble-toss away; the ample stage, an audience on three sides of it; a sense of both intimacy and space; 'the word in flower beneath a flowering sky.' I look back now to the contagious good nature of Dekker's comedy of the gentle craft, its worshipful company of cordwainers down from Sheffield; the professionally stylised *The Beggar's Opera*, with some expert singing; Sheffield's *A Man for All Seasons*, Robert Bolt's period piece that has established itself in the repertory; and the Cornish Passion Play which entranced me because it brought to Shakespeare's Bankside (with a cast from the Northcote Theatre at Exeter) part of the medieval cycle from my own county: first acted long ago at Piran Round, Cornish-accented, and with its background amusingly obtrusive (Pilate as the owner of Lostwithiel; the nails forged down at Marazion). I cannot imagine what my village elders would have said of such a full-scale adventure of the pomping folk.

Always one must return to *Hamlet*, close to the lost stage where Richard Burbage created the Prince, but presented now with the dark implications of a modern police state. Keith Michell (who was getting on for my eightieth Hamlet) must have found the night uncommonly stimulating.

The present retrospect is no time for the drawn-threadwork of drama criticism. It is a time for gratitude: thanks for the future as well as the past. I would like to think that the Burbages might have had some foreknowledge of it when they were laboriously bringing their 'timber and woode' to the South Bank. And certainly Shakespeare, from the flowers of Elysium, must be happy to know that the great Globe itself is returning, and that once more in Southwark the wind is high.

THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF DIFFICULT BEHAVIOUR

by F. L. Lowenstein

PREVENTION, although more desirable as an approach than treatment, is nevertheless negative in its outlook. The prevention of difficult behaviour merges imperceptibly with treatment. We should nevertheless consider it on its own. Our first concern is to offer a directive as an alternative to what is being prevented. Without such an alternative of constructive and desirable behaviour, we are providing a moral vacuum into which it is almost inevitable that many will plunge.

To prevent this we must first provide precise and comprehensive aims, rules, standards and values. Secondly, these must be trainable, practical, and capable of improving the security, the meaningfulness and the pleasure of individuals and society. Thirdly, there must be definite methods for achieving these aims. Only when a conscious effort is made by parents, teachers and all society to teach such values, will changes ultimately be brought about. All these changes, however, will not come about in one generation.

We let die many of our traditions and traditional methods of education when we turned increasingly to more progressive notions in educating the young. It is not my aim to set back the clock and to return to procedures which were often unjust and wasteful of human potential and talent. Gone are the days when a child's educational and vocational future was almost exclusively determined by his family's social position, wealth and influence.

To-day, more and more educational and vocational aspirations are based on the child and his needs. It is his interests, intelligence and temperament which now determine, more than anything else, which educational programme will be followed and for which vocational goal he aims. This must be seen on the whole as a good development in educational orientation.

With the backward swing of the pendulum from the era of excessive progressivism in education to a more sane and eclectic view of the problem of educational philosophy, there is a strong likelihood that the future of educational policies and practices may be more promising than ever before. That is, if we are wise enough to use what is best from the past and combine it with what is most valuable to-day and in the future, we are likely to have what we all desire — that is the best of both worlds! This will not, however, come about with a complacent frame of mind, an acceptance of a lack of educational and behavioural structure of standards and an inordinate lack of 'know-how' on how to achieve these standards.

Looking at aims without method is futile. Let us re-examine what we are attempting to achieve with the children in our care.

It is remarkable how few aims have ever become outdated, as children progress from nursery, infant, junior and secondary schools; although obviously the methods used for achieving these aims will differ as the child grows older.

Ten such aims will be discussed briefly, and the procedures that might be adopted in achieving them. These aims or values could well constitute a basis of general agreement. Their inculcation in the young may be seen as a preventive measure, always preferable to training or punishing the behaviour which is potentially disturbing or harmful to others as well as causing difficulties to the individual.

I shall take the risk of incurring the wrath of some present progressivists by setting up absolute goals, albeit flexible ones. These have been derived from personal experience and numerous discussions with parents of various backgrounds and teachers at all levels of education. I have also been influenced by many children who want structure in their educational regimen. But to talk glibly about children needing something or other is fraught with danger. Different children need different things at different times.

Since it is at the lower level of education that the superstructure for the child's attitudes, personality and values is laid, emphasis will be placed here. What follows at later levels of school is a refining and amplification or a modification of the process commenced earlier, but essentially the values and ideals of behaviour and education remain the same.

Any society which fails to provide itself with standards, values or educational goals, regardless of what they are or whether they are attained, is failing towards future generations. The sharp-shooter who cannot see his target may be blind or there may be no target at all for him to aim at. In either case he has no chance of hitting it and as a result he may fail to shoot at all, or, in desperation, shoot in a number of random directions in the hope that he will hit something of value. A lack of educational and behavioural aims are very likely to have even more disastrous effects than the sharp-shooter who shoots badly or madly.

It must therefore be stressed, most forcibly, that regardless of society's success in attaining certain ends which will benefit most of its constituents, it must have ends which it seeks to attain. This is also true of education. We need standards which stand like beacons in the darkness of ignorance, pessimism and disorganisation. Any changes to them must be based on a very careful scrutiny of all the advantages and disadvantages that change could bring.

Why should this be so? The reason rests in man himself and his need to strive, to attain and then to strive once more, although there are societies where striving is minimal, and little scientific or technological progress has been made. Admittedly they may have achieved much in other important respects, such as being able to live in much greater harmony with themselves and their neighbours.

There is actually no reason why this virtue cannot be attained by our more restless competitive Western culture, while simultaneously efforts are made to improve the material qualities of life.

What form are these goals to take? Both educational standards and standards of demeanour must be capable of identification and measurement. Those who wish to do away with educational standards and examinations are therefore endangering the very foundation and process of

education. Equally, a society without values threatens the sanity and the harmony of human relationships. Thus, while many standards of education and demeanour may seem out of date, it will often be found that the criticisms should be levelled at the misinterpretation and the mis-use of the educational and behavioural values, rather than at the values themselves. It is this which has produced the virulent attacks on all traditional values from time to time and this is to be deprecated for the following reasons:

(a) Sometimes no effort is made to substitute anything for what is to be thrown out.
(b) Those that are being substituted for them are rarely better than what already exists.
(c) No rule or standard is always effective under all conditions, but those that exist are criticised almost totally for their failings, without regard for their successful applications.

After these hopefully convincing arguments for the need for educational as well as behavioural targets, a strong plea is made to increase and broaden the academic curriculum. There should be standards of achievement both in education, where they already exist, and in personal conduct. More effort should be made to assess attainments socially and personally, as being valuable in their own right, equally with academic achievement. Unless this is done, and quickly, at all levels of education, the academic bias will produce a lop-sided educational product and one which is grotesque because it is lacking in the ability to develop the social and personal attributes so necessary to good citizenship.

One of the easier ways of being either pilloried or deified by members of the public as well as the experts is to set up standards of any kind, be they in art, education, or in behaviour. Progress for some years has meant, in fact, the elimination of standards and greater permissiveness and freedom without regard to where this may lead. The degree of criticism and praise increases inevitably when the area in which one seeks to set up such standards becomes more personal and, as a result, more controversial.

Among educationalists, discussing curriculum and educational orientations produces a certain amount of argument, but never is this argument as violent as when an ideal or idea is put forward which concerns personal conduct.

However, this is a risk which must inevitably be taken if one seeks to present ways of altering behaviour. Before turning, therefore, to the question of how desirable behaviour may be encouraged, or undesirable behaviour modified, a not especially modest array of values will follow which, in the interests of a more wholesome society, ought to become an intrinsic part of the total educational experience.

(a) Sensitivity and understanding of others.
(b) Capacity to tolerate frustrations.
(c) Constructive and positive ways of dealing with frustrations.
(d) Taking a pride in one's work.
(e) Loyalty, where this is indicated.
(f) Sincerity and integrity.

(g) Perseverance.
(h) Punctuality and sense of responsibility.
(i) Developing a love or concern for humanity as a whole.
(j) Politeness.

(a) *Sensitivity and understanding of others*

It is obviously most important to engender in children the ability to be sensitive, not merely to their own feelings and needs, but to the needs of others. Training in this respect can occur early, frequently already at the pre-school level. With the older child such training is likely to be more difficult and must be the concern of both teachers and parents. An individual is part of the social structure and the capacity to relate himself to others is an essential feature of his training. Where it is lacking, the child is likely to suffer and others around him will feel the consequences of his lack of development.

The themes which should with advantage form the basis of study and discussion are as follows: —

(1) Attitudes to people with whom one works.
(2) Behaviour towards people with whom one works.
(3) The capacity for understanding the handicapped or less able.
(4) One's personal responsibilities for others.
(5) Responsibility to one's parents.
(6) Attitudes to law and order.

(b) *Capacity to tolerate frustration.*

In a society where individuals are constantly interacting with one another, frustrations are likely to be encountered. Children should be taught early to tolerate stress and frustrations and to be capable of making positive efforts to overcome them. This may be achieved by the following:

(1) Give children the opportunity to discuss their problems with an adult or encourage discussion with another child or groups of children.
(2) Praise the child when he has shown himself to be able to tolerate frustrations.
(3) Give the child the opportunity to express his feelings in words whenever possible rather than through physical aggression against others or against property.
(4) Provide opportunity for relief of frustration by transforming it into physically acceptable outlets, e.g. P.E., Art, Music, Mime, etc.
(5) Suggest ways of dealing with situations that are likely to cause stress, e.g. loneliness, difficulties with teachers, difficulties with parents, difficulties with other children.

(c) *Constructive and positive ways of dealing with frustrations.*

The ability to use constructive and positive ways for dealing with one's frustrations can be learned at home and in the school. A society based on a certain degree of conflict and competition must train its citizens to deal

effectively with problems as they occur, and not to accept undesirable situations that are capable of being altered.

Constructive and positive ways for dealing with frustrations may include:

(1) Encouraging group discussions.
(2) Developing creative activities.
(3) Providing physical activities as outlets, e.g. Outward-bound programmes, mountain climbing, map-reading, camping, etc.
(4) Opportunities for participating in drama and similar activities.
(5) Encouraging verbalisation of feelings with adults or others.
(6) Learning to act out a variety of roles which are likely to result in frustration, e.g. being faced with a dominant individual, or placed in difficult situations where alternatives are impracticable.

(d) *Taking a pride in one's work.*

The ability to take a pride in one's work is frequently lacking from the contemporary scene of academic or vocational pursuits. This is only partly attributable to the type of work or activity being practised and may be due to the inappropriateness of the work situation and the individual's lack of capacity (interest, temperament and ability) for dealing with it. Children who care little for what they do or achieve are not likely to take much pride in their work. This will reflect itself in the type of work they do and the impact this makes on others. Whatever the task, pride in one's work must be part and parcel of every activity.

Taking pride in one's work may be achieved by:

(1) Encouraging the child as much as possible despite the fact that he fails to achieve the set standards.
(2) Rewarding the child materially or otherwise for tasks in which he succeeds or at which he makes progress.
(3) Displaying what he has done to others in order to obtain group approval.
(4) Gradually increasing the standards expected of the child, while encouraging each new effort he makes.

(e) *Loyalty, where this is indicated.*

The importance of loyalty to one's parents and to one's class or school cannot be underestimated. Without this loyalty and affiliation the child will feel a stranger, alienated from the unit to which he allegedly belongs. Loyalty is born of pride in the aims of one's group and identification with these aims. A lack of loyalty indicates a failure of education towards identification with, or pride in, one's unit. Effective leadership, incentives and motivation are all vital aspects of loyalty.

Developing loyalty, where this is appropriate, i.e. towards peers and adults as well as authority, may be achieved by the following:

(1) By providing a model or example to the child by the teacher's own behaviour towards the child and the teacher's behaviour towards other adults.

(2) Encouraging the feelings of loyalty to the community and those in the community. Encouraging respect for others generally.
(3) Accepting the child regardless of what he is capable of doing at the present time.

(f) *Sincerity and integrity.*

Young people are born with the capacity for becoming sincere and honest providing they receive the training appropriate to this end. The teacher's role, as well as the parent's role, in promoting sincerity and integrity in children cannot be overestimated, both by their example and their teaching. Whatever the world outside is at the present time, teachers and parents must engender sincerity and integrity so that individuals may both become part of the existing society and improve it at the same time.

Developing sincerity and integrity means to:
(1) Be an example of truthfulness and honesty with children, as a teacher or parent.
(2) Be honest with the child and tell him when you don't know the answer to a question or problem he brings.
(3) Provide the child with suitable stories or anecdotes which illustrate the virtues you are attempting to inculcate.
(4) Praise truthfulness and either ignore or censure lying or dishonesty whenever possible.
(5) Diminish fear of truthfulness, even rewarding truthfulness when the child has done something wrong in order to encourage subsequent honesty. Make it worthwhile for the child to be truthful.

(g) *Perseverance.*

The question of when to persevere and when not to persevere is a difficult one but generally it is necessary for a certain amount of dedication and diligence to be applied to tasks undertaken. There are numerous individuals who, despite good ability, fail to progess and achieve success because of this lack of temperamental development which promotes perseverance. It is the role of the teacher and parent to develop endurance in the young and to guide them when this is likely to be sensible. There is and will always be a certain amount of uncertainty as to when perseverance is or is not worthwhile.

Encouraging perseverance may be achieved by:
(1) Providing suitable anecdotes and stories which exemplify this trait.
(2) Encourage effort, even when unsuccessful.
(3) Encourage finishing a job before going on to the next.
(4) Praising the child when he is concentrating and avoid his being distracted.
(5) Setting goals that can be achieved.

(h) *Punctuality and sense of responsibility.*

The ability to be punctual and responsible provides society with some

chance of predicting the behaviour of others and allows one the chance to depend on them. A sense of responsibility engenders trust and security. The opposite produces anxiety and uncertainty. This trait is especially important in the world of work and in personal relations generally.

Punctuality and sense of responsibility may be inculcated by:

(1) Providing tasks which a child is capable of finishing in a particular period of time.
(2) Example of punctuality in adults and a sense of responsibility in adult's behaviour.
(3) Encouraging care of others and their needs. Children should be made aware of other people's problems and their responsibility towards them. Visits to Old People's homes, hospitals for children, hospitals for the severely sub-normal or other handicapped individuals are likely to help children to develop the correct attitudes towards the less advantaged.
(4) Providing tasks for children which require thinking of other people rather than themselves.
(5) Providing approval when a child shows punctuality or responsibility in an especially difficult situation.
(6) Giving a child the responsibility of carrying out certain duties, such as looking after pets, plants, other individuals, etc.
(7) Providing penalties for lack of responsibility and lack of punctuality. This is a negative aspect of training but one which is nevertheless important since life often operates in this way.

(i) *Developing a love or concern for humanity as a whole.*

It is sometimes difficult to imagine a larger loyalty than to one's immediate group. The capacity to develop love for humanity and society as a whole must begin with the training in loyalty for one's family, one's class and one's school. Good teaching incorporates the need to develop good human relations with people of many backgrounds, racial, national, etc. While there is a place for parochial thinking, there is an even greater need to understand and relate to the universe as a whole and its inhabitants.

Developing love for humanity as a whole may be taught by:

(1) Providing opportunities for discussions about people who are different in some way or those who live in other parts of the world.
(2) Illustrating by actual events, such as doing good in the community.
(3) Helping older people and those in need generally by deeds rather than words.
(4) Drawing attention to world poverty and suffering and attempting to take some steps to ameliorate this.
(5) Discussing colour, racial and religious tolerance.
(6) Discussing relations between the sexes and within the family.
(7) Discussing problems and responsibilities involved in courtship and marriage.
(8) Developing the right attitudes to law and order.

(9) Discussing the importance of values in society.

(j) *Politeness.*

Politeness, as such, is often criticised as being a superficial demeanour which attempts to hide a multitude of sins, including insincerity. The capacity to be polite is, however, an important feature in human relations.

It is part of a much deeper sense of obligation and love for others and although it may appear to be displayed in a superficial and unrealistic manner, is actually an essential feature of human interaction and one which enhances rather than detracts from warm human relationships.

The methods for inculcating these values are based very much on training, and on teaching these positive values directly. This may be achieved through example and behaviour.

Teaching politeness and courtesy may be achieved by:

(1) Providing the child with a good example from the adult.
(2) Showing respect and politeness towards other teachers or parents.
(3) Always treating the child with politeness.
(4) Encouraging considerate behaviour by being considerate.
(5) Showing children how to listen to the point of view of others before disagreeing with them. The use of role playing and group discussion methods are particularly useful here.

By these means we should be able to avoid the type of inappropriate behaviour or misbehaviour which we shall next consider.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A LOST LEADER?

Iain Macleod. Nigel Fisher. Andre Deutsch. £3.95.

It is impossible to recollect any biography of a distinguished politician written by someone who was his contemporary and close friend inside and outside politics. I stress the 'contemporary' requirement. Even without it, it is not easy to think of many cases, although John Morley could fairly claim to have been a close friend of Gladstone as well as his disciple and acolyte. No doubt the explanation is fairly simple. Unless prematurely cut off, a statesman, by the time he dies, is hard put to find a biographer of his own age group. In any case few biographers can be discovered in the political profession. Rosebery was a gifted if slender biographer, but his sparkling Essay on Randolph Churchill hardly counts for our purpose. Roy Jenkins, belonging to a younger generation than Hugh Gaitskell but a great friend, has apparently abandoned the idea of writing his official life. Mr. Nigel Fisher, contemporary, parliamentary Conservative colleague of Iain Macleod and his intimate friend for many years is, in short, doing something more or less unique in writing his life. Let me say at once that he has done it extremely well. He makes full and effective use of the qualifications just mentioned. Lord Boyle writes, I am sure correctly, in an authoritative and discerning introduction, 'This biography not only records the facts of Macleod's life with accuracy but it portrays the man himself with extraordinary fidelity. It is also a moving testament of a political friendship.'

Some chapters are less readable than others. A biographer well-known to me received not long ago a special letter of congratulations from Mr. Bernard Levin because 'you make your hero interesting even when he is not doing interesting things'. There is no doubt that this is the hardest of all the biographer's tasks. At certain moments during Iain Macleod's Shadow Chancellorship, for instance, one's attention wanders and one sighs for the skill—or, if you like it, the tricks—of an old biographical hand. But there are not many such sections and at other points Mr. Nigel Fisher's intimate involvement in the events and personalities described gives his narrative an authenticity and gripping power which no historian from outside could have provided.

The famous struggle in 1963 for the Conservative leadership is more convincingly described here than in any account known to me. I cannot think that it will need to be much modified. The same can be said of not a few other episodes. The references to the present Lady Macleod portray a very remarkable and delightful woman whose success in the House of Lords has been instantaneous. One is left asking certain questions about the Iain Macleod presented here, to which the answers are not apparent as one rises from Mr. Fisher's absorbing narrative. 'Iain Macleod', says Mr. Fisher in the first sentence of his book, 'was a complex character'. 'Iain Macleod', as he approaches his summing-up, 'was a straightforward and in some ways a very simple person . . . ' Not quite a contradiction perhaps but a little bemusing.

The book is far more dispassionate than a 'friend's tribute'. It is no mere hagiography. Faults are admitted and at least one fatal error of judgment when Iain Macleod refused in 1963 to serve under Sir Alec Douglas-Home. But we are asked by and large to accept Iain Macleod as the most attractive and in a political sense the ablest Conservative politician to emerge since the war. Taking

that as true, why did he not only miss the Leadership but never be seriously considered for it? 'I do not', he said, on one occasion, to Mr. Fisher, 'run in a race to run second'. On which Mr. Fisher comments he had made enemies in his own Party and in the end he had to settle for second place. He seems to be satisfied with this as an explanation of his hero's failure to achieve his life's ambition.

We are given to understand that the enemies in question were acquired during his tenure of the Colonial Office, an area where Mr. Fisher himself did such distinguished work. These chapters celebrating Iain Macleod's most lasting achievements are possibly the best in the book. But Nigel Fisher, who conceals nothing from us, reminds us that in a Gallup Poll for the next Prime Minister in 1961 Iain Macleod polled no more than 11% and two years later this had sunk to 1% of the public opinion vote. We are reminded almost too often of his power of communication in particular with large audiences, but we are left wondering why it was that in spite of this spell-binding quality, he never became a popular favourite. It can't all have been due to retired colonels denouncing the betrayal of the White Settlers.

Nigel Fisher describes Lord Salisbury's celebrated attack on him in the House of Lords as 'a man too clever by half'. It did lasting damage, he considers, to Macleod's reputation. 'Partly because it received wide publicity in the Press, but mainly because many people thought that there was an element of truth in it'. He goes on to analyse the factors which might have created this impression, not as I feel, convincingly. Elsewhere in the book a truer explanation seems to be offered us. Clearly Iain Macleod was, on occasion, unintentionally discourteous in a fashion most unusual in a man of such ability and ambition. He seemed capable of ignoring people; to be hardly conscious of their existence when they might have expected friendly recognition. But quite early in the book we learn that his health had begun to trouble him by the end of the war and that he was in constant and increasing pain thereafter. Is it not possible that the effort of performing the minor political courtesies was at times unendurable? Be all that as it may, this is an absorbing assessment of a man whose courage was quite exceptional and who left behind him a widespread admiration and devotion.

LONGFORD

COLERIDGE ON SHAKESPEARE

Coleridge: Critic of Shakespeare. M. M. Badawi. Cambridge University Press. £4.50.

Mr. M. M. Badawi in his new study makes a scholarly and original contribution to the reader's understanding not only of Coleridge but also of Shakespeare. He shows that the two most telling insights which Coleridge experienced in reading and seeing Shakespeare's plays were that they are based on total dramatic situation, not on logical plot-construction, and that their essential unity lies in emotional, imaginative interpretation of scene and character through richly developed poetic imagery. Certainly, this knowledge has become the hallmark of Shakespeare criticism and permeates all work in the field since that of Coleridge. But Mr. Badawi's particular intention is to identify its first known statement in Coleridge's notes and lectures on Shakespeare: he also recognises that Coleridge was the first critic to perceive the poet's use of tragic irony as a dramatic device. Careful documentation and analysis of links between the dramatic criticism and the general theory of poetry reveal Coleridge's radical departure from the preoccupations of his predecessors,—not only Dr. Johnson,

later alternately discredited and reinstated, but even Hazlitt,—whose naturalistic view of plot and character led them to judge the worth of a play largely by the criterion of verisimilitude.

In a useful chapter on eighteenth century criticism of Shakespeare, the author traces the premise that poetry has pleasure as its object to philosophical rather than literary antecedents. 'Locke's impressions and ideas', he says, 'had a greater influence in the field of literary theory and practice than one would at first suppose. It is to the influence of sensationalism, much more than any other factor, that the rise of naturalistic theory can be attributed'. And the cause of exact imitation, traceable to such ideas as those expressed by Hartley in his *Observations on Man* and the application of these to literature by the scientist, Joseph Priestley, found a popular advocate on the stage in David Garrick, whose representations of Richard III and of Lear in his madness were said by the actor to be copied from nature. It is an easy step from such notions to the already well-entrenched belief that the Aristotelian unities of time, place and person are necessary ingredients of dramatic art.

Coleridge's own insights, whilst owing much to the 'poetry as pleasure' principle and to the faithful copying of human nature, are clearly shown by the author of this study to contain an entirely new conception of artistic unity; one not in any way dependent on exact replica but on the organic structures of poetic effects, the product of artistry working through deeply felt passion. Mr. Badawi's thesis is that Coleridge did not so much reject the critical ideas of previous writers as develop them in directions less stultifying, make them more capable of transcending naturalistic limitation; and, above all, that Coleridge evolved general theories of the imagination which have powerfully influenced most subsequent critics of poetic language and dramatic form. He calls in evidence the work of writers as varied as that of T. S. Eliot, Harley Granville Barker and Caroline Spurgeon. The lucid and convincing presentation of these general theories, and particularly of the 'practical criticism' of Shakespeare's tragedies in their moral import, provide a valuable corrective to some lately fashionable valuations of Coleridge as a merely impressionistic writer. As the first full exposition of Coleridge's work on Shakespeare, Mr. Badawi's book is an excellent critical guide.

BETTY ABEL

ROSES ON MOUNT ZION

Window on Mount Zion. Pauline Rose. W. H. Allen. £2.

Amid the still unresolved tensions between Israel and the Arab states it is heartening to read of a woman whose one desire was to live on top of Mount Zion and cultivate a garden there, a few yards from the former Jordan frontier. Mrs. Rose first visited Jerusalem in 1948 and stayed throughout the siege. She has lived there since 1959, realising a dream despite initial difficulties; for the derelict house that embodied it was in a closed military zone by an army post facing a Jordan one where Arab heads popped up over sandbags.

Friends thought her crazy; authorities opposed her. But she and her husband, deeply religious Jews inspired by the Mount's biblical aura, overcame all obstacles. She was eventually given a key to the locked gate guarding the military track to the summit, acquired the abandoned house, set about making it habitable. Perhaps her resolve was helped by meeting an old Yemen peasant who for ten years had tended a pigeon sanctuary he had made on the site. Were not doves symbols of peace?

The repairs were completed in six months, and when a friend asked 'How did you manage to get the work done so quickly?' she explained that the men

did not feel safe there so 'worked at twice the normal speed'. The Roses were in by August 1964, and named it Ha-Ohel—the tent—praying that 'the spirit of Abraham's tent would abide in it, making it a place where all people who came could find a living welcome—a meal, a bed, rest, or renewal of the spirit, according to their needs'. One who indeed found it was a relative from South Africa who had survived the Warsaw ghetto siege and Nazi death-camp holocaust. Mrs. Rose, recalling English gardens, the sub-tropical ones she had loved in South Africa, resolved that hers should be as beautiful.

She describes lovingly their life there, erupted by only one outburst of frontier firing, and the Jewish festivals they celebrated with friends—eighteen, Jew and Christian, from the U.S., South Africa, Germany, Israel—for Pesach. Then came the 1967 Six Day War when the Mount was a battle-front under constant fire and they had to retire to a shelter at the back. But they never lost faith in their survival or the victorious outcome crowned by the freeing of sacred places, though 'We did not speak of conquest. Our victory had been the return to the Wall'. Return, too, to the cherished house, no longer directly menaced by Arab soldiery, and to the loved garden, now a perfumed paradise of fruit trees, vines, shrubs, jacaranda, every kind of bloom.

Jews, I'm sure, will revere this book for its devoutly religious fervour; others also for its simple, sincere writing, its faith in homely, abiding verities at a time of unrest, uncertainty, culminating in devastating danger, then . . . the pigeons' cooing again in their hilltop sanctuary.

TREVOR ALLEN

TREATMENT OF POISONERS

Obsessive Poisoner: The strange story of Graham Young by his sister Winifred Young. Robert Itale. £2.00.

The recommendations of the 'Aarvold Report' 1973 on the review of procedures for the discharge and supervision of psychiatric patients subject to special restrictions are as follows: a new classification of some patients as those needing special care in assessment, increased communication via case-conferences, a second independent opinion on discharge or transfer, increased dissemination of information about patients to interested parties where advisable in the interests of public safety, and the setting up to advise on such discharge of a new Advisory Board, totally independent of Mental Health Review Tribunals, whose bias is rather more towards the freedom of the individual.

These provisions, which imply a preceding state of affairs, are absolutely and unequivocably the result of the discharge from Broadmoor on February 4, 1971 of Graham Young, and his subsequent homicide by poisoning of two fellow-workers. Ten years previously, at the age of fourteen, his poisoning activities appear to have caused the death of a kind and blameless stepmother.

It is not often that a close relative of a notorious killer writes a frank and contemporaneous account, and Graham Young's sister, Winifred, is to be congratulated on her tone of quiet distress without sensationalism, her earnest endeavour to record the facts known to her, and, throughout, her intelligent posing of the classic question, 'Why did it happen?' There is no emotional impugning of 'society' as there was by commentators on the case of young Mary Bell. The material which she provides is particularly interesting data towards the problem which she herself poses—'I cannot understand the hairline difference between being a psychopath and being insane.' Graham Young seems to have suffered some anoxia at birth—he is remembered as

a 'blue baby', and his mother died several months later, after tuberculosis had been diagnosed. He was lovingly cared for by his aunt and uncle and then returned to his father (when he remarried) at the age of three, and was again treated affectionately. He was always a solitary child, and his interest in poisons began at the age of eleven. His intelligence is in no way impaired; he is said, here, to have had the second highest IQ of any patient in Broadmoor at that time. Even if her suffered maternal deprivation, his sister is concerned to stress that he was always surrounded by affection, nor can she accept this as sufficient causation. His drawings are distinctly morbid; and, like Ian Brady, he was fascinated by Nazism. We have the account of a fellow-patient (which has to be uncorroborated) that he labelled his tea and sugar containers with the names of poisons, that he used to stand for ages in the wash room, smiling at himself in the mirrors and pulling faces at himself, and that he insisted that his 'voices' had instructed him to become a mass poisoner and that he intended to be a model patient so that an early release would allow him to carry out his task.

The diagnosis, as far as is known to the general public is that of psychopathy. This is relevant to any consideration of the reason for the mistake over Young's discharge: the official view, as reported by Winifred, is that, as an adolescent psychopath, maturation would have been expected, and that the recrudescence of his symptoms was so unlikely as to be virtually unique. Even if psychopathy is the true diagnosis, recent work by, say, Lee Robins (*Deviant Children Grown Up, Baltimore,* 1966) undermines the maturation myth. Be that as it may, one must have every sympathy for Dr. McGrath who is under constant pressure to provide beds for (apparently) *even more dangerous patients* outside, and, indeed, for the Medical Administrators of conventional mental hospitals on whom a similar pressure is placed to accept patients on restriction orders.

What are we to make of this extraordinary, cold, amoral personality, who writes facetiously, 'Just think, Win, another few months and your friendly neighbourhood Frankenstein will be at liberty once again! ! ! ' and yet attempts suicide, and weeps? Was it Graham Young who procured the death by poisoning of John Berridge *within* Broadmoor, by, perhaps, distilling the cyanide from laurel leaves in those picturesque gardens? The story of Graham Young must be of lasting interest to all those interested in criminology and forensic psychiatry.

MOLLY TIBBS

VICTORIAN CULT OF THE MACABRE

Victorian Studies in Scarlet. Richard D. Altick. Dent. £3.25.

Preoccupation with murder is a curious and little realised aspect of Victorian culture. Mr. Richard D. Altick speculates most interestingly as to the sociological factors which promoted the cult of the macabre. He contends that the institutionalisation of homicide as a popular entertainment derived from 'intellectually empty and emotionally stunted lives, so tightly confined by economic and social circumstance'.

The tempting simplicity of this rationale is, however, hardly borne out by fact. If the Victorian working classes shamelessly bought the street hawkers' broadsheets celebrating the horrendous details of the latest murder, so, albeit covertly per footman, did the middle classes, and, even more covertly, the aristocracy. All devoured the pages of a nascent popular press, busy discovering legitimate profit in sensational crime. Madam Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors

never lacked patronage from every class of society, and even the most decorous contrived to discover the best of reasons for dwelling upon the nastiest of topics. By giving them a gloss of Smilesian moralising, the bloodiest deeds were lent an almost biblical quality. They were transmogrified, took on the similitude of parables, wherein the obsessional chronicling of the most odious minutiae became not only permissible, but virtually mandatory for the driving home of the 'improving' lesson.

Mr. Altick's justification for rehearsing the time-honoured horrors is the standard excuse of the twentieth-century sophisticate—'for sociological reasons'. He need not have had any qualms. The 'cadaverous' activities of Burke and Hare are admirable illustrations of the operation of the economic law of supply and demand. Mrs. Maybrick's disposal by arsenic of Mr. Maybrick is a classic example of self-help. Kate Webster's axing of her employer is an interesting study in labour relations. Doctors Palmer, Smethurst and Pritchard supply some instructive sidelights on mid-Victorian medicine. And so on. And so on.

Assuredly, these old poisonings, bludgeonings, ripperings and dismemberments are unlikely to disturb the sensibilities of a more civilised posterity, which has supped on napalm and gazed beyond the wire gates of Buchenwald. The blood has too long dried, the bones crumbled and the well of tears been exhausted, for these Victorian studies in scarlet to do more than provide a quaint and fascinating glimpse of private enterprise homicide and, perhaps, supply some useful guidelines for the academic resolution of a bloody paradox.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Between Two Flags (Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £4.95). Mr. Gordon Brook-Shepherd has written a fascinating life of Baron Sir Rudolf von Slatin Pasha. In 1879 the young Austrian officer from Vienna sought his fame and fortune with Gordon in the Sudan. He was captured by the Mahdi shortly before the fall of Khartoum in 1885 and thereafter was a prisoner of the Mahdi's successor, the Khalifa Abdulla, for over eleven years. The story of his survival itself during these years is dramatic, owing much to his cunning and subterfuge. After the Khalifa's defeat Slatin returned to Omdurman and became Inspector-General under his closest friend, the Governor-General Sir Reginald Wingate. Much of this book, indeed, centres round their friendship. Slatin had become a glamorous national hero; and during his long leaves he revelled in the glittering high society of England and of his own homeland. In her last years, Queen Victoria became strongly attached to him, as his visits and their correspondence show. This dual life of public service and social gaiety came to an end in 1914 when Slatin remained loyal to his native Austria. The story of his post-war years until his death in October, 1932 is one of sad anti-climax. This is certainly a book to enjoy.

The Great White Lie (Hutchinson, £3.75). This is a provocative study by Mr. Jack Gratus of the British anti-slavery movement from the 1780s until the years following legal abolition. It was 'a shameful period' culminating in the Abolition Act, 1833, which only

continued slavery in disguise. 'It was slavery that destroyed slavery. The economics of the system forced it in the end to collapse.' Parliament had limped behind. He discusses at length the work and great emotional pressures of the Abolitionists. Their substitute for slavery was legitimate African trade and the imposition upon the negro of the 'benefits of white Christian morality'. Their belief 'in the inherent superiority of White Christian civilisation' became 'entrenched and respectable' and 'the moral and religious *raison d'être* for colonial expansion and imperial arrogance'.

City of London Pubs (David & Charles, £3.25). This is a fascinating 'practical and historical guide' to over 160 public houses in the famous 'Square Mile'. The authors, Timothy M. Richards and James Stevens Curl, have divided the City into ten 'pub crawls' and describe shortly the history, architectural features and atmosphere of each establishment. There are plenty of illustrations, and pride of place on the cover is given to probably the most internationally famous of all the city drinking houses, Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street. There is a short Introduction in general terms upon the place of the tavern in the City in the past and today. There has certainly been a great decline in numbers: 1,153 taverns in 1656, and in Dickens' time one in every 61 houses.

Women's Headdress and Hairstyles in England from AD 600 to the Present Day (Batsford, £3). Georgine de Courtais has provided a valuable 'guide to the development of headdresses, hairstyles and hats worn by Englishwomen since Saxon times'. She has a general introduction to each historical period, relating hairstyles and headwear to contemporary dress fashion. She then discusses and describes the former in detail, with the help of over 400 drawings. About a third of the volume is devoted to the last 136 years. Her sources include material from galleries and museums, church sculpture and brasses, fashion plates, magazines and newspapers of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries, as well as historical studies.

Acky (Faber & Faber, £1.90). This is another book by George Ewart Evans on country life. It is all about a fictional but typical elderly couple in a Suffolk village. Akerman Flat retired 'after the horses left the farms in the early fifties' and lives in an unrestored thatched cottage with his wife, Sarah. Incidents in their still active village life provide the author with the means of drawing a vivid picture of life and people in a small Suffolk rural community.

Jack the Ripper: A Bibliography and Review of the Literature (London: Association of Assistant Librarians. £1). The recent recrudescence of interest in the 85-year-old crimes of Jack the Ripper is a phenomenon regarding the causation of which one can only speculate. However, the publication of Mr. Alexander Kennedy's bibliography listing some 250 major references is, in the circumstance, well timed. Colin Wilson has contributed a somewhat sketchy introduction recapitulating the chronology of the murders and summarising some of the more important identity-theories. Since the pamphlet bears the date 1973, it seems a pity that Mr. Wilson could not have contrived to add a fuller evaluation of Michael Harrison's J. K. Stephen theory, formulated in his book, **Clarence,** which was published in August 1972. Should a second edition be called for, this defect may perhaps be remedied and consideration be given to the solution propounded by Daniel Farson in his **Jack the Ripper.** (R.W.-E.)

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